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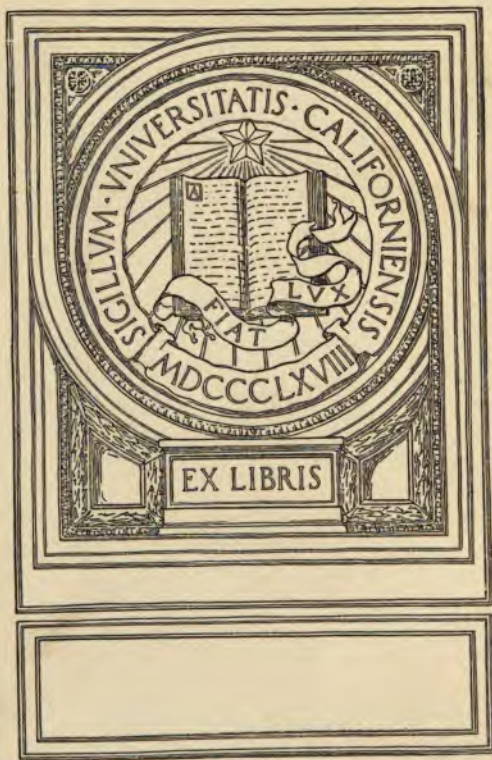
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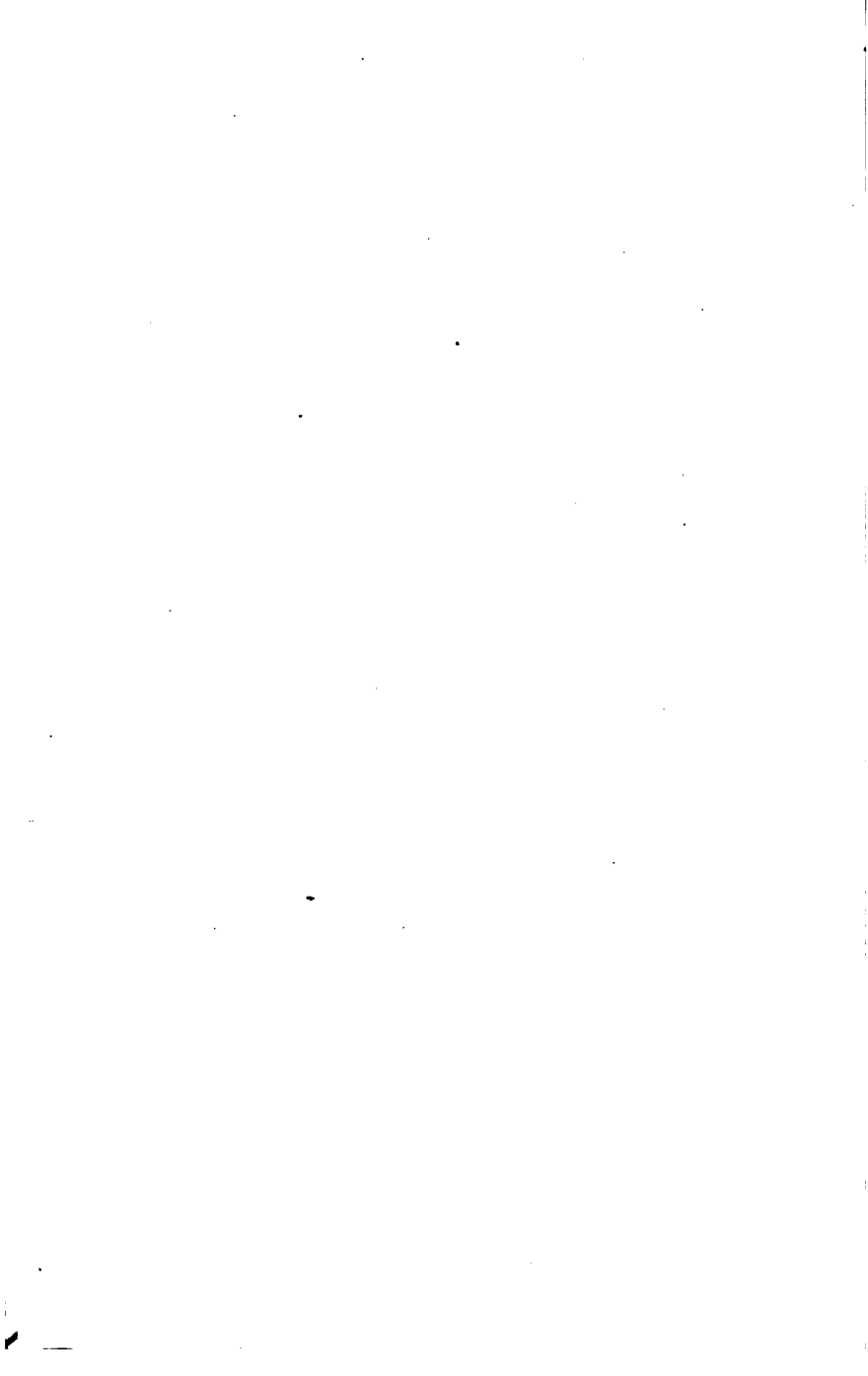
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1860-1865



JAMES M. BROWN.
Col 100th N.Y.S.Vols.

HISTORY
OF THE
ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT
OF
NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS:

BEING
A RECORD OF ITS SERVICES FROM ITS MUSTER IN TO ITS MUSTER
OUT; ITS MUSTER IN ROLL, ROLL OF COMMISSIONS, RE-
CRUITS FURNISHED THROUGH THE BOARD OF TRADE OF
THE CITY OF BUFFALO, AND SHORT SKETCHES OF
DECEASED AND SURVIVING OFFICERS.

By GEO. H. STOWITS,

Late Major One Hundredth New York State Volunteers.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
PRINTING HOUSE OF MATTHEWS & WARREN,
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TO

WILLIAM WILKESON, Esq.,

FRIEND OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT IN ITS TIME OF
NEED, IS THIS VOLUME RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, FOR
SERVICES RENDERED THE REGIMENT IN ITS
ORGANIZATION,

BY THE AUTHOR.

M134606



PREFACE.

Months and years have elapsed since we separated as members of the "Grand Army," engaged in that sublime and holy work of preserving the unity of the best and freest government in this or any other age. Whatever of personal feeling, either toward our superior officers or comrades in arms, once held sway in our hearts, *now* has gone, stifled by the judgment of deliberate thought and cooler emotions. At this date, remote from the stirring and exciting events of camp, field, bivouac and trench, it is with effort that we force the facts clearly to mind, that we were actors in that bloody drama so recently closed; and that the One Hundredth Regiment, with conscious pride it can be said, performed its share of active, effective and honorable service as a constituent element of the conquering loyal army of the republic.

At no time, when in service, nor since, had we thought of writing a history of the One Hundredth Regiment. It was long before we could consent to undertake the work. We knew that no reliable records existed, and

those carefully kept by Surg. Kittenger, together with regimental and company baggage, were sunk with transport at Fortress Monroe, during our last campaign before Richmond, and in pursuit of Gen. Lee.

From private diaries, newspapers and personal experiences, we have been enabled to trace the career of the regiment through its eventful term of service. We do not claim positive accuracy. Names and dates of the dead, wounded and missing, their sufferings and personal incidents, are not detailed, for want of reliable authority. A complete history of the regiment cannot be written. Its fractional elements, and their diverse characteristics make it impossible. The original men, its additions through the Board of Trade, conscripts, substitutes, and finally its consolidation with the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth and One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York State Volunteers, found the One Hundredth Regiment, at its muster out, not the regiment that left Buffalo, March 7th, 1862, for the seat of war.

The general reader will find a connected detail of most of the events connected with the history of Sumter, from its first bombardment, in 1861, to its re-possession by the government in 1865; also a biographical sketch of every officer killed and dying of wounds, and of those who have died since the war, that belonged to the One Hundredth Regiment; and a short notice of the Board of Trade, and a sketch of its President, during the time the One Hundredth was under its fostering care.

To the Committee in charge of the work, Maj. Daniel

D. Nash, Lieut. Col. Charles E. Walbridge, Capt. Oscar F. Richards, and Lieut. Alfred Lythe, our thanks are due for sympathy and encouragement; to Gen. G. A. Scroggs, for facts relative to the organization of the regiment; to Bvt. Brig. Gen. C. N. Otis, for diaries during his service as major and lieutenant colonel; to G. S. Hazard, for statistics of recruits furnished as president of the Board of Trade; to Mrs. Phineas Staunton, wife of the late Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, for her husband's diary, and other valuable papers; to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Granger, for a collection of newspaper notices and communications, orderly arranged in a scrap book; to Billa M. Judson, regimental clerk, who, in his thoughtfulness, had preserved many valuable papers and orders, which have been of invaluable service; to Lieut. Col. L. S. Payne, for facts of individual services as the scout of the regiment; to W. W. H. Davis, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, for his cheerful assent for the use of facts, dates and description of localities from a history of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, written by the Colonel, who commanded the Brigade, at times, to which the One Hundredth and One Hundred and Fourth were attached, affording him superior facilities for information denied a subordinate officer. The Colonel will please accept the gratitude of the author, and the same is tendered to *all* here mentioned, as well as others for valuable aid rendered in the prosecution of this work.

We are conscious of our inability to do full justice to

the heroism, sufferings and incessant duty of the members of the One Hundredth Regiment. Its slain heroes, the records of its battle fields, and its constant place at the front, all are parts of its history, and well may the city of Buffalo accord its meed of praise to its officers and men for services faithfully and heroically performed.

With these words we give our labors to the public, hoping that the story of the regiment, simply told, will add some little to the histories of regiments that saved a Nation and honored a grateful people.

GEO. H. STOWITS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

COL. JAMES M. BROWN.

LIEUT. COL. PHINEAS STAUNTON.

BREVET BRIG. GEN. CALVIN N. OTIS.

BRIG. GEN. GUSTAVUS A. SCROGGS.

LIEUT. COL. LEWIS S. PAYNE.

GEORGE S. HAZARD.

MAJ. DANIEL D. NASH.

LIEUT. COL. CHARLES E. WALBRIDGE.

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LIEUT. SAMUEL S. KELLOGG.

LIEUT. AND BREVET CAPT. GEORGE G. BARNUM.

CAPT. OSCAR F. RICHARDS.

LIEUT. ALFRED LYTHE.

LIEUT. RODNEY B. SMITH, JR.

CAMP ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT, GLOUCESTER POINT, VA.

CAMP ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT, MORRIS ISLAND, S. C.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE.
Order of the War Department to Gen. G. A. Scroggs.—Number of men recruited for the "Eagle Brigade."—Statement of Adj. Gen. Stonehouse.—Nomination of Gen Scroggs for Brigadier General.—Origin of the One Hundredth Regiment,	25

CHAPTER II.

Orders for Recruiting.—Capt. D. D. Nash raised first company.—Gloomy prospects for recruiting.—Liabilities of Gen. Scroggs.—Aid of William Wilkeson, Esq.—Scroggs relieved.—Camp Morgan established.—Necessary buildings provided.—Regiment raised and named the One Hundredth.—Donations and Camp Incidents.—Orders to leave expected,	29
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Marching Orders.—Broke Camp.—Left for Albany.—Arrival and departure for New York.—Passed through Philadelphia and Baltimore, and arrival at Washington.—In Camp at Meridian Hill.—Ordered to Fortress Monroe by the way of Alexandria.—Arrival at Newport News,	35
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Newport News.—Encamped.—Changed Camp.—Rain and discomfort.—Arrival of Gen. McClellan.—Army moves forward.—Reaches Warwick Court House.—Siege of Yorktown commences.—Works too strong to be assaulted.—Gen. Naglee in command of Brigade.—He makes an	
---	--

Armed Reconnoissance.—Troops behaved well.—Naglee led the charge in person,	41
---	----

CHAPTER V.

Batteries nearly completed.—Enemy evacuate Yorktown.—Retreat toward Williamsburg.—Gen. McClellan pursues.—Battle of Williamsburg.—The Troops march through the town.—Pursuit continues.—Reached New Kent Court House.—Rain, Mud and Short Rations are the sufferings of the Army.—Arrive near the York River Railroad, eighteen miles from Richmond,	48
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

Marched near to Bottom's Bridge, twelve miles from Richmond.—Crossed the Chickahominy.—Col. Brown sick.—Weather very warm and showery.—Skirmish at Savage's Station.—Pickets within five miles of Richmond.—Casey's Division encamped at Seven Pines.—Pickets attacked by Rebels.—They were driven back.—Severe storm.—The approaching battle of the 31st of May,	55
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

The Soldier's first battle.—Its effect upon him.—Its results.—The position of Casey's Division.—The signal of the Enemy to open the Fight.—The Charge of Naglee's Brigade.—The One Hundredth on the left of Richmond road.—Its Charge through the Slashing.—The loss of Col. Brown, Lieuts. Wilkeson and Kellogg.—The backward movement.—Encamped one and a half miles in the rear of former camp,	61
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

The conduct of Gen. Casey's Division, as given by Col. Davis of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania.—Its reputation sustained.—Its losses prove its bravery.—The long hours it held the enemy in check shows its stubborn courage.—Its defeat by overwhelming numbers.—The conduct	
--	--

Contents.

xiii

PAGE.

of Gens. Casey and Naglee.—Their bravery and enthusiasm. —The Battle Field.—The Burial of the Dead and care of the Wounded,.....	67
--	----

CHAPTER IX.

The Rebels attack the "Excelsior Brigade."—Gen. McClellan visits the Troops.—Brigade Inspection.—Weather rainy and cold.—A rear movement commenced.—Raid of the Rebels.—Battle of Oak Grove.—Battle of Mechanicsville.— Battle of Gaines' Farm.—McClellan changes base to James River.—Gen. Naglee in command of Rear-guard.— The retreat commenced.—Bridge destroyed.—The Rebels in pursuit,.....	73
---	----

CHAPTER X.

Sick and Wounded left at Savage's Station by order of Gen. McClellan.—The Army had changed front and was still moving to James River.—Surgeon Kittenger left with the wounded and taken prisoner.—Gen. Naglee still holds position in command of the Rear-guard.—Rebels in pur- suit.—They attempt to Storm the National Batteries on Malvern Hills.—They are repulsed with terrible loss,.....	80
---	----

CHAPTER XI.

Gen. McClellan visits the Troops.—Naglee's Brigade received him in silence.—Men engaged upon works of defence.— President Lincoln announced to visit Troops.—Failed to come.—Sent regrets.—Communication from Common Council of Buffalo.—Drilling and fatigue duty.—Rebels appeared on opposite side of river.—Soon driven away. —Gen. Hooker sent to Malvern Hills.—Army ordered to move.—Movement began.—Board of Trade of Buffalo adopts the Regiment,.....	86
--	----

CHAPTER XII.

The return march still continues.—Knapsacks on Canal Boat sunk.—Fished out, but spoiled.—Moved through Williams- burg.—Halted and mustered the Army.—Arrival at York-	
---	--

town.—Ordered to Gloucester Point.—Capt. Morse with Recruits from Buffalo.—One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania within the Fort.—One Hundredth New York encamped without the Fort.—Col. Staunton in charge of Working Parties.—Col. Davis on a Reconnoissance,..... 93

CHAPTER XIII.

The results of the Peninsula Campaign.—Call for Three Hundred Thousand Men for the War.—Three Hundred Thousand for Nine Months.—A Draft of an equal number.—Board of Trade of Buffalo send Recruits.—Col. G. B. Dandy appointed Colonel.—Lieut. Col. Staunton sends in his Resignation.—War Meetings in Buffalo.—Action of Public School Teachers.—Order of Supt. Sackett to prepare lint.—A Whiskey Mutiny in Camp.—It was quelled, and the "Little Disturber" issued,..... 99

CHAPTER XIV.

The men stole a Barrel of Whiskey.—Rumor of a Raid on Williamsburg.—Regiment under arms.—Col. Dandy arrived and assumed command.—Lieut. Col. Staunton Resigned and left for the North.—Recruits arriving.—Lieuts. Greiner and Guthrie discharged.—Drills and Reviews.—Change of Camp.—The Sibley Tent.—Chaplain Linn arrived with Flag from Board of Trade.—Raid to Gloucester Court House under command of Gen. Naglee, 105

CHAPTER XV.

Rumors of leaving Gloucester Point.—The necessary promotions made.—The Camp at Gloucester Point.—Arrival and visit of Warren Granger, Esq., from Buffalo.—Arrival of One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania.—False alarms.—Brigade has Marching Orders.—Shipped with Sealed Orders.—Arrived at Fortress Monroe.—Left and Anchored at Beaufort, North Carolina.—Encamped at Carolina City.—Col. Davis in command of Brigade.—Gen. Naglee in command of Division.—Drill and preparation for a move somewhere,..... 112

CHAPTER XVI.

	PAGE.
Col. Dandy resumed command.—Drills continued.—Troops ordered to embark.—Transports in waiting.—Tents struck January 19th, 1863.—Embarked.—Lay at anchor till January 29th.—Sailed southward.—Orders opened off Wilmington.—Destination Port Royal, South Carolina.—Anchored at Port Royal, between Forts Seward and Wells.—Troops kept on board Transports for some days.—Went ashore for air and exercise.—Fatigue Party sent ashore to dig wells and prepare for pitching camp,	119

CHAPTER XVII.

Gen. Naglee's Letter and General Order to the Board of Trade of the City of Buffalo.—The Names the General recommended to be placed upon their Flags.—His rehearsal of their Services.—His final cheering words for their future welfare.—The Regiment ashore at St. Helena, S. C.—Pitching camp, digging wells and washing.—Some difficulty with the Negroes.—Cabins burned.—The work of a few restless spirits,	125
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

Camp on St. Helena removed one and a half miles.—Camp pitched, cleared and regularly laid out.—The Island of St. Helena.—Absence of Stones.—Locality of Camp.—Arrival of Mail.—Its influences upon the Men.—Drills, inspections and reviews.—Gen. Naglee reviews two Brigades.—Good rations, beef and bread.—Difficulty between Gens. Foster, Naglee and Hunter.—Strife settled by Adj. Gen. Thomas.—Gen. Naglee ordered North to report to the War Office.—His farewells,	130
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Gen. Naglee's farewell order.—St. Helena Island, its beauty, fertility, and position.—Grand Review by Gen. Hunter.—Company, battalion and brigade drills.—Rigid inspections.—Exercise in landing from Transports.—Ignorance of the common soldier of coming events.—Col. Dandy's Special	
--	--

Order to the One Hundredth Regiment N. Y. V.—Marching Orders.—The process of arrests, and their disposition.	
—The washing days of a Regiment,	136

CHAPTER XX.

Regiment struck tents on St. Helena, and marched to Transport <i>Expounder</i> .—Embarked.—Disembarked at Hilton Head.—Changed Guns.—Embarked.—Sailed for Stono Inlet.—Aground on a bar.—Crossed safely.—Encamped on Cole's Island.—Unsupported for several days.—Troops arrived.—Landed on Folly Island.—Skirmished and scouted the entire Island.—The difficulties, sufferings and delays of the campaign,	142
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

The Siege of Charleston.—Fort Sumter.—Its first reduction. Its reinforcement.—The leaving of the women and children.—The activity of the National Government.—The base of operations at Port Royal.—Former reduction of all the Forts and Towns along the coast.—Desertion of Beaufort.—Expeditions to Stono River and James Island.—Rebel Fortifications.—Fort Sumter to be reduced,	148
---	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

Preparations for the attack upon Charleston by both Army and Navy.—The defences of the City of Charleston.—The Obstructions in the Channel.—The position of Troops at the north end of Folly Island.—April 7th, the Navy move up to attack Sumter.—Bombardment continues one hour and forty minutes.— <i>Keokuk</i> lost, Fleet withdrawn.—Number of Guns and their character.—The small loss of the Ironclads, 154	
---	--

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Night after the Bombardment.—The One Hundredth Regiment relieved.—A Battery planted.—Sixty Rebels sweep around the head of the Island.—Battery withdrawn.—One Hundredth ordered to Cole's Island.—Landed on Cole's Is-	
--	--

land.—Ordered to Folly Island.—Went into Camp.—A view of the situation.—Position of Troops.—A description of Beaufort, the Newport of the South,	162
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

Regiment pitched Camp on Folly Island.—Paymaster arrived.—Paid troops for six months.—Chaplain Linn went North.—Camp moved.—Roads were constructed.—Co. "H" detached to Pawnee Landing.—Promotions made.—Picket, fatigue, drills and inspections continued.—Weather very warm.—Co. "C" detached to south end of the Island.—Gen. Gilmore succeeds Gen. Hunter.—Active operations expected,	168
--	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

Batteries to be constructed on the north end of Folly Island.—The condition of the Island when first visited.—The good health of the One Hundredth Regiment.—A visit to Beaufort.—The Raid of Col. Montgomery with Negro Troops.—The great changes in public sentiment since the opening of the war.—Weather warm.—The Resignation of Lieut. Col. Otis.—His honorable discharge.—Companies detailed alternately at the head of the Island.—Rebels shell the Island,	174
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

Prosecution of the works at the north end of the Island.—Resignations.—Completion of Batteries, 3d July.—All Troops available sent to Folly Island.—Time fixed for opening the 10th July.—Capt. Payne, the Scout.—Gen. Strong in command of the Assaulting Troops.—Gen. Seymour in command of Batteries.—Batteries opened.—Rebels fled.—Prisoners taken.—Three-fourths of the Island taken.—Fort Wagner assaulted, July 11th.—A repulse.—Troops intrench,	182
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

Gen. Gilmore's Congratulatory Order to the Troops.—Special mention of Gens. Strong and Seymour.—Capt. L. S. Payne.	
--	--

—A second assault to be made on Wagner.—Batteries brought from Folly and planted before Wagner.—Other Troops ordered on to Morris Island.—Severe fatigue and dangerous picketing.—July 18th, at the edge of evening, the assault to be made.—The Ironclads to assist.—Brigades of Seymour, Putnam and Strong.—Strong led the advance.—The Bombardment continued all day.—At night the Troops assaulted and were repulsed,.....	190
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Repulse at Fort Wagner.—The Killed and Wounded.—Col. Dandy's Letter to the Board of Trade.—The Bravery of the Assaulting Columns.—The Island to be held.—Folly Island the base of supplies.—Troops encamped at the south end of Morris.—The erection of works commenced.—The "Left Batteries."—The Batteries at the first and second parallels.—The Swamp Angel, its construction, cost and use,	198
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

Commands changed since the charge on Wagner.—Details sent North for Conscripts and Recruits.—The large increase of Sick on the Island.—The Siege prosecuted with vigor.—Reinforcements arrive from the North.—Folly Island one vast Camp.—A Boat Infantry established.—Capt. Payne, the Scout, taken prisoner.—Christian and Sanitary Commissions.—Surgeon Kittenger and his course in the discharge of his duties,.....	206
--	-----

CHAPTER XXX.

Gilmore's Land Batteries opened on Sumter August 17th.—The Ironclads assisted.—The Bombardment closed on the 23d.—Sumter was pronounced useless for offensive operations.—The Siege continued.—The third, fourth and fifth Parallels were opened.—The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Drove in the Enemy's Pickets.—The Sufferings and Casualties among the men.—An expedition against Battery Gregg.—It was unsuccessful,	214
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXI.

PAGE.

A third assault on Wagner was ordered.—The Rebels had evacuated.—The Forts and Island ours.—The Forts to be rebuilt.—Gen. Gilmore congratulates in General Orders.—He is commissioned as Major General.—Details for duty on picket and fatigue are constant and regular.—Weather cool and disagreeable.—Arrival of Recruits.—The usual routine of camp duties,..... 221

CHAPTER XXXII.

Regiment still on Morris Island.—Major D. D. Nash returned to Regiment.—Batteries open on Charleston.—Execution of a Deserter.—Words about Negro Troops.—Their morale and merit as soldiers.—Deserters from Charleston.—Departure of Col. Dandy and Recruiting Party for Buffalo.—Re-enlisted Veterans arrived.—Their Reception by the Ladies of the Great Central Fair, Mayor, Military and Citizens,... 228

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Spring Campaign of 1864.—Transfer of the One Hundredth Regiment from Morris Island to Gloucester Point.—The relation of successive events in the history of Sumter till its restoration by the Government.—The state and condition of Charleston.—The Quenching of Fires by our Soldiers.—The Retreat of Gen. Hardee's Army,..... 236

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Closing of the Recruiting Office at Buffalo.—The Regiment ordered from Morris Island to Gloucester Point.—Preparations for a Summer Campaign.—Embarked on Transports.—Landing at Bermuda Hundred.—Gen. Butler in command.—Marched to the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad.—Fought the Enemy, tore up the Railroad and destroyed the Telegraph,..... 243

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Fight at Walthall Junction.—The Report of Col. G. B. Dandy and favorable mention of officers and men.—The

adroit movements of Gen. Butler on City Point and Bermuda Hundred.—The building of works from the James to the Appomattox.—The advance on the 12th and 13th of May.—The taking of one of the outer Forts of the works at Drury's Bluff.—The charge of the One Hundredth Regiment and their sufferings,..... 249

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The advance on Fort Darling.—The Skirmishers of the One Hundredth.—The wounding of Lieut. Hoyt.—The taking of the Rail Fence.—The advance of May 16th.—The fatal results.—Again within Intrenchments.—Duty in Camp and on the Picket Line.—The reported assaults of the Rebels on our line.—Gen. Walker taken prisoner.—Gen. Butler reinforces Grant,..... 256

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Regiment still at Bermuda Hundred.—Constant firing of the Rebels on our Pickets.—They evacuate their works.—We entered them, reached the Railroad, and tore up track for three miles.—Assailed by Pickett's Division.—The Rebels repulsed.—We held their Pits.—They assault on the 17th of June.—Are repulsed.—The Brigade ordered to Deep Bottom.—Made a landing and intrenched.—Capt. Granger charged the Grover House and drove the Rebels,..... 266

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Position of the Grover House.—The assistance of the Gunboats.—The Rebels shelled.—Our position at Deep Bottom contrasted with that on the Bermuda Front.—The Works on our Front were made strong.—The Brigade was reinforced.—July 27th Hancock and Sheridan moved upon our right.—The whole line moved.—Co., "K," Capt. Granger, made another charge.—Capt. Richardson killed.—His body was not recovered, 274

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Preparations for the advance on the north side of the James at Deep Bottom.—Hancock's Corps and Gregg's Cavalry

with Terry's Division of Birney's Tenth Corps.—Moved out of works at Deep Bottom on the morning of August 15th.—The One Hundredth charge and take a Battery of four guns.—Made a connection with Hancock and moved to the front, and led the charge on the enemy's works at Fussill's Mills,..... 281

CHAPTER XL.

The charge on the Rebel Works, August 16th.—The Regiment repulsed.—Fell back and threw up Intrenchments.—The Rebels attack and are repulsed in turn.—The dead were buried under a flag of truce.—Withdrew on the night of the 18th.—Moved to old camp at Deep Bottom.—Regiment lost seventy-three killed, wounded and missing.—Paymaster arrived.—Money expressed home,..... 288

CHAPTER XLI.

Hancock and Gregg withdrawn from the north side of James River.—The One Hundredth again at Deep Bottom.—Ordered to the Trenches before Petersburg.—Occupied the position held by the Ninth Corps.—Gen. Burnside.—Life in the Trenches.—Col. Dandy gone to Buffalo.—Few officers for duty,..... 296

CHAPTER XLII.

Withdrawal of the Regiment from the Trenches of Petersburg.—A few days' rest at the rear, preparatory to another move.—Moved on the evening of the 28th Sept.—Crossed at Deep Bottom.—Took Fort Harrison, Spring Hill and the entire line of the Rebel Works.—The works were turned, and we were assaulted 7th Oct., and gave the Enemy a severe and bloody repulse.—Withdrew and camped a few days at Deep Bottom.—Returned to the front,..... 304

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Regiment ordered to the front from Deep Bottom.—A visit from G. S. Hazard, President of the Board of Trade, Buffalo.—Maj. Nash honorably discharged.—Return of Col.

Dandy.—Two Hundred Recruits arrived.—The Fight on the Darbytown Road, October 27th.—The Troops retire behind their works for winter quarters.—The muster out of the "Old Men."—Their return to Buffalo,..... 313

CHAPTER XLIV.

Col. Plaisted issued an Address to the Third Brigade.—Col. Dandy in command of Brigade, Capt. Brunck of Regiment.—The "Old Men" of the Regiment mustered out.—Their Reception by the Board of Trade.—The Address of the President, G. S. Hazard.—The Promotions in the Regiment.—Arrival of Recruits.—Executions of Deserters.—Occupation of Troops in winter quarters.—Gen. Butler relieved.—Gen. Ord in command.—Rebel Deserters,..... 320

CHAPTER XLV.

Routine of Camp Duties before Richmond.—Promotions during the winter.—Grant's movement on the left.—Sheridan's Grand Cavalry Raid.—Brigade, Division and Corps Reviews, attended by President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, Grant and many Ladies.—The fine appearance of the Army at this date.—Moved March 27th for the south side of the James at Hatcher's Run.—Advanced upon the Enemy's Works, ... 326

CHAPTER XLVI.

The steady advance upon the Enemy's Works.—The Rebels assault on the morning of April 1st.—They are successfully repulsed.—Regiment continues to intrench.—The advance April 2d, and Storming of Fort Grigg in the rear of Petersburg.—Promotions in the Regiment March 30th,..... 333

CHAPTER XLVII.

The assault of Fort Grigg in the rear of Petersburg.—The work assigned to the First Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps.—The loss of Maj. Dandy of the One Hundredth New York.—The Fort taken, and garrison nearly all killed and wounded.—The pursuit of Gen. Lee.—Arrival at Burkes-

Contents.

xxiii

PAGE.

ville.—Pass through Farmville, and reach the Rebel Army at Appomattox.—Fighting the last Battle.—Surrender of Lee's Army.—Its Parole.—News of the President's Assassination.—Return march.—Entering Richmond,	339
---	-----

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The One Hundredth joins the Brigade at Appomattox.—The return march to Richmond.—Our reception by the resident Troops.—Encamped outside City.—Reception of Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps and Sherman's Army.—Incidents and routine of Camp Life.—Inspections and reviews,	346
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIX.

Gen. Foster in command of Division on leave.—Gen. Osborne in command.—Return Soldiers from Andersonville.—Leaves of absence and passes to the City.—Resignation of Capt. Stowits.—Letter of Gen. Dandy.—Appointment of Capt. Cook as Acting Assistant Adjutant General.—A Corps Review and Gen. Gibbon's farewell order.—Arrival of the One Hundredth at Albany, and muster out.—Presentation of Battle Flags of the One Hundredth Regiment to the Buffalo Historical Society, by Lieut. Col. Warren Granger, Jr.,.....	352
---	-----

CHAPTER L.

Closing Words.—Reflections upon the War, so successfully ended, and the brilliant and hopeful future of this Young Republic,	359
--	-----

APPENDIX.

Biographical Sketches. In Memoriam :

Colonel James Malcolm Brown,	363
Lieutenant Colonel Phineas Staunton,	366
Major James H. Dandy,	368
Captain Michael Bailey,	369
Captain William Richardson,	371
Captain Frank C. Brunck,	371
Lieutenant John W. Wilkeson, Jr.,	373
Lieutenant Charles Severance Farnham,	376
Lieutenant Samuel S. Kellogg,	378

Biographical Sketches. In Memoriam:	PAGE.
Lieutenant Rodney B. Smith, Jr.,.....	378
Adjutant Herbert H. Haddock,.....	379
Lieutenant Charles H. Runckle,.....	380
Lieutenant Azor Hilton Hoyt,.....	381
Lieutenant Cyrus Brown,.....	382
Lieutenant James H. French,.....	382
Biographical Sketches of Surviving Officers:	
Brigadier General Gustavus A. Scroggs,.....	383
Brevet Brigadier General Calvin N. Otis,.....	386
Major Daniel D. Nash,.....	387
Lieutenant Colonel Lewis S. Payne,.....	389
Brevet Colonel Warren Granger, Jr.,.....	393
Lieutenant Colonel Charles E. Walbridge,.....	394
Major George H. Stowits,.....	396
Lieutenant George G. Barnum, Jr.,.....	398
Captain Oscar F. Richards,.....	399
Lieutenant Alfred Lythe,.....	400
George S. Hazard,.....	403
Buffalo Board of Trade,.....	405
Erie County Savings Bank,.....	406
Commissioned Officers,.....	407
Muster In Roll, Field and Staff Officers,.....	410
" Company "A,".....	410
" " "B,".....	411
" " "C,".....	412
" " "D,".....	413
" " "E,".....	414
" " "F,".....	415
" " "G,".....	416
" " "H,".....	417
" " "I,".....	418
" " "K,".....	419
List of Names Recruited by the Board of Trade,.....	421

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CHAPTER I.

ORDER OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT TO GEN. G. A. SCROGGS. — NUMBER OF MEN RECRUITED FOR THE "EAGLE BRIGADE." — STATEMENT OF ADJT. GEN. STONEHOUSE. — NOMINATION OF GEN. SCROGGS FOR BRIGADIER-GENERAL. — ORIGIN OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT.

The struggle for National life was upon us. The people were aroused. The War Department, August 19th, 1861, issued to Gen. Gustavus A. Scroggs, of the city of Buffalo, N. Y., the following order:

WAR DEPARTMENT, August 19th, 1861.

Gen. G. A. Scroggs, Buffalo, N. Y.:

SIR:— You are hereby authorized to raise and organize a brigade of four full regiments, to serve for three years or during the war.

This acceptance is with the distinct understanding that this Department will revoke the commissions of all officers who may be found incompetent for the proper discharge of their duties.

You will promptly advise Adj. Gen. Thomas, at Washington,

26 One Hundredth N. Y. S. Volunteers.

the date at which your men will be ready for mustering, in accordance with General Orders relative thereto.

I am, Sir,

Very respectfully,

[L. S.]

Your obed't servant,

THOMAS A. SCOTT,

Asst. Secretary of War.

Gen. Scroggs received the order August 22d, and immediately entered upon the duties assigned him. Being authorized, he established a camp at Fort Porter, designating it Camp Morgan, overlooking Niagara river, the harbor of Buffalo and the adjacent shore of Canada; and at once took the necessary steps for successfully recruiting, by establishing offices at different points in the city, county and surrounding country.

Barracks, a mess house, guard house and other buildings were constructed for the accommodation of recruits assembled and assembling, sufficient to accommodate fifteen hundred men.

Recruiting continued at Buffalo, and at other places, under the authority of Gen. Scroggs, until the 16th day of August, 1862.

From the receipt of the order, August 22d, 1861, to the 16th day of August, 1862, Gen. Scroggs enlisted and caused to be enlisted and mustered into the service of the United States at Buffalo, two thousand and twenty-one men; and the aggregate of enlistments at other stations established under the order, was one thousand five hundred, making three thousand five hundred and twenty-one men; and the troops so

enlisted were organized into companies and regiments, and entered the service of the United States.

The regiments, which were to constitute the "Eagle Brigade" were as follows: One in Buffalo, to be commanded by Col. James M. Brown; one in Sing Sing, by Col. John P. Jenkins; two in New York city, by Col. Daniel Ullman and Col. George B. Buckingham, respectively.

J. B. Stonehouse, Assistant Adjutant General of the State of New York, in a communication to Bvt. Lieut. Col. R. J. Dodge, U. S. A., chief mustering officer at Albany, gives the number of companies, regiments and different arms of the service into which the men recruited by Gen. Scroggs were mustered. He further states the reason why the brigade did not take the field as such; which was the urgent demand for troops, and the consolidation of all available recruits, that the army might have their services at once.

The Adjutant General says, that Gen. Scroggs was nominated by President Lincoln for Brigadier General of Volunteers, in July, 1862, but was not confirmed by the Senate. His name, with many others, was not acted upon, because the number nominated exceeded the number authorized by Congress.

The President personally assured Gen. Scroggs that his name should be sent to the Senate when a vacancy occurred; but Gen. Scroggs in the meantime was prostrated with typhoid fever, and was confined to his room for over seven months, and hence unable to look after the matter.

It is justly due Gen. Scroggs and the public that these historical facts of the "Eagle Brigade" should be recorded, that all may know the origin of the One Hundredth Regiment, and the starting point of its existence.

CHAPTER II.

ORDERS FOR RECRUITING. — CAPT. D. D. NASH RAISED FIRST COMPANY. — GLOOMY PROSPECTS FOR RECRUITING. — LIABILITIES OF GEN. SCROGGS. — AID OF WILLIAM WILKESON, ESQ. — SCROGGS RELIEVED. — CAMP MORGAN ESTABLISHED. — NECESSARY BUILDING PROVIDED. — REGIMENT RAISED, AND NAMED THE ONE HUNDREDTH. — DONATIONS AND CAMP INCIDENTS. — ORDERS TO LEAVE EXPECTED.

The first order issued for raising a company for the One Hundredth Regiment was to Capt. Walter B. Moore, of LeRoy, Genesee county, and was dated September 2d, 1861.

On the 18th of September, 1861, Gen. Scroggs issued orders to Capt. Daniel D. Nash, of Springville, Erie county, to Capt. John Nicholson, Capt. Charles E. Morse, Capt. Michael Bailey; on the 21st to Capt. P. Edwin Dye; on the 24th to Capt. Charles H. Henshaw; on the 26th to Capt. George Hinson, all of Buffalo; on the 9th of October, to Capt. Lewis S. Payne, of Tonawanda; on the 19th of October, to Capt. Charles E. Rauert, of Buffalo. At this time the

headquarters of Gen. Scroggs were at the "Old" Court House.

At this juncture of military affairs in the history of the organization of the One Hundredth Regiment, there was no pressing demand for troops. One hundred dollars United States bounty was all the inducement offered, and at that time it was ordered not to be paid till after the expiration of two years' service.

It was in the fall of the year, with a prospect of cold and uncomfortable quarters for the coming winter; all of which seemed to add despondency to gloom, and was anything but cheering to officers engaged in recruiting.

The 25th of September heralded Capt. Daniel D. Nash, with a company from Springville, as the first offering toward the formation of the "Eagle Brigade."

Comfortable quarters were at once provided for the men at Fort Porter, now Camp Morgan, in honor of the Governor of the State of New York. Gen. Scroggs assumed responsibility. Recruiting progressed with reasonable rapidity. No public meetings, fairs, shows nor benefits were held in aid of the regiment. It was recruited wholly by the enterprise of its officers and men.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. C. N. Otis loaned fourteen hundred dollars to officers for recruiting, which was promptly paid at the first payment of the regiment. The recruiting of the regiment was simply a work of dogged, stubborn resolution on the part of its officers, which filled its ranks and established its existence.

Gen. Scroggs had incurred a heavy indebtedness in the erection of the necessary buildings at Camp Morgan, for which the United States Disbursing Officer, Lieut. Cutting, refused to pay.

Then, William Wilkeson, Esq., came promptly to his aid. He went to Washington, had an interview with Adj. Gen. Thomas, whom he describes "as a severe, abrupt and imperious man"; but ultimately procured an appropriation to pay off the debts contracted, and for building additional barracks, and more: got the mustering officer, Lieut. Cutting, removed, and Capt. Fleming appointed, who rendered all the needed assistance for the comfort and care of recruits.

Gen. Scroggs affirms that William Wilkeson saved him, when on the verge of ruin, in consequence of debts contracted, by his Washington diplomacy, and that to him more than any other civilian the One Hundredth Regiment is indebted for aid in getting ready for the field. Without display, Mr. Wilkeson gave much time, labor and money toward providing men for the army, for which a consciousness of duty performed must be his reward.

October 12th. Surg. Martin S. Kittenger was appointed by Governor Morgan and ordered to report to Gen. Scroggs for duty. During the fall and winter, donations were made from individuals and from the public schools of the city, of socks, comforters, mittens and many other needed articles, which the soldier found to be of valuable aid.

Special donations were made to captains of particular companies by intimate friends. Capt. Gardner of Co. "D," and Capt. P. Edwin Dye of Co. "H," were recipients of such favors.

November 18th. The regiment had assumed proportions, and was favorably noticed by the press of the city and county.

November 22d. The teachers of the public schools of the city presented to Capt. P. Edwin Dye, who as principal of public school No. 16 had entered the service, a sword, sash, belt, pistol and camp trunk. Sandford B. Hunt, superintendent of schools, Hon. Victor M. Rice, N. B. Barker and Samuel Slade, made appropriate and patriotic remarks, to which Capt. Dye responded with emotion and military enthusiasm.

November 30th. Maj. C. N. Otis was presented with a horse by Messrs. E. W. Ensign, Charles Ensign, Thomas LeClear, C. J. Wells, D. S. Bennett and John Allen. Maj. Otis returned thanks in fitting terms.

During the winter patriotic meetings were held in the mess room at Camp Morgan, and were addressed by Chaplain Cook, O. F. Presbrey, Geo. H. Stowits and others.

December 21st. Rumors of small pox at camp were circulated, which were promptly rebuked and denied by Surg. Kittenger.

At this date, the regiment was a fixed fact. Company and battalion drills were ordered, and recruiting

continued. Friends came and went, though many indulged the vain hope that the regiment would not be needed, and that its members would see their homes, instead of the tented field.

January 1st, 1862. Hundreds of men were clamorous for passes, and the indulgences of a happy new year. Calls were made by the officers at the houses of friends in the city. Drills were suspended. A new year's dinner was given to the officers of the "Eagle Brigade," Gen. Scroggs presiding. Toasts, regular and irregular, were given with the usual responses, by S. B. Hunt, Maj. Drew, William Wilkeson, Capt. Fleming, Maj. Otis, Joseph Warren and Lieut. Sturgeon, U. S. A. The best of feeling prevailed.

January 3d. Col. Brown and Gen. Scroggs consolidated companies. Adj. Chadwick presented Lieut. Col. Staunton with a camp set, as a "new year's gift." As was usual with men unaccustomed to military restraint, and the long detention in barracks, so near the excitements and amusements of a large city, many irregularities and indulgences occurred. The influences of a chaplain were needed. The regiment, as yet, was unprovided.

January 6th. William D. Murray came to remain as assistant surgeon.

January 9th. Rumors that the brigade was soon to be sent into the field. Field officers were mustered into service by Capt. Fleming, U. S. A.

January 14th. Col. Brown paraded the streets of the city with six hundred men.

January 19th. The regiment received its name, as the One Hundredth N. Y. S. Volunteers. Gen. Scroggs selected the name, or number of the regiment, though not seventy regiments had then left for the seat of war. Officers at that date were allowed to choose a number for their regiment, and hence men familiar with our military history rank the regiment as raised in 1862, as then they were named in regular order. The remainder of the month was occupied in daily drills, and the usual camp routine. Maj. Robie finished the payment of the troops.

February 5th. Col. Quimby examined officers in tactics.

February 10th. "General Orders" were received for the regiment to be ready to move within twenty-four hours' notice.

February 13th. Orders to leave countermanded. Capt. Bailey and Lieut. Lynch presented with sword, sash and belt.

February 17th. Gen. Scroggs gave dinner to all officers of the regiment.

February 22d. The regiment took part in the celebration of Washington's Birthday, and was favored with the post of honor on the right.

March 1st. Surg. M. S. Kittenger expressed his obligations to the ladies of Lockport for hospital stores. The regiment was in daily expectation of orders to move, which were near at hand.

CHAPTER III.

MARCHING ORDERS. — BROKE CAMP. — LEFT FOR ALBANY.
— ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE FOR NEW YORK. — PASSED THROUGH PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE, AND ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON. — IN CAMP AT MERIDIAN HILL. — ORDERED TO FORTRESS MONROE BY THE WAY OF ALEXANDRIA. — ARRIVAL AT NEWPORT NEWS.

The order for movement came. Life at Camp Morgan was at an end. Fears of not entering the field were dispelled. Camp was broken at 7½ A. M. Regiment left the city of Buffalo at 10 A. M. The exchanged adieus of friends had been given, and the One Hundredth Regiment was nearing its theatre of sufferings. Albany was reached at 6 A. M. the following day. Regiment crossed the ice on foot. Arrived in New York city at 5 P. M. The men were quartered at Park Barracks, and were provided with cooked rations. The officers stopped at hotels in the vicinity.

Sunday morning, March 9th. Arms of the Enfield pattern, with accoutrements, were issued to the men, as well as camp equipage. Orders to leave at 4 P. M.

Men in readiness and lay on arms all night. Moved at 9 A. M. Monday morning to Jersey Ferry, crossed, took cars for Philadelphia, arriving at Camden, opposite, at 8½ P. M. Crossed, and, as if by instinct, took the line to the "*refreshment saloon*," one of the proud enterprises of the Quaker city, where it is said every regiment passing through the city had been fed during the war. We know that every soldier there entertained passed from those loaded tables with a heart overflowing with gratitude to the loyal hearts of that loyal city.

In the quiet of evening the regiment marched through the streets of Philadelphia, and at 11 P. M. started on train for Baltimore, arriving at Washington March 12th, Wednesday, 6 P. M. Passed the night in the Soldiers' Rest near the railroad depot. Formed regiment on railroad track at 9 A. M. Thursday, March 13th, and marched through Pennsylvania avenue, to Fourteenth street and Meridian Hill, where tents were pitched, and the regiment began its first lessons in camp life.

As a matter and fact of history, the One Hundredth was the only regiment that left the city of Buffalo perfectly organized and complete. It was full, its officers were appointed and commissioned, and wherever it appeared *en route* for its camp at Washington, it was eminently acknowledged to be a most superior regiment, especially in the city of Washington.

As soldiers march and fight on their stomachs, Maj. Otis, who had great care for the men, set about get-

ting rations, that grumbling might be quieted, which seemed ever to be the right of a soldier. They were obtained. The soldier's duty was upon him. Gun accoutrements, knapsack, tent, cooking, clothing, company and battalion drills, all in regular succession, demanded the attention of the men, if proficiency as a regiment, in most of these essentials, was to be obtained.

During these March days, rain, wind and disagreeable weather seemed to be the rule, which made the camp muddy and unpleasant.

March 18th. The regiment was assigned as the Fifth Battalion, First Brigade, Casey's Division. Col. W. W. H. Davis of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, the senior colonel, was in command, an officer of experience in the Mexican war, a gentleman of culture, and universally esteemed by the officers and men. The fortunes of the One Hundredth and One Hundred and Fourth were long linked together amid the vicissitudes of the camp and field.

Col. James M. Brown, in command of the One Hundredth, was personally unknown to the writer. Having had knowledge of a soldier's life and duty in Mexico, he certainly knew what should be expected of a soldier and of his fellow officers. He is said to have been severe in his discipline, though in charity it can be said that it was in accordance with his conceptions of military and military service. His tragical end at Fair Oaks, with his brave and superhuman exertions on that fatal field go far toward establishing his repu-

tation as a soldier, and one fit for the trust committed to his charge.

Tuesday, March 19th. Orders were received to march with three days' cooked rations in haversacks. Marching orders countermanded; cause, a want of transportation. Ten days more were given to drilling and further perfecting the men and officers in their needs for active service.

March 21st. A grand review of Gen. Casey's Division of over twelve thousand men. The One Hundredth Regiment had the left of the First Brigade. The Division elicited commendation for its soldierly appearance. Squad, company and brigade drills continued daily. Guard duty, roll calls, and the necessary company and regimental reports, were strictly attended to.

Friday, March 28th. The President and Cabinet visited the various camps, creating much enthusiasm. On one occasion the carriage of the President halted at the camp of the One Hundredth during that beautiful sight in military discipline, a dress parade, while he and his wife expressed themselves much pleased with the bearing and faultless appearance of the regiment. Uniforms and rations were distributed to the men, and marching orders were received as the regiment were returning from brigade drill.

Saturday, March 29th. Orders to move at 2 P. M. This created great excitement among the troops, and in a moment all was hurry and bustle to get ready. Dinner was swallowed in a twinkling, and the small

quantity of surplus baggage still on hand quickly disposed of. The regiments, in full uniform, were in line soon after two, but the wagons did not arrive until nearly four. At this hour the bugle signal from headquarters sounded, and the division took up its line of march down Fourteenth street. As the troops marched down this broad avenue to the sounds of martial music from numerous bands, and the rays of the declining sun reflected back from the glittering bayonets and polished equipments of twelve thousand men, the spectacle was unusually fine. The men had put on their best uniforms to march through the city, and appeared clean and neat in every particular. A large crowd had assembled at Willard's and along the street to witness the departure. We crossed Long Bridge, stepped upon Virginia soil, and took the road to Alexandria. The night was dark and chilly. The men weighed down with their loaded knapsacks, well filled haversacks and equipments, and unused to marching, soon became wearied and began to straggle, which increased as we advanced. We reached the suburbs of Alexandria at ten o'clock, and bivouacked in an open field on the road side. The men lay down wrapped in their blankets, but the cold wind drove sleep away from almost all eyes. No wood, could not cook provisions, snow and rain, and camp afloat, one expanse of slush, mud and water. The storm continued for two days. Orders came to go on board transport. The brigade to embark the next morning, March 31st, on steamer *Constitution*, for Fortress Monroe. In

line at four, and marched into town about day-light. The vessel not ready, and the men had to stand several hours in a drenching rain with the mud shoe-top deep. Five regiments were put aboard. Lieut. Walbridge of Co. "H," was detailed as acting quartermaster, and, as the sequel shows, a judicious appointment. The vessel was aground and could not move. The rain fell in torrents through the night. Those on the upper decks were soaked with water. Started at six o'clock. Got aground near Aquia Creek. Lay till 8 A. M. next day.

Arrived at Fortress Monroe at 2 P. M., April 1st. The *Constitution* was the largest vessel in the world, next to the *Great Eastern*. When aground she lay fast embedded in the mud, broadside to shore, with thirty-five hundred men on board. Two regiments were temporarily transferred to another steamer, and water started in three boilers. A tug pulled her from the bar. The regiments returned, and that evening the *Constitution* was anchored between the Rip Raps and Fortress Monroe. Near lay the little *Monitor*, which had just achieved a success over the iron clad *Merrimac*, and was an object of great interest.

She looked not unlike what the rebels called her, "A cheese box on a raft." The regiments were transferred to other steamers and taken to Newport News.

CHAPTER IV.

ARRIVAL AT NEWPORT NEWS. — ENCAMPED. — CHANGED CAMP. — RAIN AND DISCOMFORT. — ARRIVAL OF GEN. M'CLELLAN. — ARMY MOVES FORWARD. — REACHES WARWICK COURT HOUSE. — SIEGE OF YORKTOWN COMMENCES. — WORKS TOO STRONG TO BE ASSAULTED. — GEN. NAGLEE IN COMMAND OF BRIGADE. — HE MAKES AN ARMED RECONNOISSANCE. — TROOPS BEHAVED WELL. — NAGLEE LED THE CHARGE IN PERSON.

Having arrived at Newport News, Gen. Casey ordered a debarkation at 9½ P. M. The men bivouacked and slept. Soon they were ordered one and a half miles on into the woods. Thunder and rain during the night, morning fair and clear. At 12 M. ordered to move two miles toward Fortress Monroe, to join the rest of the brigade. Bivouacked at 3 P. M. near Gen. Key's headquarters. Encamped on a plantation where the depredations of 40,000 men were seen on every hand. As Lieut. Col. Staunton had an amply furnished camp chest, Col. Brown, Maj. Otis and Adj. Chadwick accepted his offer of sharing its supplies. The

line officers shifted for themselves, and, as would be expected, it was a trying time for men so recent from the comforts of home fare and living.

The services of Maj. Otis as a professional architect were in demand now, and for the future, in locating and staking out camps. This was done. The regiment, with wood and boughs for beds, slept on the ground. Rations were short. The Major went to Newport News to obtain them. Fresh beef and bread were secured. Camp was policed and cleared up.

April 9th, 1862. Edwin S. Bishop was commissioned as quartermaster in place of Samuel M. Chamberlain discharged.

Rain, rain, and the men wet and cold. Orders to march. Suspended at 5 P. M.

Thursday, April 10th. Cold, windy, and mud six inches deep. The division remained encamped here for ten days, the weather being very wet and exceedingly cold most of the time. There was but little opportunity for drill, and the men were principally employed in fatigue and picket duty. The division was reviewed once by Gen. Casey.

Friday, April 11th. Frost and ice one-fourth of an inch thick. The rebel ram *Merrimac* came out and captured two schooners, which could not be prevented. Drew off toward night. She kept a respectful distance from the little *Monitor*. Troops under arms. All quiet at night.

Sunday, April 13th. Maj. Otis was presented with a sabre by quartermaster S. M. Chamberlain. A

father's and a patriot's interest brought John Wilkeson to camp, as friends at home began to think that their sons, husbands and brothers had entered upon an active, and, as it proved, a sanguinary campaign. The regiment was not supplied with tents of any kind for more than a week, and hence suffered severely. Boughs, trees and boards, when found, offered the only shelter. The weather was rainy and cold. At this time a large number of officers and men laid the foundation of disease, which, to some, was premature death.

Gen. McClellan arrived at Fortress Monroe the 2d of April. The army commenced its march toward Yorktown at once. Gen. Casey's division marched on the morning of the 15th for Warwick Court House. The day was warm, and the roads exceedingly bad. Lieut. Col. Staunton, as field officer of the day, had command of the advance guard of three companies. Distance marched, twenty miles. A large number of men fell out of ranks. Warwick Court House reached at 5½ P. M. The regiment bivouacked in an open field. The weather, roads and ignorance of camp life and its duties, and unused exposure, caused sickness and suffering among both officers and men. At the close of this severe day's march, Col. Davis was ordered to hasten to the assistance of Gen. Couch at Warwick, who, it was reported, had an engagement with the enemy, and needed assistance. To raw troops these marches were exhausting and demoralizing. Virginia soil was never intended for military operations. The condition of the men was simply that of positive dis-

comfort. • Transportation was so uncertain, and the roads so impassable, that rations were issued in limited quantities, and often not more than a box of hard tack was allowed to a company, which rendered the men unfit to endure the exposure of out-door living.

Thursday, April 17th. Ordered to move two miles nearer the rebel lines, and encamped in the woods. Col. Brown unfit for duty. No fires allowed. Heavy firing during the night.

Friday, 18th. An idle day.

Saturday, 19th. Orders to move. No move. Rested quiet all night.

Sunday, April 20th. Men under arms in silence awaiting the "Long Roll." Firing on our left, heavy guns and small arms. Very dark and rainy. Firing at intervals all night. The rebels attacked a battery, and were repulsed. Skirmishing all day. Gen. McClellan had fairly planted his army before Yorktown. The enemy held a strongly fortified position from York to James river. Yorktown was well defended. Earthworks at Gloucester Point commanded the river front. It was decided by general officers and engineers that the works could not be taken by assault. The siege was commenced. Heintzelman's corps was on the right. Sumner's occupied the centre, and Keyes' the left. Continuous rains had converted the country into a quagmire, and the troops lived in the mud, to all intents and purposes. It was impossible for the men to keep their clothing and equipments clean.

Monday, April 21st. The One Hundredth was

ordered with Eleventh Maine to stand at arms, and advance two miles as reserves. Bivouacked in woods. Rained for three hours, and the men were drenched through and through. To all it was a night of military suffering. The next day Col. Brown, Lieut. Col. Staunton, Maj. Otis and Adj. Chadwick, rode out to view rebel batteries. During the absence of the field officers, Gen. Kearney and staff came along and ordered Capt. Nash to fall in the regiment and move to the front. Soon, however, the order was countermanded. Weather some more pleasant. A few of the regiments had constructed model camps amid all their privations, sufferings and exposures. The One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, the regiment raised by the brigade commander, had constructed a model camp, called "Pine Grove Camp," which was beautiful and tastefully arranged and adorned. It was an extemporized home for worn and weary men. From the time the army set down before Yorktown until the defences were evacuated by the enemy, the siege was actively prosecuted. The labor was severe. Building roads, batteries, and mounting guns, together with a vigilant watchfulness of the enemy's operations, occupied the time of officers and men day and night.

The work was heavy on all parts of the line. On the left the distance to the enemy's works was about two hundred yards. The camps were nearly a mile from the rebel works. In going to and returning from the picket line, the men were obliged often to wade half-leg deep through water, and lay out day and

night in the rain watching the enemy from a brush heap or fence corner. Pickets were frequently fired upon, and often the first salute to the new officer of the day was a shot from one of the enemy's batteries. Such was the new life of the newly made soldier. Food was scarce; officers often fared worse than their men, and as often dependent upon them.

Wednesday, April 23d. Col. Davis was relieved of command of the brigade by Gen. Naglee, whom McClellan had ordered to report to Gen. Casey for duty. Col. Davis says: "I felt great pride in the brigade, and naturally resigned the command of it with some regret. It was by all odds the best in the division. I had taken the regiments on their first arrival at Washington, the fall before, organized, drilled and disciplined them, and when I gave up the command I do not believe the brigade was second to any in the army of the Potomac for efficiency."

Gen. Naglee was as gallant an officer as could be found in the army, impetuous, and sometimes rash, but just to his officers and men. He soon became proud of his brigade, and thought there was no duty so hard that it could not perform. Occasional firing day and night.

April 25th. Gunboats ran rebel batteries and came to Yorktown. Shelter tents issued to the regiments. Lieut. Col. Staunton started with five companies to relieve pickets, with Col. Plaisted, Eleventh Maine, as guide. Men without rations except beef. Cold and rainy. Paymaster Dixon arrived and paid the men

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



CALVIN N. OTIS.

Lt. Col. and Brevet Brig. Genl 100th Regt. N.Y. S. Vols.

TO THE
ABBOTTLAND

from January 1st, 1862, to February 28th, two months. Men actively engaged in sending money home. A few complaints about accounts, but finally they were satisfactorily adjusted. Col. Van Wyck, Fifty-sixth New York, Lieut. Col. Staunton, One Hundredth, and Maj. Grier, One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, had a narrow escape from the explosion of a shell.

Tuesday, April 29th. The regiment was ordered by Gen. Naglee for inspection and review. In the afternoon Gen. Casey ordered Gen. Naglee to make an armed reconnoissance. The brigade moved steadily forward. The One Hundredth New York was held in reserve. A few shots were exchanged, and one man of the Eleventh Maine was mortally wounded. The brigade returned to camp after dark, muddy, cold and hungry. Gen. Naglee led the charge in person.

CHAPTER V.

BATTERIES NEARLY COMPLETED.—ENEMY EVACUATE YORK-TOWN. — RETREAT TOWARD WILLIAMSBURG. — GEN. M'CLELLAN PURSUES. — BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG. — THE TROOPS MARCH THROUGH THE TOWN. — PURSUIT CONTINUES. — REACHED NEW KENT COURT HOUSE. — RAIN, MUD AND SHORT RATIONS ARE THE SUFFERINGS OF THE ARMY. — ARRIVE NEAR THE YORK RIVER RAIL ROAD, EIGHTEEN MILES FROM RICHMOND.

The recent reconnoissance in force, in charge of Gen. Naglee, in which the One Hundredth took part, demonstrated that the enemy still held his lines. It was well conducted and gave confidence to the troops.

The works had been pushed with such vigor, in spite of all obstacles, storms and various delays, that it was expected the batteries would open May 6th at the latest. The whole army was waiting the bombardment.

April 30th. Cold and rainy, and the men detailed to make roads, a work pregnant with fatigue and exhaustion.

May 1st. Col. Brown mustered the regiment for

pay. No firing on the line during the day. Rumors of evacuation of Yorktown by the rebels. First Lieut. W. C. Mackey missing.

Friday, May 2d. Heavy firing at the right. The rebels shelled all day. Very warm. Lieut. Col. Staunton attending court martial at headquarters. A few officers entertain the opinion, that the enemy's works can be carried by storm. But the rebels did not wait for the iron speech of Gen. McClellan's guns, but evacuated on the night of the 3d of May, and retired up the Peninsula.

A citizen of Yorktown, who lived there during the siege, stated subsequently, that he had often heard rebel officers remark that Gen. McClellan could drive them out whenever he opened his guns. Knowing his batteries to be nearly completed, they left without ceremony.

Sunday, May 4th. Had orders to march at 9 A. M. As we moved forward we found that the enemy had evacuated their works, and as we passed through saw that they were very strong. Marched ten miles, and encamped in an open field. Rained during the night. As suspicions strengthened into certainty, troops of all arms were detailed to pursue the flying enemy. The fortifications showed signs of hasty departure. The troops were willing to leave that mortar bed, even if they were obliged to sink into another. The evidences of a hasty retreat were seen all along the road toward Williamsburg. The roads were crowded with pursuing troops.

In the hasty retreat from Yorktown the rebels did not forget to leave the evidences of their savage barbarism in the shape of torpedoes, strewn all about to entrap and destroy our troops. They had planted torpedoes in the road that led up to their intrenchments, and care was required to prevent the men from treading upon them. One was exploded by a soldier of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania Regiment, which literally tore him to pieces, and wounded six others of the same company. One of his toes was found in the haversack of his comrade.

Started early Monday morning, marching all day in the rain. Stopped in woods one hour. The right of the army passed us. Firing heard in advance. Coming near Williamsburg, we were ordered to support our right wing, to turn the enemy's left. We did so on the double-quick for three miles, but were too late for the battle. The rebels were driven from their works, and retreated in great disorder beyond the town that night. The One Hundredth bivouacked in an open wheat field in a cold rain and mud, and every surviving soldier remembers it as the night of great suffering, unparalleled and indescribable.

During the long service of the regiment, and amid hardships of a severe character, that night before Williamsburg was referred to, as the one beyond all for nearness to the gates of death. No words can adequately describe the intense agony and deathly chillness of that terrible night of exposure and suffering. When the regiment moved from camp before

Yorktown, all baggage remained as left. The regiment not returning, but continuing the march to Williamsburg, they were necessarily without overcoats, blankets, or protection of any kind, and hence the terrors of that awful night. Maj. Nash asserts that the men could not at morning pull a trigger or light a match, so benumbed were they from the cold and rain of that inclement night. Col. Davis remarks the same of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania. The camp was left standing with everything in the tents, as though we were going out to drill. Neither officers nor men took overcoat or blanket, except the thoughtful few who were always prepared for an emergency. Thus the men were stripped. No clothing save that in which they stood, and after an exciting march, heated and weary, it is a wonder that the half of the regiment did not then and there find their chilling graves.

The next morning, May 6th, it cleared off fine. The works about Williamsburg were very strong, though unfinished. The enemy made a sortie, and were repulsed with great loss. The most severe fight was on the left of Gen. Naglee's brigade, to which the One Hundredth belonged. Gen. Naglee was ordered to support Gen. Hancock. He reached Hancock's position with four regiments: the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania having been separated by accident; and though the brigade was not actually under fire, still their coming so much inspirited Hancock's men, that they were enabled to make the final

charge which gave us the day. The enemy retreated in great disorder through Williamsburg during the night.

May 7th. Lieut. Col. Staunton field officer of the day. Rations were short, and the troops were in a sorry condition. Here the regiment rested a few days to recover spirit and strength for onward work. The dead had been buried, and the wounded cared for, and most of the evidences of this battle of doubtful advantage were disappearing.

Ordered on inspection at 9 A. M., the 8th. At noon, brigade review by order of Gen. Naglee. Brigade drill at 2 P. M. Went through some new manœuvres on the battle ground, where Gen. Hancock charged the rebels a few days before. A splendid field for a grand battle, and our brigade charged over the same ground with yells.

On the morning of May 9th, the army was ordered to move. It was a charming morning. As we filed through Williamsburg the bands played inspiring airs. Williamsburg is an old moss covered town of ancient renown, and was once the center of all that was fashionable and polished and aristocratic in the Old Dominion. Gen. McClellan and staff received the salutes of the army. The women of the town looked sullen and venomous. Marched ten miles, most of the time very fast. Bivouacked in a field near a wood and an old "Baptist church." Three brigades of our division were together. The officers secured hoe-cake from negroes, who did a thriving

business in the midst of an army of hungry men. At 11½ P. M., Lieut. Col. Staunton was awaked to post pickets, an oversight of the commanding general, which should have been done at an earlier hour.

Saturday, May 10th. Marched ten miles to Roper's Church. Roads blocked with cavalry, infantry and trains. The day's march was through a beautiful country, which was alive with troops.

Second Lieut. Charles S. Farnham, Co. "A," died at Yorktown, May 12th, 1862, of typhoid fever, the result of exposure, such as had followed the regiment and stricken down many of its officers and men on beds of sickness.

The army rested here for two days. The trains were not up, rations were out, and no army can move with empty haversacks and commissary. The rebels were three or four miles distant. The roads were simply execrable. Orders to march at 7 A. M. The men were under arms from 7 A. M. to 2 A. M. the 14th without taking off equipments. The movement was exceedingly slow; halts occurred every few minutes, and it was not a rare thing to keep the men standing in the road an hour at a time. Quartermaster Bishop detailed on brigade staff, and Lieut. C. E. Walbridge, Co. "H," whose services were not forgotten, was put in charge as regimental quartermaster. Reached New Kent Court House, a distance of twelve miles. The court house, a small and antiquated building, is noted as having been the scene of Patrick Henry's forensic displays in early life. We were near the enemy's rear-

guard, skirmishing every day. Rations, the life of the army, came up. Three days' were issued, and the army ate and rested.

Thursday, May 15th. Lay in camp all day. Rained continually. Cleared off in the afternoon.

Friday, 16th. Rations issued and cooked, and ready for a march. The camping ground is an interesting place of revolutionary memories. Lieut. Col. Staunton on court martial in the case of Col. Farnham.

The regiment commenced its march at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th, and pitched its tents near Baltimore Cross Roads, seven miles beyond. Here the regiment passed Sunday in quiet and rest.

Left Baltimore Cross Roads on Monday morning, the 19th, in a rain which continued all day. New hats, pants and shirts arrived from Baltimore, as well as a mail, which gave joy to hundreds of anxious, hoping hearts. Marched six miles. Pitched tents in a wheat field eighteen miles from Richmond, near the York River Railroad, two miles below Despatch Station.

May 20th. The regiment was detailed for picket and brigade guard. The General ordered Col. Davis, of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, with his regiment, one hundred men of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania, and two companies of the Eleventh Maine, to get in readiness for a reconnoissance toward the Chickahominy. They marched up the railroad to within a few hundred yards of the river, twelve miles from Richmond, found the bridge burned and the enemy posted strongly on the opposite side.

CHAPTER VI.

MARCHED NEAR TO BOTTOM'S BRIDGE, TWELVE MILES FROM RICHMOND. — CROSSED THE CHICKAHOMINY. — COL. BROWN SICK. — WEATHER VERY WARM AND SHOWERY. — SKIRMISH AT SAVAGE STATION. — PICKETS WITHIN FIVE MILES OF RICHMOND. — CASEY'S DIVISION ENCAMPED AT "SEVEN PINES." — PICKETS ATTACKED BY REBELS. — THEY WERE DRIVEN BACK. — SEVERE STORM. — THE APPROACHING BATTLE OF THE THIRTY-FIRST OF MAY.

From Williamsburg up, thus far our encounters with the enemy had not been serious, and casualties but few. The reconnoissance to the bridge resulted in the loss of one man wounded of the Eleventh Maine. Shots were exchanged, which served no other purpose, save to familiarize the men with the sounds of shell and minnie balls. The troops returned to camp about dark, having behaved remarkably well. Lieut. Col. Staunton relieved pickets at 11 A. M. Marching orders for the whole division. Pickets were called in and the movement commenced immediately. Marched two miles and encamped half a mile from the Chicka-

hominy, near Bottom's bridge, twelve miles from Richmond.

It is impossible at this time, so remote from the stirring scenes we are recording, to give what would interest the friends of those who were actors and participants in that great suffering of marching up the Peninsula. With each soldier and officer, it will ever remain an unwritten history. The many personal incidents of sickness, hospital life and death, are facts which are part of the inevitable life of a soldier. As we were not with the regiment at the time, and have no records or means of stating what would recall to the soldier who reads these pages, as a part of his individual experience, we can but follow the thread of that great tale which left its eternal marks upon the bodies of thousands of American citizens.

Passed the day in quiet amid the music of the endless rain drops. Gen. McClellan had been led to believe that a stand would be made on the banks of the historic Chickahominy. On arrival at Bottom's bridge it was found destroyed and the engineers began at once to rebuild it. Orders came to cross the Chickahominy for a reconnoissance. Col. Brown being sick, Lieut. Col. Staunton was in command of the One Hundredth. Moved across the new bridge cautiously, and about one mile beyond, halting behind a hastily thrown up intrenchment. The weather was very warm and muggy. At 3 P. M. ordered back to camp to get our baggage; returned with baggage about 9 P. M.

The sick were increasing in numbers. Surg. Kittinger and Asst. Murray, with their helps, were as active for relief as the limited means of a moving army would permit. Vacant houses, and inhabited houses, were taken for the use of the increasing sick along the route.

Ordered forward in the rain. Moved into the wood about one and a half miles and stopped an hour. Again ordered forward, and marched about two miles, raining most of the time. Bivouacked in the edge of a fine wood fronting a fine open field, where our troops skirmished with the enemy during the forenoon. A few men were killed and wounded. Adj't. Chadwick was detailed as aid to Gen. Naglee.

Sunday, May 25th. Beautiful morn. The army was extremely vigilant. Gen. Naglee had a short skirmish with the enemy. During the engagements of the skirmishers near Savage Station, the rebels opened a battery, and the shelling continued for several hours. Soon our artillery advanced, supported by infantry, and drove them from the field in confusion. Naglee prepared to follow, but Gen. Keyes ordered no further pursuit. The victory was with us. The enemy had a man stationed in the top of a tree, at the upper corner of the wood to direct the fire of their artillery. One of our batteries trained a gun on the tree, and at the first fire brought him down. Gen. Naglee had two horses killed by the enemy's sharpshooters.

Our picket line was now advanced to a point within

five miles of Richmond. The bulk of the army was within seven miles of the city. Weather cool. Baggage sent to the rear, as a battle was expected at any time. Pickets advanced two miles. Gen. Naglee is a perfect steam engine. He was seen constantly on his horse, here, there, and everywhere. The General visited pickets, and while viewing, the enemy fired four shots, one breaking between Gen. Naglee and Maj. Otis. Gen. Naglee took six sharpshooters from the One Hundredth Regiment and skirmished through a wood on our right, and shot one man. The whole regiment went out on picket. Two companies were posted farther in advance than others on the railroad, and three companies were held in reserve, while Col. Brown posted the remaining five companies on the right. Tents were pitched and the men were making themselves comfortable for the night, when an order came relieving us. Assembled on the railroad and waited in the rain till all the pickets were relieved. It was now dark, when the regiment marched one mile to the rear and bivouacked for the night; rained very hard during the night, and the men were very wet.

The appearance of the camp of the One Hundredth the morning of May 27th was a sight not to be forgotten. Men lying flat in the mud and rain fast asleep, clothing soaked, food dampened, and guns in a questionable condition for execution. Cleared off at 11 A. M. Lay in camp all day. The men dried their clothing and cleaned their arms, then drew two

days' rations, and also a ration of whisky, the effects of which were quickly seen. Heavy firing all day on the right.

Thursday, May 29th. Ordered under arms at 5½ A. M., marched at 8. Moved half a mile. Encamped on brigade line. Entire brigade on picket and fatigue duty. Rebels fired several shells at our pickets. The enemy were reconnoitering and were skirmishing with our picket line. There was constant firing between the pickets of the two armies, and the casualties frequent. The rebels were seen on the Richmond road in large numbers. They fired shell at every horseman that made his appearance. An engine came to the station at night bringing New York papers of the 27th May.

On the morning of the 30th, the rebels attacked our pickets on the Williamsburg road, in force, killing two of our men and wounding others. They drove our pickets, and were driven in turn, leaving six dead on the field, but carrying off their wounded. Col. Brown being general officer of the day, led the pickets to the charge. The numerical strength of the One Hundredth Regiment, previous to engaging in the battle of the 31st, was six hundred and forty-six men fit for duty.

The night of the 30th of May, will long be remembered by the old army of the Potomac on account of the fearful storm that prevailed. The rain fell in torrents, the lightning flashed with unusual vividness, and the thunder was fearful. It would have required

no great stretch of the imagination to believe a great battle was going on between the opposing armies. The storm seemed prophetic of the terrible engagement that followed. The country was flooded with water, and the low swampy ground was converted into an almost impassable morass. The Chickahominy overflowed its banks, and threatened the destruction of all the bridges. Bottom's bridge, the reliable connection between the two wings of the army, was much damaged.

The morning of May 31st was thick and misty. Taking advantage of the unfavorable connection of the two wings of our army, and apparently cut off by the rapid rise in the river, and the partial destruction of the bridges, the enemy determined to fall upon and crush the left wing before reinforcements could arrive. For this purpose the grand divisions of Gens. Hill, Huger, Longstreet and G. W. Smith, of nearly thirty thousand men, were to be hurled upon Casey's weak division on that bloody day.

At 11½ A. M. three shells fired from the enemy's lines fell within our camps, the signal, as we afterward learned, for the movement to begin. An hour afterward his troops commenced to drive in our pickets on the Williamsburg road. Soon the enemy came crushing through the woods and bushes to our first line of battle. The One Hundredth was ordered under arms, then stacked arms, and got dinner, but soon were ordered forward, as the firing was becoming continuous and general.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE. — ITS EFFECT UPON HIM. — ITS RESULTS. — THE POSITION OF CASEY'S DIVISION. — THE SIGNAL OF THE ENEMY TO OPEN THE FIGHT. — THE CHARGE OF NAGLEE'S BRIGADE. — THE ONE HUNDREDTH ON THE LEFT OF RICHMOND ROAD. — ITS CHARGE THROUGH THE SLASHING. — THE LOSS OF COL. BROWN, LIEUT. WILKESON AND KELLOGG. — THE BACKWARD MOVEMENT. — ENCAMPED ONE AND A HALF MILES IN THE REAR OF OUR FORMER CAMP.

The soldier does not live who can ever forget his first battle. That brief, though significant order, "Fall in." The preparation, the movement, the deployment of skirmishers, the thrilling suspense preceding the first shot, the hissing and explosion of the first shell, the first volley of our skirmishers, the low, decided order of the commander to advance. Then the successive volleys and simultaneous roar of artillery and small arms, together with the appalling sight of the wounded carried to the rear, while the calm colorless faces of the heroic dead, upturned to Heaven's blue,

silent so soon after viewing sky, sun and plain, never to be seen by the soldier again.

Long, weary and fatiguing had been the marches along the Peninsula. The One Hundredth Regiment was being acclimated, as well as taking its first lessons in the art and experience of real war. The slow advance had been anything but encouraging to raw troops, and was of a character to dampen, in a great degree, that patriotic fervor so necessary to the success of any cause, however just and holy. Casey's division, of which the One Hundredth formed a part, had been pushed to the extreme front. From the near proximity to the rebel pickets, and the almost daily encounters on the picket line there could be no doubt that a bloody battle was imminent. The incessant toil of the troops, and their constant vigilance, had caused much weariness and indifference. The frequency of alarms had increased watchfulness, but it was evident that officers were not in expectation of a battle so soon. Temporary works were advanced to completion. But, as related, the signal had been given. The troops were under arms. Three companies of the One Hundredth were on picket, Co. "D," Capt. Payne; Co. "E," Capt. Bailey; Co. "F," Capt. Rauert; so that the available force of the regiment in action was less than four hundred men.

The diagram of the battle field of Seven Pines, drawn by Maj. C. N. Otis, and engraved in this city by E. R. Jewett & Co., for the *Courier*, of the position of the opposing lines, is as accurate as could have been

secured in time of peace. The enemy's forces, his picket line, as well as that of the National's, the exact position of Casey's division, particularly that of Naglee's brigade, the felled timber, the rail fence, the rifle pits, redoubt, position of batteries, with the camp of the One Hundredth New York, Eleventh Maine, Fifty-second Pennsylvania and One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, are all shown with faithful precision. On the 31st of May there was to be no more feints, but a steady advance to success and victory, or defeat and disaster. The One Hundredth was on the left of the Richmond road. The remainder of the brigade was on the right. Casey's division did not number more than six thousand men, and yet this gallant band sustained the shock, for hours, of nearly thirty thousand rebel troops. The story of this fight has been often told. Lieut. Granger, in a communication to the *Commercial Advertiser* of June 8th, 1862, gives, perhaps, as accurate an account of the battle and the ways of its workings, as has been given, though it is impossible for one mind, when in the whirlwind of ruin and death, to delineate all the currents and forces which ultimate appalling results. It is not our design to describe this battle, about which so much has been said, and so many conflicting opinions given. Yet from all the descriptions written, there are undisputed facts which can be stated as axioms of history. And many such can be said of the brave One Hundredth Regiment on that eventful day. The One Hundredth was the first into the fight. Its commander,

Col. James M. Brown, as the sequel proved, was a fighting man, and the same spirit was infused into the men under his command. To him it was a fight to death, and his record is unmistakable, for it was said of him that "*he was a lion in battle.*" Though works of defence had been constructed, still these new troops were advanced beyond them over the open space and ordered to charge through slashing, which, in military, is thought to be a barrier between the advancing and resisting troops. The order to charge had been given, and Col. Brown shouted, "*Charge the One Hundredth,*" and four regiments of Naglee's Brigade did charge most gallantly, though with no decisive advantage, except to gain time, by checking the crowded masses of the rebels, and wear away the day, that Sumner and Heintzelman might arrive in time to save what remained of Casey's division from being totally exterminated.

But it was madness to hold out longer against the rebel hosts. The order was given to retreat; and *now*, as these heroes turned to pass over and under fallen trees, and through tangled thickets, the work of death really commenced. It was now that brave and loyal men were destroyed. Though Col. Brown had denounced the order to charge, when given, knowing that it would be fatal, still with a smile and hurrah he led his brave men against the rebel lines, which were made to recoil with admiration of such unparalleled bravery.

Here fell Lieuts. Kellogg and Wilkeson, killed, and

Capt. Nash, and Lieut. Mayo, and Lieut. Brown, wounded, with scores of men on every hand. The last seen of Col. Brown he was making an effort to rally the scattered fugitives and make resistance to the last. If he did not seek death, at least he seemed determined to inflict as much punishment upon the enemies of his country as this, his last, opportunity afforded. Other officers were wounded and made prisoners. Lieut. Granger was struck with a piece of shell, hitting the buckle of his belt, and knocking him down, though resulting in no permanent injury. Lieut. Col. Staunton was struck with a spent ball in the side, glancing from one of his ribs without penetrating. Lieut. Col. Staunton affirms that when the enemy appeared in a dense mass from the woods with banners flying, resistance was useless, since the handful that now remained of Casey's division could not check for a moment the impetus of overwhelming numbers. Maj. Otis, though not a regular army officer, in the explanation of the diagram drawn by him of the battle field, says: "Our regiment was the only one of the First Brigade that was deployed on the left of the Richmond road, and the only one that was placed in the centre of a slashing on either side of the road; and as slashings are intended as obstacles, placed in front of a certain position, I have not yet been able to comprehend the precise object in placing our regiment between *it* and the enemy."

It will be seen at a glance that the order sending the One Hundredth Regiment through that slashing,

cost it and the country the future services of brave officers and men. It would seem that commanding generals could have had no conception of the disparity of forces on the ground, or if they had they were reckless of the lives of loyal and heroic men. But the fatal error had been committed. The deed of death had been delivered. The One Hundredth Regiment had gone to the sacrifice, though without dishonor. Its decimated ranks told of its brave resistance. The division had been forced back beyond its camps, which were taken by the enemy. To them belonged the spoils. The arrival of fresh troops checked their advance, and night closed upon the bloody day, the battle of "Seven Pines."

The companies on picket were not without their sad experiences. Lieut. Newell of Co. "D" and twelve men were cut off, while Capt. Payne, with admirable skill and coolness, saved the balance of his company. Capt. Bailey and Second Lieut. Timothy Lynch were taken prisoners. Capt. Rauert and many men of companies "E" and "F" escaped being taken by the rebels.

We should be pleased to transcribe the letters written by Maj. Otis, Capt. Morse and Lieut. Granger, of this sad day's fight, but the plan of this work will not admit. We have relied upon them for the facts. The regiment counted as the loss of that day, one hundred and eighty-two men in killed, wounded and missing.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



DANIEL D. NASH.
Major, 100th N.Y.S. Vols.

TO VIKU
AIRBORNE

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONDUCT OF GEN. CASEY'S DIVISION AS GIVEN BY COL. DAVIS OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA. — ITS REPUTATION SUSTAINED. — ITS LOSSES PROVE ITS BRAVERY. — THE LONG HOURS IT HELD THE ENEMY IN CHECK SHOWS ITS STUBBORN COURAGE. — ITS DEFEAT BY OVERWHELMING NUMBERS. — THE CONDUCT OF GENS. CASEY AND NAGLEE. — THEIR BRAVERY AND ENTHUSIASM. — THE BATTLE FIELD. — THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD AND CARE OF WOUNDED.

The conduct of Casey's division at Fair Oaks has been severely and *most unjustly* criticised. And here we wish to give the opinion of Col. Davis of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, who had commanded the brigade to which the One Hundredth was attached before the assignment of Gen. Naglee, and whose opportunities of knowing *facts* and *causes* were ample, relative to the action of Casey's division on that sanguinary day. Gen. McClellan's telegraphic report stated that it gave way "unaccountably and discreditably." This report was made on the strength of information furnished by Gen. Heintzelman the eve-

ning of the battle. He sent a dispatch about 9 P. M. to McClellan, stating that when he got to the front, "the most of Gen. Casey's Division had dispersed," and that he "saw no reason why we should have been driven back." So far as Gen. Heintzelman is concerned, it may be asked whether he was in a position to judge of the conduct of Casey's division. I do not think he was. He was not on the field where the heavy fighting was done that afternoon. His headquarters were several miles in the rear, toward White Oak Swamp, and by reason of delay, the request for reinforcements did not reach him until about 3 P. M., and it was 5 P. M. when his advance arrived at our then front.

"The battle had then been progressing four hours, and was nearly over; the enemy was in possession of the camps of both Casey's and Couch's divisions, and the troops of Heintzelman did not get nearer than half a mile of the grounds on which Casey fought for two hours before he was driven back. By 5 P. M. he had his headquarters established in the yard at Mr. Savage's house, three miles from the field, where a part of his staff, at least, remained the afternoon; and admitting that he went as far toward the front as his troops, which is not often the case with corps commanders, he was not in a very good position to judge why Casey 'was driven back.' Neither he nor his troops saw the most stubborn fighting of the day. Heintzelman has the reputation of being the enemy of Gen. Casey, a reason, with many, why he could *not see* how he came to be 'driven back.' The official

report tells why, it says: 'The enemy came on in a heavy force, attacking Gen. Casey simultaneously in front and on both flanks.' Gen. Naglee's brigade, with the batteries of Gen. Casey's division, which Gen. Naglee directed, struggled gallantly to maintain the redoubt and rifle pits against the overwhelming masses of the enemy. They were reinforced by one regiment from Gen. Peck's brigade. The left of this position was, however, soon turned, and a sharp cross fire opened upon the gunners and the men in the rifle pits; some of the guns in the redoubt were taken, and the whole line was driven back upon the position occupied by Gen. Couch. Gen. McClellan, very clearly answers the question: Casey's division 'was driven back by the overwhelming masses of the enemy.' If Gen. Hintzelman had made proper inquiry of those who knew, he would not have had occasion to send that unjust dispatch. Gen. McClellan corrected his first erroneous impression of the conduct of Casey's division, but so far as I am informed, Heintzelman never has. If more testimony were required on the point we have it in the return of the casualties of that day. The total loss is five thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven, of which Keyes' corps, consisting of the divisions of Casey and Couch, sustained three thousand one hundred and twenty, while the loss of all the rest of the army was but two thousand six hundred and seventeen. Casey's weak division alone sustained a loss of about seventeen hundred, one-third of the entire casualties on that bloody day.

“These facts speak for themselves, and an unprejudiced public can determine whether there was a reason for the division giving way. Gen. Heintzelman ‘saw no reason,’ because he was not in the proper place to see it. The losses are evidence that the division did not retire without making proper resistance. That night Heintzelman took a train at Savage’s Station and went down to Cold Harbor to visit the General-in-Chief.

“If other evidence is wanting it is fortunately at hand. It comes from those who were then our enemies, and their testimony is supposed to be at least disinterested. Col. Switzer, of Gen. McClellan’s staff, who had charge of the exchange of prisoners on James river, in the fall of 1862, says, that in a conversation with Maj. Gen. Hill, who commanded the rebel advance at ‘Seven Pines,’ or Fair Oaks, he asked that general’s opinion respecting the conduct of Gen. Casey’s troops in that fight. Gen. Hill said: ‘I know Gen. Casey’s division has been censured, but we are surprised at it. The division fought as well as I ever want to see men fight, and after it gave way before our superior numbers, we had nothing more to fight.’ What further testimony can one desire? Justice is done. In closing, Col. Davis pays a just tribute to Gens. Casey and Naglee. The former sat on his iron gray horse, on the Williamsburg road, in the thickest of the fight, encouraging his troops. He was right up at the front where division commanders do not always go. In his exposed situation it was a miracle how he

escaped the storm of bullets. Naglee was everywhere. He is a sort of thunderbolt in battle. He was away on the extreme right of our lines when the volley of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania announced that the battle had begun on the left. He came dashing toward us through field and wood to be with his brigade. In the warmest of the contest he dashed by the regiment, cap in hand, the men giving him three hearty cheers, and passed toward the left. He was now seen directing a battery, now rallying a regiment, and until the battle ended he was in the midst of it wherever he could be of service. These two officers retain, in a large degree, the confidence and esteem of the men who served under them."

We have given these words of Col. Davis, relative to the much mooted question of the conduct of Gen. Casey's division on the 31st of May; first, because we wish to place on record in this unpretentious volume, the most reliable and truthful exposition of a matter involving the bravery and patriotism of so large a number of loyal and courageous men; and secondly, that the friends of the regiment and the cause might know at this late hour and date, the unprejudiced story of a division of martyrs that for hours sustained almost alone the shock of nearly thirty thousand rebel soldiers.

That sorrowful night the regiment encamped on the very ground it had occupied one week before. About two hundred and ten men had been collected, and lay resting upon their arms. The regiment had lost its camp equipage and baggage, and the officers

most of their personal effects. Details were ordered to the battle field to identify and bury the dead. The day was hot and sultry; says an eye witness: "Never can the recollection of that field be effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it on that day. The weather being extremely hot, with frequent showers, the dead had become bloated and swollen, until their clothes could scarcely contain them; the blood still oozing from gaping wounds, the ground saturated with gore; flies in myriads swarmed around; dead horses with saddles and harness unfastened; broken guns, remains of camps, with the food cooked for Saturday's dinner untouched; the air polluted with stifling odors arising from decomposing bodies; wounded men in the agonies of death, all tended to make the heart sick and the soul shudder at the sight."

The dead were buried and the wounded cared for as well as the limited means of surgeons and friends could command. The news of the Fair Oaks slaughter shook with grief thousands of homes. Parental solicitude tended to the extreme of pain and agony. War with its dark and bloody cloud hung over the Nation, and the victims demanded would cover the land in sackcloth, and fill it with wailings and mournings.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REBELS ATTACK THE "EXCELSIOR BRIGADE." — GEN. M'CLELLAN VISITS THE TROOPS. — BRIGADE INSPECTION. — WEATHER RAINY AND COLD. — A REAR MOVEMENT COMMENCED. — RAID OF THE REBELS. — BATTLE OF "OAK GROVE." — BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE. — BATTLE OF "GAINES' FARM." — M'CLELLAN CHANGES BASE TO JAMES RIVER. — GEN. NAGLEE IN COMMAND OF REAR-GUARD. — THE RETREAT COMMENCED. — BRIDGE DESTROYED. — THE REBELS IN PURSUIT.

At 5 A. M., Sunday, June 1st, the rebels made an attack in front upon the "Excelsior Brigade," and were repulsed, with great loss on both sides, after two hours' hard fighting. Heavy firing in the distance on our right and left fronts. Gen. McClellan rode through the lines eliciting rounds of applause. He says: "If we will hold them twenty-four hours he will be in Richmond." About 1 A. M. ordered under arms at daybreak, as the enemy are concentrating on our left.

Monday, June 2d, encamped in the woods. The men dirty, hungry and lame, and afflicted with the

right of a soldier's crossness. Three days since the great battle, and waiting momentarily for another. Orders for a brigade inspection. Came back to camp about dark. Commenced to rain, and rained all night.

Wednesday, the 4th of June, the whole division was ordered under arms for a march back to the Chickahominy near Bottom's bridge. Regiment got ready, Lieut. Col. Staunton in command, and moved. It rained as it can rain in "Old Virginia." It increased and continued till 10 P. M.

We arrived at the rifle pits, near the right bank of the Chickahominy, after a very severe and trying march through deep mud, a terrible rain, fording the stream with water under the arm pits; and more than all, feeling the mortification of falling back to the rear of the whole army, after having stood at the front, crushed by five times our number, resisting to the death, thereby saving the army.

The brigade was stretched from the rifle pits to Bottom's bridge. The men lay down to sleep without a particle of shelter from the storm, except such as the bushes and trees afforded. There was neither murmur nor complaint. The men exhibited a spirit of fortitude alike creditable to the service and the regiment. The Fifty-second Pennsylvania lay on our right and the Eleventh Maine on our left. Lieut. Col. Staunton found his trunk, mess chest and bed, and ordered them sent to the regiment.

There were always characters in every regiment—

odd characters, yet without real reliable characters. The latter unfortunately was the case with William Taylor, of Co. "G." He was lazy, and the government could not afford to feed him, nor tolerate his example. He was six feet three inches high, far through his pants and coat sleeves; government shoes were not of the requisite proportions to meet his wants, and hence the order was given to drum him out of camp to the tune of the rogue's march. The regiment was drawn up in line, and then and there did William Taylor pass in review, with a much worn straw hat to cover his head of shocked hair, and that wo-begone countenance of abstraction which says, "What next." He left for parts unknown.

The officers and men felt badly relative to the first dispatch of Gen. McClellan, of the battle of the 31st of May. Later the clouds cleared and the right prevailed. Whole number of men for duty, four hundred and seventy-five. Capt. Charles E. Morse reported for duty, having been left sick at Warwick Court House.

June 7th. Cold, damp and chilly, though the regiment is doing its share of guard and fatigue duty.

Sunday, June 8th. Firing on the right. Dr. O. F. Presbrey and John Wilkeson, Esq., came into camp. Religious services were held. Chaplain of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania officiated.

Monday, June 9th. Held a regimental inspection. Five hundred and one men, including sick and those detailed for camp service. Weather damp, with cold

wind. Monday commenced to rain, and continued cold and very disagreeable, all of which proved fatal to Gen. McClellan's proposed advance. Maj. Otis' horse strayed away. Commenced drilling for the first time since the battle. Enemy hovering in force on our left. Weather warm. Orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. Gen. Naglee made a reconnoissance on the left and found the rebels in large force. Troops are arriving in large numbers all along the line every hour.

Heavy guns opened rapidly on the right about sunrise, Friday, June 13th, and continued for two hours. The rebels made a raid with about two hundred men over the Chickahominy and destroyed a station house, tore up some track, took a few prisoners and left. It was conducted by the rebel general J. E. B. Stuart, of cavalry fame, more for information than advantage.

Sunday, June 15th, Lieut. Col. Staunton was ordered to send two hundred men over the Chickahominy to guard the wagons till sunrise. Maj. Otis was in command. Lyman B. Smith arrived in camp. Weather cold and rainy. The whole country a vast swamp, while the roads appear as streams of lava, almost impassable. The elements work against the Army of the Potomac.

There was a lull in military matters for a few days, and the army had opportunity for rest, when off guard duty. The Eleventh Maine moved camp. Heard from Capt. Moore, in Richmond, who was wounded in the left shoulder severely.

Had first dress parade, June 19th.

Thursday, June 20th. Paymaster Dixon arrived, and commenced to pay off the troops. Second Lieut. Warren Granger, Jr., promoted to First Lieutenant in place of Lieut. Wilkeson, killed, June 20th, 1862. Charles Shaffer, First Sergeant, promoted to Second Lieutenant, June 20th, 1862.

June 23d. Col. Staunton and Dr. Murray went to "White House" to express money for the regiment. Continued till dark. Slept on board boat. Returned to regiment next day.

Gen. Naglee desired, and urged the reorganization of the regiment by consolidation. Firing on the right every day. The battle of "Oak Grove" was fought June 25th and 26th. Maj. Otis was ordered to superintend the construction of a redoubt, to mount five guns.

June 28th. The regiment was sent on picket and as supports. The rebels were repulsed at Mechanicsville. The Nationals were left masters of the situation. The advantage was not followed up, as Gen. McClellan had decided to change his base and by a flank movement reach the James river and coöperate with Commander Rodgers of the gunboat *Galena*.

All wagons came across the Chickahominy, on the night of the 27th. Stonewall Jackson is on the ground, while the authorities at Washington think him in the Shenandoah valley. He is ubiquitous. The Nationals are attacked at once, and the battle at "Gaines' Mills" resulted disastrously to our arms, though Fitz

John Porter fought with desperation against great odds.

Regiment ordered under arms at dark, and worked on redoubt at the bridge. Six guns were mounted. The order had been given to fly to the James river and not to fight. Drove of horses, troops, wagons and cattle crossed the bridge, and it was then destroyed by order of Gen. Heintzelman. Gen. McClellan was at Savage's Station all day superintending the movement which commenced at an early hour. The retreat was accomplished with secrecy and dispatch. Gen. Lee was deceived.

Gen. Naglee had command of the rear-guard; and a brigade that had interposed itself between the main body of the National army on the 31st of May and the Confederate forces so heroically, was now placed in the position of honor. They had been tried, defamed, sustained and applauded, and now were the trusted hundreds to guard the shattered columns of a once unbroken army. After the battle of "Gaines' Farm" a legion of stragglers arrived from the battle fields. Gen. Naglee was informed, and asked what should be done with them. He replied, "*Send them to Heintzelman, and tell him they are not Naglee's men this time.*"

Lieut. Rodney B. Smith, of Co. "H," was reported missing after the battle of "Gaines' Farm," and is supposed to have been killed, or taken prisoner and died, as no tidings have ever reached the regiment or friends of his fate.

Part of the One Hundredth remained as reserves be-

tween Bottom's bridge and the railroad all day, the 29th, in a state of painful suspense, not knowing whether the battle then raging at Savage's Station was a success or defeat. The rebels were in sight. Pickets ordered in at 5 P. M. Naglee stood on the defensive. The Eleventh Maine destroyed the railroad bridge. At Savage's Station a train of cars, loaded with ammunition, was started at 7 P. M., with slow matches applied, so that, at its plunging into the river, the explosion would be instantaneous. It was started, and exploded as it descended, with a roar indescribable. At the same time the enemy was engaged with our rear-guard, the main body was changing base to the James river.

CHAPTER X.

SICK AND WOUNDED LEFT AT SAVAGE'S STATION BY ORDER OF GEN. M'CLELLAN. — THE ARMY HAD CHANGED FRONT AND WAS STILL MOVING TO JAMES RIVER. — SURGEON KITTENGER LEFT WITH THE WOUNDED AND TAKEN PRISONER. — GEN. NAGLEE STILL HOLDS POSITION IN COMMAND OF THE REAR-GUARD. — REBELS IN PURSUIT. — THEY ATTEMPT TO STORM THE NATIONAL BATTERIES ON MALVERN HILLS. — THEY ARE REPULSED WITH TERRIBLE LOSS.

Gen. McClellan had issued an order that the sick and wounded men who could not march should be left at Savage's Station with surgeons, rations, and medical stores, to fall into the hands of the Confederates. He ordered all ambulances to depart empty. In consequence of this extraordinary order, hundreds of men were destined to languish in rebel prisons that might have been spared that terrible ordeal of suffering. The army had changed front. The enemy was thundering at its rear. McClellan had twenty-four hours the start. The bridge was hardly destroyed ere the enemy's skirmishers were upon its opposite banks. Their

batteries were run up and opened upon our retreating forces. The effect was terrific. For a little time our men thought the whole rebel army was upon them. The fright came near a panic and a rout, but was checked by the cool action of a few settled regiments with decisive commanders. The retreat was fairly commenced. In the interval Surg. Kittenger, of the One Hundredth Regiment, had established a hospital in a dwelling on the Newmarket road about half way to "Brackett's Ford." Two hundred wounded were received there for treatment. The wounds were generally very severe. Hundreds of stragglers collected around this hospital and spent the night. With great difficulty the doctor persuaded one hundred and fifty to leave next morning at sunrise for the James river. The remainder refused, and were made prisoners. It was a shameful exhibition of cowardice and demoralization on the part of our troops. At 9 A. M., Stonewall Jackson, with his army marching by the flank, passed along. Such was the discipline maintained that the men were not allowed to leave ranks to get water from the well. Dr. Kittenger remained with the wounded and was taken prisoner. When Stonewall Jackson arrived at the hospital he expressed astonishment to see so few stragglers, and asked the doctor what had become of them. He did not know that they reached the James river in advance of the army. With a victorious enemy thundering at our heels the rear was no place for them. Jackson was in plain clothes with sword and sash as the only signs of

rank about him. He led his men on foot. The position of Naglee's brigade was critical. Not a sentinel between the two armies to give notice of the approach of the enemy. Two guns threw occasional shots to notify the rebels that we still held the ground. The rebels, with Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson to lead them, expected to bag and capture the National army. They were busily engaged rebuilding the bridges.

Naglee and his little command was still the rear-guard that interposed between our retiring columns and the pursuing enemy. He was ordered to follow at 10 P. M. At that hour he took up his line of march, as he supposed, with his whole brigade, but he took with him only a part of it, the Eleventh Maine, Fifty-second Pennsylvania and a portion of the One Hundredth New York Regiments, leaving the Fifty-sixth New York and the remainder of the One Hundredth New York and One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Regiments on the field doing sentinel duty. Naglee did not discover the mistake till he had marched several miles; to return was impossible. The roads were blocked with troops. What remained of the brigade declined to move without orders. Almost within the very jaws of the enemy it still held its post. It is hard to tell how long they might have remained in this dangerous position had not a staff officer of Gen. Franklin informed them that the troops had left four hours before, and expressed his surprise that they had not followed. It was now 2 o'clock on

the morning of the 1st of July. Col. VanWyck assumed command, and the march commenced. The wrong road was taken and the command was marching toward the enemy. The Colonel countermarched and hastened in. The column was overtaken by a mounted officer who advised them to "hurry up," as the enemy were near and would attack at daylight. Several of the officers and men were too sick to march, but to fall behind was to ensure capture. Consequently there was no straggling among Naglee's men. They reached Malvern Hills, stacked arms, lay down to rest, as they had marched fifteen miles; and within an hour the fire of the advance of the rebels could be heard as they drove in our pickets. The rear-guard of Gen. Naglee's rear-guard was saved. They had suffered an intensity of anguish, as those only can appreciate who have been left through mistake within the reach of an advancing foe. The writer can well sympathize with those officers and men, and knows with what joy that staff officer was hailed, as one was hailed on a similar occasion and on a similar errand. Such episodes, even amid the stern realities of war, are never forgotten.

Our forces were advantageously posted on Malvern Hills. Numerous batteries were in position. The gunboat *Galena* was positioned for an enfilading fire. Gen. Lee resolved to carry Malvern Hills by storm, and drive the invaders into the James. Left, right and center were tried. His troops were repeatedly massed and forced to the slaughter, and as repeatedly

they recoiled in dismay and disorder. Lee led another assault on the tier on tier of batteries, grimly visible on the plateau, and at 7 P. M., from the dark pine forest they came at double quick, with yelling shouts, but as one brigade recoiled another was pushed forward with a culpable recklessness of human life, which continued till 9 P. M., when the Confederates were driven to the shelter of ravines, woods and swamps, utterly broken and despairing. It was a saving of the "Army of the Potomac." Most officers expected an advance. The rebels were shattered almost to annihilation, but instead came the order to fall back still farther and take up position at Harrison's landing on the James river. The army stores destroyed at the White House were immense. The White House itself did not escape the fiery flames. Such quantities of elegant new tents, nice beds for the sick, fine liquors and wines, cordials and medicines, oranges, lemons, beef, corn, whisky; immense quantities of hay; boxes on boxes of clothing, and everything conceivable for use and comfort were committed to the destroying element. All those, with the large supply of munitions of war, were consumed. The devastation, according to the usages of war, was complete, while the sick and wounded were turned over to the tender mercies of an enemy that had not learned to feel that their own kinship might need *care* and *attention* when as prisoners they were found in our hands.

The enemy offered no assistance to the wounded until the 4th of July, nor did he send food to the hos-



JOHN WILKESON, JUN.

1st Lieut. and Brevet Captain, 100th Regt N.Y.S. Vols.

TO VINT
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pital until the 5th, when some bacon, a little flour and hard bread were received.

On the 11th of July they were removed to Richmond. The troops, hungry and exhausted, were kept constantly in motion to protect the immense wagon train and make sure their position on the James. The roads were mortar beds, and crowded with men, wagons, mules and baggage. What could not be carried was thrown into the mud. Where the mud was too deep to cross mattresses were taken from the hospital wagons for the purpose. Thousands of dollars of valuable and useful baggage were thus destroyed. Maj. Otis had charge, as officer of the day, of the pickets and a working party in the swamp. The remainder of the regiment was waked and moved one and a half miles on high ground in a wheat field.

Wednesday, July 2d. Rained all night.

Thursday, July 3d. Men wet and cold. Regiment ordered back to the brigade in line of battle. Lay on arms till night. At dark the brigade moved off to the left toward James river, and encamped on dry ground.

CHAPTER XI.

GEN. M'CLELLAN VISITS THE TROOPS.—NAGLEE'S BRIGADE RECEIVED HIM IN SILENCE.—MEN ENGAGED UPON WORKS OF DEFENCE.—PRESIDENT LINCOLN ANNOUNCED TO VISIT TROOPS.—FAILED TO COME.—SENT REGRETS.—COMMUNICATION FROM COMMON COUNCIL OF BUFFALO.—DRILLING AND FATIGUE DUTY.—REBELS APPEARED ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF RIVER.—SOON DRIVEN AWAY.—GEN. HOOKER SENT TO MALVERN HILLS.—ARMY ORDERED TO MOVE.—MOVEMENT BEGAN.—BOARD OF TRADE OF BUFFALO ADOPTS THE REGIMENT.

The flank and rear movement was accomplished, and the army of Gen. McClellan lay upon the banks of the James river.

Friday, July 4th, at 12 M., a National salute was fired from the gunboats and batteries. Gen. McClellan announced that he would visit Gen. Naglee's brigade at 2 P. M. The brigade was drawn up in line and received the Commander-in-Chief at present arms. No cheering by the brigade. Their feelings had been sorely injured. Other troops cheered, but the mar-

tyrs at the front and the heroes of the rear-guard were silent.

Harrison's landing, or bar, is about twenty-five miles below Richmond, and within easy communication with Fortress Monroe. The army occupied a line of heights about two miles from the river with a length of front of nearly three miles. For three weeks the whole force was employed constructing redoubts, entrenchments and rifle pits. The men knew no rest until the position was entirely secure. Gen. Naglee's brigade was on the left, extending part of the way from the front line down to the river. The camps were pitched in the timber, all the brush having been cleared away. Digging rifle pits, wood chopping and details for picket were exhausting the men.

Tuesday, July 8th. President Lincoln was to visit the troops. Under arms to receive him in a suitable manner. Failed to come and sent regrets.

Wednesday, July 9th. Lieut. Col. Staunton mustered the regiment for pay. Laid out camp anew and in regular order.

Thursday, July 10th. The regiment was ordered into line, and a communication was read from the Common Council of the city of Buffalo, calling for a copy of the rolls of the One Hundredth Regiment and a full list of the killed, wounded and missing, to be deposited in the archives of the city, and that the mayor convey to the commanding officer of the regiment the thanks of this Common Council for the heroism and bravery manifested by them in the recent

battle of "Fair Oaks," and to assure them that their fellow citizens at home feel proud of the regiment and of its conduct on the 31st of May, 1862. An order also was read from Gen. McClellan, together with an address to the army, making amends for that unjust dispatch relative to Casey's division. Rain, and regiment under arms fearing an attack.

Sunday, July 13th. A communication was received from Gen. Lee that nothing is known of the fate of Col. Brown. The note, with explanations, was sent to Gov. Morgan. Muster rolls sent to Mayor Fargo in accordance with the request of the Common Council of the city of Buffalo.

Wednesday, July 16th. The regiment was ordered for inspection by Gen. Emory. Indications of the enemy hovering about. The One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania sent on picket.

As division officer of the day, Col. Staunton visited all the picket lines. A tempest of thunder, lightning and rain. The weather was warm. The recent exposures of picket and fatigue duty, with the results of the advance and retreat, were seen in the squads, at sick call, of pale, emaciated men, drooping and dying from disease, wounds, and too often unintentional neglect.

Tuesday, July 22d. Gen. Keyes and staff inspected the regiment at 11 A. M. The regiment did not appear well and the General was not pleased. Capt. Charles Henshaw, of Co. "K," resigned July 20th. Regiment went out to support pickets. Regiment relieved by Gen. Ferry's brigade. Regimental, bri-

gade and division drills were instituted. Part of the time the heat was so oppressive that the men fainted in the ranks. It seemed to be the delight of general officers, in their great desire for discipline, to crush what vitality remained in the Army of the Potomac that had not been reached by battle, march and exposure.

The rebels caused an alarm in camp on the evening of July 31st, by bringing down a battery or two on the opposite side of the river and opening upon our camps and shipping at midnight. Regiment ordered under arms and into the rifle pits. Our gunboats replied and soon silenced him. Additional works were constructed. Dr. Kittenger returned from Richmond a few days before. Dr. Sanford B. Hunt had visited the camp. Col. Davis, who was wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks, rejoined his regiment, the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, on the evening of the 31st of July. Capt. Rodgers had been in command, and the Colonel found his regiment in a much better condition than he had a right to expect after its hardships and sufferings in common with the rest of Gen. Naglee's brigade. The strength of the One Hundredth Regiment at this time, including all, was fifteen officers and four hundred and thirty-six men—less than half the number that left the city of Buffalo, March 7th, nearly four short months before. The regiment thus reduced in numbers must be recruited or consolidated. One or the other alternative must be accepted. The *Commercial Advertiser* and *Buf-*

falo Express of this city put forth patriotic appeals to the citizens that the identity of the regiment be kept intact; that its ranks be filled at once, as a pride and a duty. The appeals were not unheeded. Maj. Otis, writing to a friend in this city, says: "I hope that the regiment will be recruited without delay. I desire nothing for myself that will not benefit the regiment. The matter of being a soldier is becoming more serious every day. The mere making place for or the preventing of certain persons from obtaining positions, is not the spirit that is needed to bring this unfortunate contest to a successful termination. They must all yield to the noble and higher motives of the preservation of our glorious Union."

Gen. Peck continued to drill the men till many succumbed to the sun's fiery ordeal. On the 4th of August Gen. Hooker was sent out with his division on a reconnoissance, and to make a demonstration to Malvern Hills. He succeeded in flanking the enemy's position and compelling him to fall back. The hills were occupied by our troops.

August 5th. Second Lient. James W. Simpson, of Co. "D," resigned. Everything indicated a move.

Sunday, August 10th. Orders came to march at 2 P. M., Monday, with two days' rations. Knapsacks and officers' extra baggage sent off on transports. All ready, packed, but no move, neither day nor night. Capt. John Nicholson, of Co. "C," and Capt. Charles E. Morse, of Co. "I," with the necessary sergeants and men were sent to Buffalo on recruiting service for

the regiment. Capt. P. Edwin Dye, of Co. "H," was also home on sick leave, to assist as soon as able, but he was confined till September with typhoid malarial fever. In the meantime the Board of Trade, of Buffalo, by resolution July 29th, 1862, adopted the One Hundredth Regiment, and with the enthusiasm already awakened to preserve the unity of the regiment, together with the inducements then offered of a State bounty of fifty dollars, and one half of the United States bounty of one hundred dollars, with two dollars for each recruit, the work of adding to the numbers of the regiment proceeded rapidly and favorably.

Lieut. Charles E. Walbridge, of Co. "H," who had with credit and success performed the arduous duties of quartermaster, was at last obliged to yield and be sent to the hospital at Point Lookout, Maryland, for treatment of fever, then prevailing to an alarming extent throughout the command.

By act of Congress all bands, enlisted as regimental bands, were to be mustered out at once, and this just at a time when the worn and afflicted soldiery needed the inspiring and inspiriting influences of music more than at any other period of their service. Millions of dollars of government property could be destroyed by military order, that contractors might replace the same with profit, but the enlivening strains of music to keep in heart and spirits a dying soldiery must be denied them. "Trees when cut off may grow again; men, never."

Orders to move came. The wagons were loaded and moved. Ordered to march at 4 P. M.

Friday, August 15th. Moved two miles and stopped. Maj. Otis detailed with three companies to guard ammunition train. Lay on arms all night.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RETURN MARCH STILL CONTINUES. — KNAPSACKS ON CANAL BOAT SUNK. — FISHED OUT, BUT SPOILED. — MOVED THROUGH WILLIAMSBURG. — HALTED AND MUSTERED THE ARMY. — ARRIVAL AT YORKTOWN. — ORDERED TO GLOUCESTER POINT. — CAPT. MORSE WITH RECRUITS FROM BUFFALO. — ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA WITHIN THE FORT. — ONE HUNDREDTH NEW YORK ENCAMPED WITHOUT THE FORT. — COL. STAUNTON IN CHARGE OF WORKING PARTIES. — COL. DAVIS ON A RECONNOISSANCE.

Started at 3 A. M., Saturday, August, 16th. Fell into column at daylight and moved by Gen. Keyes' headquarters a little past sunrise. The whole army in motion. An immense wagon train. Outside of entrenchments and in an enemy's country, with a valuable train. Marched eight miles and bivouacked in order of battle, in a corn field. Roasted corn was not neglected. Men ordered under arms one hour before daybreak.

Sunday, had a very hard march. Crossed the Chickahominy at its mouth on a ponton bridge twenty-two

hundred feet long. The knapsacks of Naglee's brigade had been placed on a canal boat at Harrison's landing and the boat sunk before leaving. They were fished up, and in this wet state put on board another boat and towed to Yorktown. They were ruined and condemned, still after the proper representations, the men were not indemnified for their losses. Many officers lost their baggage. It was the second time in four months they had been stripped, save that in which they stood. Halted two hours after crossing Chickahominy. Had marched fourteen miles. At 2 P. M., moved and marched about two miles and encamped in a large field on a plantation, within four miles of Williamsburg.

Monday, August 18th. The march was severe. Passed through Williamsburg and over the battle ground without halting, but with despairing hearts. Two months before we passed through the town, a conquering and exultant army, now our backs were toward a city which we had confidently hoped to have entered long ere that hour.

Encamped at 3 P. M. four miles beyond Williamsburg. The army must be mustered for pay, and was halted for the duty. Col. Staunton was detailed to muster the Eighty-first New York Regiment. Finished after dark. Lay quiet till morning. In connection with the muster the army was inspected. Remained all day the 19th. An immense wagon train and troops moving constantly. Indications are that the One Hundredth will be in the condition of rear-

guard again. Moved camp half mile to a more shady spot.

Marched at 6 A. M., Wednesday, Aug. 20th, and arrived at Yorktown at 11 A. M. Halted twenty minutes and moved on three miles and encamped on a bluff overlooking York river.

The movement for so large a body of troops was well arranged. The trains when drawn out, extended forty miles. At Yorktown, Fortress Monroe, and Newport News, transports were in waiting to convey the bulk of the army to Alexandria. And by the 23d of August the whole of the Army of the Potomac had sailed except Sumner's corps and Peck's division of Keyes' corps. The same day Gen. McClellan and staff embarked for Alexandria, where he arrived on the 24th, to find himself not only without an army, but without a command.

As subordinate officers knew nothing, only as communicated in orders from superiors, the men and officers of the One Hundredth were fixing themselves for a long stay, when orders came to pack up and be off by the way of Yorktown to Gloucester Point on the opposite side of York river. Maj. Otis continued on with three companies to Fortress Monroe as guard to ammunition train. The Major parked his train and rode to the Fortress. Saw many returned prisoners, and listened to their sad stories of suffering and hard treatment. Here the Major met Capt. Charles E. Morse with recruits for the regiment, the first that had been sent since the adoption of the regiment by

the Board of Trade of the city of Buffalo. The major was ordered to Yorktown. Arrived and reported to the regiment. The command was ready to cross over to Gloucester Point one hour before sunset. As there was no boat the regiment bivouacked for the night on the bluff. At sunrise a boat came and Col. Staunton reported to Col. Davis, One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, at the fort. The One Hundredth New York relieved the Ninety-eighth New York. Col. Davis at once assigned a spot for the encampment of the One Hundredth, a fine spot outside of the fort, overlooking Yorktown, opposite, the river above and below, as well as some little distance inland on the point. Gen. McClellan had ordered a force over to Gloucester Point to hold that place, which would give us the control of the Peninsula between the York and Severn rivers. Col. W. W. H. Davis, of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, was selected for this command, and one more acceptable to the shattered remnants of the One Hundredth could not have been given. He had been their first brigade commander, and had taught and associated with them from the start, and hence, that the ties were not to be broken was to them a boon of no ordinary pleasure.

Col. Davis was reinforced by a battery of four three-inch rifle guns under command of Lieut. Mink, a gallant young officer. The picket line was established nearly a mile in front of the fort, and extended across the Peninsula from Sarah's creek to York river. The fort was a regular pentagon, and probably the largest

earth-work ever built in this country. Following the exterior slope of the ditch the distance around it was about a mile. It occupied nearly the site of the old revolutionary works erected by the British in 1781, and near it were the ruins of the brick house Gen. Tarleton used for a hospital during the siege of Yorktown by Washington. When the fort was evacuated in May, the guns were left in it, but had since been burst. Col. Davis set about putting the fort in thorough repair. It was done, though it occupied the command nearly three months. The timber was cleared away for a thousand yards, and as the country was level an enemy's approach would be clearly visible. The camp of the One Hundredth was laid out in regular order, with full and ample space. The finest camp we have had. Capt. Morse arrived with ninety recruits, bringing the silk colors presented by the ladies of Le Roy. Lieut. Col. Staunton made a short speech, followed with cheers by the men. The recruits were assigned to the different companies. A large mail arrived, which at any time is a source of great joy to the officers and men. The links that bound them to home and friends, during the marches that had preceded, had seemed broken, but now communication was opened and the tide of social interest flowed in from hosts of hearthstones, so long clouded in grief and gloom.

Lieut. Col. Staunton was waited upon by a committee of line officers relative to the appointment of a colonel, as in any case it would be an event of great

interest to all, both officers and men, connected with the regiment.

As yet food was scarce, regularity of habits and duties was not established. As officer of the day, Col. Staunton visited the picket line, and made the acquaintance of a secesh farmer on the line, and got supper for a dollar. Work on the fort and drilling commenced. A severe tempest swept over the point. The tents with difficulty were held down, as a storm on that low land moves all things before it.

Tuesday, August 26th. A cool and beautiful day. Col. Staunton in charge of working parties. Col. Davis, in company with Lieut. Bowen of the Topographical Engineers, and the One Hundred and Fourth, went out on a reconnoissance. They viewed the country, talked with the people, paid for meals provided, and returned to Gloucester Point with a good knowledge of the country and its military situation.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RESULTS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN. — CALL FOR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN FOR THE WAR. — THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND FOR NINE MONTHS. — A DRAFT OF AN EQUAL NUMBER. — BOARD OF TRADE OF BUFFALO SEND RECRUITS. — COL. G. B. DANDY APPOINTED COLONEL. — LIÉUT. COL. STAUNTON SENDS IN HIS RESIGNATION. — WAR MEETINGS IN BUFFALO. — ACTION OF PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS. — ORDER OF SUPT. SACKETT TO PREPARE LINT. — A WHISKY MUTINY IN CAMP. — IT WAS QUELLED, AND THE “LITTLE DISTURBER” ISSUED.

The disasters of the Peninsular campaign had awakened the people and the government to the necessity of a more vigorous prosecution of the war. The loyal Governors of eighteen States signed a request that the President should increase the force. In compliance with the request, the President called for three hundred thousand volunteers for the war on the 1st of July, and on the 9th of August, when Pope was struggling with Jackson on the Rapid Anna, he called for three hundred thousand men for nine months, and

that an equal number should be drafted from the great body of the citizens who were over eighteen years of age and under forty-five, if they did not appear as volunteers.

Old regiments were to be filled with recruits, thereby preserving their identity. The Board of Trade of Buffalo, as stated, had adopted the One Hundredth Regiment, and had voted a large sum of money for military purposes. Recruiting had successfully commenced. The patriotic war spirit of the city was aroused. Public meetings were held in the several wards; at the armory on Sabbath, and in front of the churches on Main street during the afternoons and evenings of each week. Stores and other places of business were closed at 6 P. M., to afford opportunity to all to hear and drink the spirit of loyalty to government. Distinguished speakers from abroad as well as home talent were in attendance upon the waiting ear of the people. It was then that the writer came forth as a common soldier, and urged the duty of the hour upon his fellow citizens. It was at the close of one of these speeches in front of the churches that we met William Wilkeson, Esq., to whom we have dedicated this book, and who moved a resolution on that occasion that the speaker, Geo. H. Stowits, late principal of one of the public schools of this city, be recommended to Gov. Morgan as a suitable person to be commissioned in one of our Buffalo regiments, which was adopted unanimously with cheers.

The public school teachers of the city held a meet-

ing at school house No. 7, and unanimously resolved to apportion a part of their wages for a fund to forward the cause of enlistments. John B. Sackett, superintendent of schools, presided. The writer addressed the meeting, and called upon teachers to teach the youth under their care that love of country which would prompt an interest always to defend it. Supt. Sackett ordered Friday, September 5th, to be observed by all the schools as a day of labor for the wounded in the preparation of lint and bandages. The order was faithfully observed.

In the meantime a letter had been addressed to the Board of Trade relative to the appointment of officers in the One Hundredth, stating the facts relative to the organization of the regiment, the expenditures of officers and men with hopes of promotion, and the legitimate fears aroused relative to the sending of new and inexperienced men to rule those who had suffered the trials of camp, field and battle. The communication was respectfully written and signed by M. H. Topping, commanding. The anxiety relative to the position of colonel was settled by the announcement that George B. Dandy had been commissioned colonel of the One Hundredth Regiment, commission to date and rank from August 27th, 1862. To Lieut. Col. Staunton and the line officers of the regiment, to say nothing of the feelings of the rank and file, this was an unexpected as well as a most unfortunate appointment. It was ever a step of risk to introduce an officer bred in the regular army to command volun-

teers. That mind is rare who goes back or forward of his culture, tastes and habits. Previous to the rebellion, the composition of the regular army was of a class of men that had left all social obligations and ties, and drifted, as a last resort, into the ranks as a government soldier, the end of the man and citizen. Officers bred to war handled and treated these men, usually, as the refuse of society, barely meriting the decencies of common usage. When the people sprang to arms to save a country it was not to become professional soldiers, but to resist, succeed, and retire to their homes as subjects of civil law and order. The culture of an officer whose life had been in the tented field would know no difference between the volunteer, no matter what his ability or literary qualifications, and the spirits hitherto under his control, and hence that bond of good feeling that should ever exist between the governor and the governed could not be, and corresponding unhappy results were sure to follow. That Col. Dandy was a capable officer is not to be questioned, but that his appointment as colonel of the One Hundredth Regiment, under the peculiar character of its organization, was most unfortunate we can fully attest, in the light both of observation and experience. Immediately succeeding the appointment of Col. Dandy, Lieut. Col. Staunton wrote his resignation, as he felt that his place had been given to another, and that his services could not be as efficient as a subordinate officer since he had occupied the position of the superior officer of the regiment since the

death of Col. Brown. Gens. Emory and Naglee, as well as Col. Davis and others, labored with Col. Staunton to change his decision, but to no purpose. Col. Dandy subsequently told Col. Staunton that he should have done the same under like circumstances, thereby proving to the letter what we have here recorded, that his, Col. Dandy's, appointment was most unfortunate.

While the people were sending forward recruits, the routine of camp life was still continued.

August 27th. Gen. Peck inspected the fort and made suggestions. The people begin to bring in quantities of food.

August 28th. Maj. Otis detailed to take charge of working parties in Yorktown. A large number of transports in the river to remove Couch's division. Quartermaster Bishop returned from Fortress Monroe and had been serving the regiment as such since the absence of Lieut. Walbridge. Col. Davis mustered the One Hundredth for pay August 31st. Col. Staunton sent in his resignation. Work still continued on the fort. Col. Staunton had to quell a whisky mutiny. Men refused to work without whisky. He ordered them to go, and they went without much complaint. The cause of refusal, — that the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania were served with the "*little disturber of peace*" and they were not. Gen. Emory ordered the whisky rations to be issued. Dr. Kittenger refused to issue. Col. Staunton ordered Quartermaster to do it. Col. Davis also requested that the rations

be issued. We will here record the expressions of Col. Staunton, who "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking," and it will serve as the reflection of the writer's opinions: "That whisky was the disturbing element in the army; that it is the devil's chief instrument to accomplish evil designs." We know it, and we have seen it and deplored it; and even *now* hear the wail of a fellow officer who exclaimed to the writer who had kept him often from drink, "If you leave me, Captain, I am ruined." His body was soon sent to the home of parents and sister, a victim, a sacrifice, to the demon whisky. Still that false idea, that whisky was necessary to courage in the hour of battle, prevailed when reason said, *then*, if ever, the brain needs to be cool, with all its powers unaffected by unnatural stimulants.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEN STOLE A BARREL OF WHISKY. — RUMOR OF A RAID ON WILLIAMSBURG. — REGIMENT UNDER ARMS. — COL. DANDY ARRIVED AND ASSUMED COMMAND. — LIEUT. COL. STAUNTON RESIGNED AND LEFT FOR THE NORTH. — RECRUITS ARRIVING. — LIEUTS. GREINER AND GUTHRIE DISCHARGED. — DRILLS AND REVIEWS. CHANGE OF CAMP. — THE SIBLEY TENT. — CHAPLAIN LINN ARRIVED WITH FLAG FROM BOARD OF TRADE. — RAID TO GLOUCESTER COURT HOUSE UNDER COMMAND OF GEN. NAGLEE.

The proximity of the York river to the camp of the One Hundredth afforded a fine opportunity for bathing, washing and fine oysters.

Saturday night, September 5th, the men concluded to finish the whisky, and for that end stole the barrel, and saved the Quartermaster the trouble of issue.

Monday the 8th. A rumor of a raid on Williamsburg. Working parties called in. Regiment ordered under arms and into the fort, taking positions behind the breastworks. Kept at work during the afternoon.

Raised the flag pole on the fort. Wind very high. Rumors of leaving very soon. During the evening Lieut. Lynch arrived with thirty-one recruits. The wind had blown a gale for four days. Maj. Otis returned from Yorktown sick, relieved from duty for sixteen days. Lieut. Greiner arrived with twenty-eight recruits.

Sunday, September 14th. Gen. Emory reviewed and inspected the One Hundredth New York, and One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania. Assigned Lieut. Greiner's men to Co. "K."

Monday, September 15th. Col. G. B. Dandy arrived in camp and pitched his tent as commander of the regiment. He assumed command.

Wednesday, September 17th. Two companies, One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania and One Hundredth New York, made a raid and took forty head of cattle.

September 24th. Lieut. Guthrie arrived and was put in charge of Co. "G." Capt. Walter B. Moore, of Co. "B," was discharged the service September 27, 1862. Lieut. Warren Granger, Jr., was promoted to captain, August 13, 1862, in place of Capt. Henshaw resigned. Gen. Naglee assumed command of the brigade after an absence of three months. Gen. Emory, who was relieved, accompanied Gen. Banks on his expedition to New Orleans. He was esteemed one of the most intelligent and best informed men in the army, and was well liked by his men. The picket line was limited in extent and included but few of the inhabitants.

With a single exception they were quiet and orderly. Mr. Dobson and wife were bitter secesh. She was rebel to the backbone, and ugly. Gen. Dix ordered their house to be taken for a hospital, which made her furious, and she threatened to burn it down before the hated Yankees could get possession of it. It was seized and a strong guard placed over it. A quantity of arsenic, which she wished to throw into the well, a part of a keg of powder and two loaded guns were found. She told the surgeon in charge that "when she met him in h—l she would scratch his eyes out." She and her effects were placed outside the lines. Work on the fort, inspections and target shooting occupied the time of men and officers. The days were warm and nights cool, with frequent showers.

Wednesday, September 24th. Lieut. Bishop's wife came to camp on a visit directly from New York. False alarm in camp at 10½ P. M. Men under arms. Scouts sent out and found nothing.

Friday, September 26th. One hundred and sixty recruits arrived in charge of Lieuts. C. E. Walbridge and Coleman. They had been accumulating in Alexandria, in the camps of convalescents and recruits, for a long time. These local depots for receiving returned soldiers and recruits were established all over the country, a profit to contractors and a source of great annoyance to the soldier, as the writer can attest. The recruits were assigned to different companies.

September 29th. An arrival of forty recruits.

October 2d. Col. Dandy approved of the resignation of Lieut. Col. Staunton, and it passed through the regular channels. The weather continued oppressively hot and dry.

Sunday, October 5th. Col. Davis reviewed the One Hundredth New York, One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania and Lieut. Mink's battery. Col. Dandy took general command and Staunton regimental. Lieut. Lynch returned for duty.

Monday, October 6th. Officers summoned to Yorktown to show their commissions and musters. Capt. Nicholson arrived with Lieut. Wells and more recruits. Lieut. Col. Staunton held court-martial for the trial of prisoners. Ten were sentenced.

Saturday rained all day with northerly wind. Fifty-three prisoners and sick men returned to camp. Maj. Otis wrote to G. S. Hazard, president of the Board of Trade, for a suitable person for chaplain of the regiment.

Monday, October 13th. Lieut. Col. Staunton's resignation returned accepted, and he was free "once again." He went to Yorktown, procured a pass from Gen. Keyes to Fortress Monroe, made sketch of camp, packed up, dined with Cols. Dandy and Dodge and Maj. Otis, and at 6 P. M., went to ferry boat accompanied by Col. Dandy, Maj. Otis, Capts. Payne and Rauert, and Lieuts. Topping, Walbridge and many others. Thus ended Mr. Staunton's official connection with the regiment. With a farewell from Gen. Naglee and staff, and in company with Lieut. Bishop and

wife, went on board of the *Thomas A. Morgan*, the United States mail boat, and soon arrived at Fortress Monroe. Visited Gen. Dix, then took steamer for Baltimore, thence to Washington, settled with the government, and turned homeward, which was reached October 31st.

Thursday, October 16th. Paymaster arrived and prepared rolls. The officers and men were paid for four months.

Sunday, October 19th. A grand review was had by Gen. Keyes.

October 23d. Lieut. Gardner arrived with forty recruits. Company drills were established. A new camp was staked out. Found a scarcity of lumber. Pitched new camp in a gale of wind. Kitchens were built.

October 31st. Regiment mustered for pay by Col. Dandy. New camp fitted up.

November 2d. Regiment reviewed by Gen. Naglee. Col. Dandy established a military school of instruction.

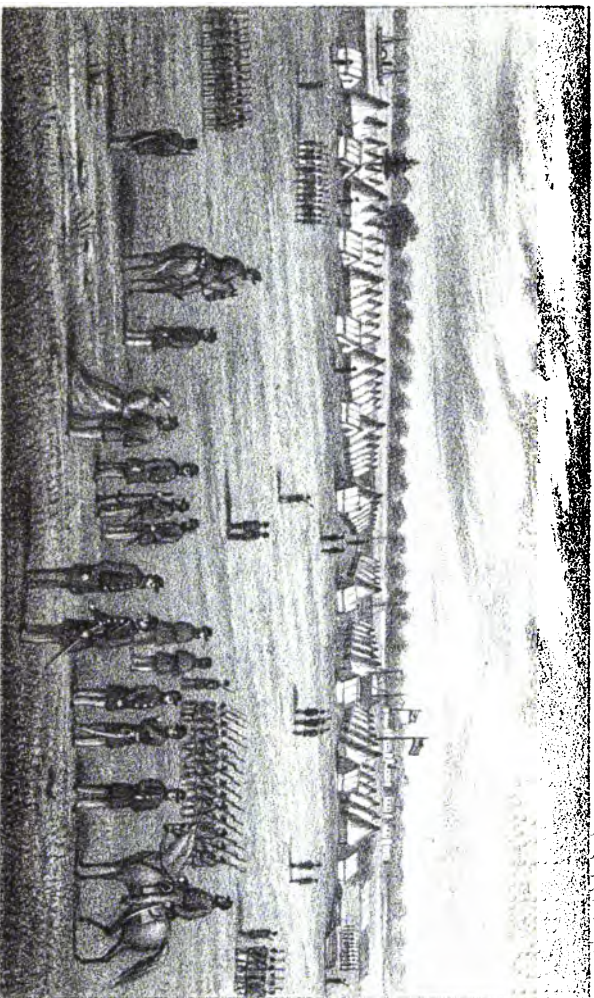
Tuesday, November 5th. Chaplain J. B. Linn arrived with a new flag presented by the Board of Trade of Buffalo.

November 7th. Four inches of snow, ending in rain and mud. Camp inspection and presentation of new flag by Chaplain Linn at 10½ A. M. Regiment at work on guard-house, tents, and chopping wood. The men have the large Sibley tent, with a capacity for sixteen men each, with place for stove in center and bunks in tiers.

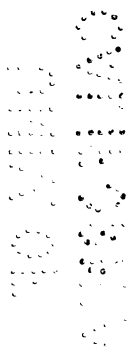
November 15th. Cavalry crossed from Yorktown. Picket attack; one man killed, three wounded and three prisoners. Lieuts. Greiner and Guthrie discharged.

Monday, November 18th. Capt. Hinson left for Albany.

November 20th. Col. Dandy took five companies for a foraging expedition. Inspections, reviews, work on camp, and reading orders consumed the days. The men were living very pleasantly. Recruits were acquiring a knowledge of camp duties and the use of their guns, together with the knowledge of drill. As we have stated, the people within the lines came into camp with oysters and various articles of food, which, with donations from home and the regular rations, left no opportunity for complaint. To all appearances the command was established for the winter, and the wives of several officers arrived, which had the appearance of civil life. But there is no permanent certainty in military affairs. The ordinary duties of camp continued to the end of November, interspersed with company and battalion drills, and reviews by Gens. Naglee and Keyes. The same routine extended into and through the month of December. On the morning of December 11th Gen. Naglee made a reconnoissance in force to Gloucester Court House and surrounding country. The column consisted of four regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery and two squadrons of cavalry. Detachments were sent beyond the Court House, driving the enemy's cavalry, burning



CAMP 100th REG'T N.Y.S. VOLS. GLOUCESTER, POINT VA.



their quarters and stores of subsistence. The force returned with plunder in the shape of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and corn, which were turned over to the proper officers, and reached their camps after midnight, Sunday, December 14th.

CHAPTER XV.

RUMORS OF LEAVING GLOUCESTER POINT.—THE NECESSARY PROMOTIONS MADE.—THE CAMP AT GLOUCESTER POINT.—ARRIVAL AND VISIT OF WARREN GRANGER, ESQ., FROM BUFFALO.—ARRIVAL OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINTH PENNSYLVANIA.—FALSE ALARMS.—BRIGADE HAS MARCHING ORDERS.—SHIPPED WITH SEALED ORDERS.—ARRIVED AT FORTRESS MONROE.—LEFT AND ANCHORED AT BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA.—ENCAMPED AT CAROLINA CITY.—COL. DAVIS IN COMMAND OF BRIGADE.—GEN. NAGLEE IN COMMAND OF DIVISION.—DRILL AND PREPARATION FOR A MOVE SOMEWHERE.

That quiet rest, that had pervaded the minds of the men in the entertainment of the thought that Gloucester Point was to be their home for the winter, was disturbed by various rumors of removal. The regiment was full to its minimum standard. The necessary and proper promotions had been made.

Capt. Daniel D. Nash, who gave the first company to the regiment, was promoted to major, *vice* C. N. Otis, promoted. Maj. Otis was promoted to lieutenant.

ant colonel, *vice* Staunton, resigned ; and other promotions had been made besides the coming and going, resigning and discharging of new and old officers, as can be seen in the published list of commissions at the close of the volume.

The camp at Gloucester Point was truly a beautiful and comfortable military home. The superior intelligence of Col. Dandy, relative to the keeping of camp, and its police regulations gave indications that he knew the value of comfort and health, to the end that he might have efficient and reliable soldiers.

Capt. P. Edwin Dye, of Co. "H," had joined the regiment after a long illness of typhoid fever. Warren Granger came on a visit to camp from Buffalo, which had a happy effect upon officers and men. Having a son, whose career thus far had been eventful, a father's solicitude was not the least cause of his friendly appearance amid the military family of the One Hundredth regiment.

Thursday, December 18th. Mr. Granger had the opportunity of witnessing a brigade drill. The next day called on Gen. Naglee, accompanied by Lieut. Col. Otis.

Saturday, December 20th. The regiment was inspected by Col. Durkee, Ninety-eighth New York Volunteers, and was credited for its good condition.

Sunday, December 21st. Warren Granger left for home.

A short time previous a regiment of nine months' men, known as the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, encamped just east of the camp of the

One Hundredth, and subsequently remained after the departure of the One Hundredth New York and One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania. Drills, company and battalion, continued, and Tuesday, December 23d, Lieut. Col. Otis was ordered from brigade headquarters to command all forces at Gloucester Point, composed of One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, One Hundredth New York, and Battery "K" First New York Artillery, and One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania. Relieved by Col. Dodge. False alarm in camp caused by the negroes firing on the picket line. Regiment under arms.

Thursday, December 25th. Orders to move at a minute's notice. There was no doubt of a change of positions. The pleasant camp at Gloucester Point, with all its conveniences, was to be evacuated. The beautiful autumnal days had passed, though December bore the impress of early spring. The veteran of a campaign and the recruit were to enter unknown fields of duty together. Ordered to ship. Went on board at 7 P. M. Friday, December 26th. Ordered back and into the fort at 9 P. M. Returned to ship at 11 P. M. Lieut. Col. Otis and other officers protested against so many men on board so small a ship as the *Belvidiere*. Permission was granted to leave one hundred and fifty men. Ten days' uncooked rations were put on board each vessel, which sailed with sealed orders not to be opened until twenty miles south of Cape Henry.

Wagons, teams and private horses accompanied the

expedition. The strength of the brigade at this time was four thousand three hundred and thirty-eight officers and men, and consisted of eight regiments. They were embarked on seven transports. The dark-hulled *Belvidiere* became our temporary home. The name of that river boat will call to mind close quarters by night and by day. Hold, upper and lower decks, were packed with human beings without place to rest the limbs of the weary soldier. To add to the discomfort of the men a cold rain drenched the occupants of the upper decks. Arrived at Fortress Monroe at 4 P. M. Saturday, December 27th. The sun shone warmly, and the men were allowed to go ashore at 9 A. M., Sunday, as the ship was coaling. Previous to leaving Gloucester Point the men were to have two days' rations cooked and in haversacks. With filled haversack, filled knapsack, and overcoat, with gun and accoutrements, the new recruit had yet to learn the *weight* of military life. The expedition left Fortress Monroe Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. During a storm those below fared best, and when pleasant those on deck were the favored ones. Hatteras was mindful of the frail craft that held us, and those usually agitated waters were mild for December. At 6 P. M., Monday, the guns of Fort Macon smiled upon us, and we rode at anchor off Beaufort. Being too late for a pilot, we waited till morning. Then through the breakers safely, and we ran alongside the dock at 7 A. M., Tuesday. The regiment disembarked, marched along the railroad to Morehead City, had coffee, and then continued for three

miles to a small place known on the map as Carolina City. It consisted of a small depot and two or three dwellings. Beaufort contained some two thousand inhabitants before the war, and is an unattractive village of cheerless-looking houses and sandy streets. Morehead city is the terminus of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, and contained some twenty or thirty frame houses. The day was warm as summer. There had been no frost to injure, and a second crop of tomatoes and sweet potatoes had been realized. Lieut. Col. Otis was in command. Adj. Haddock was left at Gloucester Point sick with typhoid fever. Lieut. Leopold Evert, of Co. "C," was detailed as adjutant of the regiment. He was a young man of ability, and competent for the trust.

The men had been supplied with shelter tents, a square of canvass with buttons and holes, which, with a fellow soldier, the two united, forms the temporary shelter from the weather. The camp was pitched, the picket line established, retreat and taps beaten, and the regiment was asleep amid a storm of rain, wet and tentless, for many tents had blown away, while the men passed a most unpleasant night. The men complained bitterly. They had just left comfortable quarters. Rations were regular and all the means for cooking them. Now, they were to be waited for. They were wet; their guns were wet and rusty, and in an enemy's country; there seemed to be plenty of reasons why they should entertain the fault-finding spirit. The weather was cool.

December 31st, Wednesday, the regiment was mustered for pay, and also the several companies were making out their pay rolls.

January 1st, 1863. Two transports were seen in the harbor. Bouge Sound is near. The men roam up and down the beach for boards and lumber of any discription to make their tents comfortable. The people of this part of North Carolina, if a fair type of the masses, are a sallow tribe of tobacco chewing and snuff dipping creatures. The soil is sandy. Sweet potatoes is the staple of the locality. The country is covered with pine timber. Soon after landing the troops were reorganized. Gen. Naglee and staff arrived. Lieut. Col. Otis rode around the picket line with Col. Plaisted of the Eleventh Maine.

January 3d. Col. W. W. H. Davis was again placed in command of the brigade, while Gen. Foster placed Gen. Naglee in command of division. Col. Davis' brigade consisted of the Eleventh Maine, Fifty-second and One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, One Hundredth New York, and Independent battalion of New York Volunteers. Lieut. Charles E. Walbridge, of Co. "H," was detailed as acting assistant quartermaster on the staff of Col. Davis. Lieut. Edward S. Peck was detailed regimental quartermaster, in place of Lieut. Bishop, detailed as division quartermaster. Battalion and company drills were instituted, and dress parade.

Monday, January 5th. Lieut. Col. Otis mustered companies "B" and "G," that had just arrived. Weather clear and mild.

On Saturday, January 10th, there was a severe storm of rain and a gale of wind. Many officers visited Newbern, Beaufort, and the surrounding country. Lieut. Charles Coleman made a fine sketch of Bogue Sound and the camp of the One Hundredth Regiment. It can be seen in the Art Gallery in this city. Lieut. Col. Otis visited Newbern. It is a fine old town, with beautiful trees forming one unbroken shade.

CHAPTER XVI.

COL. DANDY RESUMED COMMAND. — DRILLS CONTINUED. — TROOPS ORDERED TO EMBARK. — TRANSPORTS IN WAITING. — TENTS STRUCK JANUARY 19TH, 1863. — EMBARKED. — LAY AT ANCHOR TILL JANUARY 29TH. — SAILED SOUTHWARD. — ORDERS OPENED OFF WILMINGTON. — DESTINATION PORT ROYAL, SOUTH CAROLINA. — ANCHORED AT PORT ROYAL, BETWEEN FORTS SEWARD AND WELLS. — TROOPS KEPT ON BOARD TRANSPORTS FOR SOME DAYS. — WENT ASHORE FOR AIR AND EXERCISE. — FATIGUE PARTY SENT ASHORE TO DIG WELLS AND PREPARE FOR PITCHING CAMP.

Wednesday, January 14th. Col. Dandy resumed command of the regiment. Chas. McBean, who had been regimental clerk was appointed sergeant major. The next day the regiment was reviewed by Col. Dandy.

January 18th. Ordered to embark. Tents were struck, and Carolina City, with its cheerless sand and sallow people, its pine woods and sweet potatoes, all were to be left, and the command was to go *somewhere*.

Regiment struck tents, and at 6 A. M., Monday,

January 19th, marched to Morehead City, and embarked on board the new and beautiful steamer *New England*. As usual we were under "sealed orders." The men were in good health. Though encamped on the ground at Carolina City, still the sanitary condition of the regiment was as good, if not better, than when we were so comfortably sheltered at Gloucester Point. The troops were escaping the rigors of a Northern winter; which, with the mild climate of North Carolina, in contrast, could not but be productive of good and healthful influences. For so large a regiment we were well cared for on the steamer, which had ample and airy accommodations. The weather was cool for North Carolina. We were waiting the embarkation of the rest of the division, all under the command of Gen. Naglee. The commander of each transport has sealed orders which are not to be opened till off Wilmington. The common soldier, and subordinate officer knows, nothing till ordered to move. To obey orders is the first and last duty of a soldier. It is this ignorance and uncertainty which depresses and almost kills the intelligent volunteer, who, when at home took in as comprehensively the real state of the country and its dangers, as his representatives who managed his affairs at the seat of the Nation. But as a soldier, he is simply to look after knapsack, haversack, canteen, gun, cartridge box, and whatever appertains to their care and his own personal welfare within the limit perscribed by authority.

From the 19th to the 29th of January the transports,

loaded with troops, lay under the guns of Fort Macon. Amid storm and gale they rocked their human freight with various effects upon individuals and masses.

Maj. Nash and the Chaplain had gone to Newbern. The Chaplain most assiduously looked after the mail. Whisky, that "*little disturber*," made a little friction among the officers and men, but to no serious extent, but what was easily suppressed by the authority of the commander.

While at anchor a severe gale was experienced, and a few vessels broke loose, and one caught fire, but the flames were soon extinguished. The men and officers were very impatient. No news; no letters; no papers; nothing but blank uncertainty. The clothing and blankets were aired on the upper deck. The ring-leaders in the whisky difficulty were arrested.

Company inspection was had on deck. The Chaplain held divine service in the cabin on Sunday, January 25th. A few of the officers visited Fort Macon. It fell into the hands of the enemy when the war broke out, but was retaken in the spring of 1862, by Gen. Parkes. It is built of earth, but riveted with masonry, and casemated. It mounts about fifty guns. At this time it was garrisoned by four companies, commanded by a lieutenant of regular artillery.

It was made known that the mail would be detained at Fortress Monroe till the expedition had reached its destination. However, just before the hour of starting, a mail found its way to the ships, to the great joy of all who had been so closely imprisoned for days.

The expense of transportation of troops was very great. The *Cahawba*, the flag ship, was estimated to carry fifteen hundred troops, though eleven hundred were all that could be comfortably accommodated. She was chartered by the government for eight hundred dollars per day. Before the troops were put on board she was supplied with thirty thousand rations, fifteen thousand gallons of water, and coal for twenty days. The arrangements for cooking could not be surpassed. Two large copper boilers had been arranged to boil eighty gallons of coffee, or cook five hundred pounds of meat at one time. Everything was cooked by steam, by means of a pipe communicating with the steam boiler.

As far as practicable, the routine of camp was preserved on board ship. Health demanded that cleanliness be observed daily. The same provisions had been made on other transports in proportion to the number of troops on board.

During Wednesday, January 28th, a severe gale raged all day. The monotonous rockings of the vessels caused much seasickness. The fleet put to sea Thursday, January 29th, before the effects of the gale had entirely passed away.

Col. Davis thus describes the appearance of the fleet: "The sailing vessels took the lead, and it was an unusually fine sight to see them hoist their sails, like birds spreading their wings, and glide away over the glittering waters. The steamers followed in the wake of the flag ship. When fairly over the bar I

counted thirty vessels in sight deployed in a semi-circle of several miles extent. When it became dark there was presented one of the most charming sights I have ever witnessed at sea. Each steamer carried at the mast-head a signal lamp, that she might be distinguished in the darkness; and the many colored lights thus displayed behind us resembled an illuminated avenue lit up by fairy hands. The motion of the vessels, as they were swayed to and fro by the moving waters, added greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. This watery avenue of variegated lights followed us through the night, now and then a vessel dropping so far astern that the glimmer of her lamp could hardly be distinguished from the twinkle of the most distant star." When off the mouth of Cape Fear river, on which Wilmington is situated, the secret instructions were opened, and our destination made known for the first time. This was found to be Hilton Head, on Port Royal bay, South Carolina; and that our ultimate destination was Charleston. Much enthusiasm was manifested among the men, but subsequent experience proved that Charleston was a very hard nut to crack, and few of those composing the expedition were fortunate to be in at the death. At Carolina City we had become familiar with shelter tents and mother earth. The rains and chilling winds of a Southern winter were a sad experience to us, so recently from the more comfortable quarters of civil life. That Southern campaign is a large part of our military history as a regiment. There, as everywhere, it was an insatiable desire of the soldier, ever to know

the next objective point, the details of the next order. This was proof of the superior intelligence of our army. Its elements were sovereigns, with capacities to judge of movements and predicate results. During the passage to Port Royal many officers and men were very sick, and subsequent events proved that we were to be kept some time longer on shipboard.

Passing Charleston bar heavy firing was heard, which proved to be an attack upon the blockading fleet. We dropped anchor in the harbor of Port Royal, on the morning of the 31st of January.

Monday, February 2d. The regiment went ashore to give free play to their cramped and stiffened limbs. The vessel during their absence was thoroughly cleansed. Transports, with troops, arrived daily. The regiment embarked again to await orders. We moved farther up the bay. Port Royal harbor is well named; it is truly a royal harbor, with a breadth of space and depth of water sufficient for the navies of the world.

February 6th. The weather is cool, rainy and disagreeable, though there are prospects of going on shore. The monitor *Passaic* is anchored near, and creates much wonder among the veteran seamen of the wooden navy. Lieut. Col. Otis, field officer, in charge. He made rounds of the ship. It was dull and monotonous on board the vessel, and the officers and men were longing for active duty.

Sunday, February 8th. A fatigue party was sent ashore to dig wells. Divine service was held by the Chaplain in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEN. NAGLEE'S LETTER AND GENERAL ORDER TO THE BOARD OF TRADE OF THE CITY OF BUFFALO. — THE NAMES THE GENERAL RECOMMENDED TO BE PLACED UPON THEIR FLAGS. — HIS REHEARSAL OF THEIR SERVICES. — HIS FINAL CHEERING WORDS FOR THEIR FUTURE WELFARE. — THE REGIMENT ASHORE AT ST. HELENA, S. C. — PITCHING CAMP, DIGGING WELLS AND WASHING. — SOME DIFFICULTY WITH THE NEGROES. — CABINS BURNED. — THE WORK OF A FEW RESTLESS SPIRITS.

Up the Peninsula, into the death at "Fair Oaks," on the retreat to Harrison's Landing, and Gloucester Point, thence to pitchy, tarry, turpentine North Carolina; and more, to within hailing distance of the very center of the origin of the rebellion, the city of Charleston; the One Hundredth Regiment seems destined to play a part in the coming struggle of recovering Sumter and humbling the chivalry of the Palmetto State.

Previous to leaving Newbern, North Carolina, Gen. Naglee addressed to the Board of Trade of Buffalo the following note and General Orders No. 3:

HEADQUARTERS NAGLEE'S DIVISION, }
 NEWBERN, N. C., Jan. 13, 1863. }

GENTLEMEN:—I take great pleasure in enclosing the within order, by which you will perceive that the One Hundredth Regiment New York Volunteers, well worthy of your kind care and patronage, have honored themselves, and have honored you and the great State to which they belong.

Very respectfully,

HENRY M. NAGLEE, B. G.

TO THE HON. THE BOARD OF TRADE OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

HEADQUARTERS NAGLEE'S DIVISION, }
 NEWBERN, N. C., Jan. 8th, 1863. }

(GENERAL ORDERS No. 3.)

The several regiments of the late First Brigade, commanded by Gen. Naglee, will inscribe upon their banners the following names, indicating important events in the history of the war, in which they acted a conspicuous part. The following named places will show the service of the One Hundredth New York: Lee's Mills, April, 1862. Williamsburg, May 5th, 1862. Reconnoissance to Seven Pines, May 24th, 25th and 26th, 1862. Seven Pines or Fair Oaks, May 31st, 1862. Railroad and Bottom's Bridges, June 27th and 28th, 1862. White Oak Swamp Bridge, June 30th, 1862. Carter's Hill, July 2d, 1862. Gloucester, Virginia, Dec. 14th, 1862. Yorktown, August 17th to Dec. 31st, 1862.

The General lately commanding the brigade most happily takes this occasion to congratulate the officers and soldiers with whom he has been so intimately associated. Whilst memory lasts, it will continually recur to the scenes of deprivation and danger, and blood and battle through which you have passed, and you will remember your inexperience and discontent, and then your discipline and happy affiliation.

All will remember with regret the deadly effects of the swamps before Yorktown. You were the first in the advance upon Williamsburg, and when ordered by Gen. McClellan to support Gen. Hancock, the enemy gave up the contest.

On the 19th of May, at Bottom's bridge, you waded waist deep in the swamps of the Chickahominy, you drove away the enemy and were the first to cross that stream. On the 24th, 25th and 26th,

after other troops had failed, you made the gallant dashing reconnoissance of the Seven Pines, driving the superior force of Gen. Stewart from Bottom's bridge to within four and a half miles of Richmond, the position nearest that city ever occupied by our troops. On the 31st of May at Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, occupying the above advanced position, your brigade made the most desperate, bloody, obstinate fight of the war, and while we mourn the loss of one half of our comrades in war, you have the consolation of knowing that, by their heroic sacrifice, and your stubborn resistance, you saved the Army of the Potomac from great disaster.

On the 27th, 28th and 29th of June, the rebel Gen. Jackson, hurled his immense force suddenly upon our right and passed that flank of the army, and all turned with extreme solicitude toward the rear at Bottom's bridge, which, if crossed, would result in irretrievable ruin; and it should be a source of great pride and satisfaction in the future to remember that all this intense anxiety was dispelled, and all breathed with relief, and felt secure, when it rapidly ran through the army that Naglee's brigade has destroyed the bridges, and stood night and day for three days in the middle of the Chickahominy, successfully and continually resisting his passage. Again, on the following day you held a post of the greatest importance and danger, at the White Oak Swamp. The most determined efforts of the enemy to cross the bridge in pursuit of our army were thwarted by our artillery, and you stood for ten hours supporting it, quiet spectators of the most terrific cannonade, while other regiments were only kept in place by being ordered back when they approached your line. Retreating all night you stood ready in position on the following day expecting to be ordered to take part in the battle at Malvern Hills.

Retreating again all night at Carter's Hill on the 2d of July, you stood by the artillery and wagon train, and when all expected it would be destroyed, you brought it safely to Harrison's Landing.

During December you destroyed a dozen large salt works in Mathews county, Virginia, and drove the Rangers from that and Gloucester, Middlesex, and King and Queen's counties, captured large herds of cattle intended for the rebel army, and destroyed all their barracks, stables and stores.

At Yorktown, from August to the end of December, you have restored the works at that place and Gloucester Point, and they are by your labor rendered strong and defensible.

Thus is yours the honor of having been the first to pass, and the last to leave the Chickahominy, and while you led the advance from this memorable place to near Richmond, you were last in the retreating column, when after seven days' constant fighting it reached a place of security and rest at Harrison's Landing.

Your descendants for generations will boast of your gallant conduct, and when all are laid in the dust, history will still proclaim the glorious deeds performed by you. Go in! "The Truth is mighty, and will prevail." Pretenders for a time may rob you of your just deserts, but, as you have experienced, their evil report will certainly be exposed, for your many friends at home, ever watchful and identified with your reputation, will see that justice shall be done.

A new page in your history is about to be written; let it be still more brilliant than that already known. Your past good conduct has won the warmest esteem and confidence of your late brigade commander; he has no apprehensions of the future.

By command of

BRIG.-GEN. HENRY M. NAGLEE,
Commanding Division.

GEORGE H. JOHNSTON,
Capt. and A. A. G.

This patriotic order created much just enthusiasm among the troops that composed Gen. Naglee's brigade during those perilous scenes enumerated in the succession in which they transpired. Gen. Naglee was loved by his men for his courage, his loyalty and his trusty reliability, ever present in times of danger, he has been proudly styled "*a thunderbolt in battle.*"

To return and take up the loosened thread of the One Hundredth Regiment, it was ordered to disembark from the *New England*, February 10th, 1863. Four companies had been sent ashore the day before to prepare camp, dig wells and wash their clothes. By 12 M.

the regiment was all ashore. The weather was of a June character, days warm, nights damp and cool. Encamped in a cornfield, a low and unpleasant spot.

During the following day the men were busily engaged in washing their clothes along the small streams near the camp. It was a great relief after so long confinement on ship, to walk farther than a vessel's length, and not feel that monotonous rocking of wave by storm. It was while the regiment was encamped in this place that the unimportant difficulty arose with a few negroes residing in shanties, or cabins, near by. Restless spirits from the regiments about were prowling around for chickens, pigs, or anything that would savor of adventure, when by accident the cabins were lighted and consumed; and reporters filled Northern papers with tales of mutiny and insubordination, all of which were without substantial foundation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAMP ON ST. HELENA REMOVED ONE AND A HALF MILES.

—CAMP PITCHED, CLEARED AND REGULARLY LAID OUT. — THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA. — ABSENCE OF STONES. — LOCALITY OF CAMP. — ARRIVAL OF MAIL. — ITS INFLUENCES UPON THE MEN. — DRILLS, INSPECTIONS AND REVIEWS. — GEN. NAGLEE REVIEWS TWO BRIGADES. — GOOD RATIONS, BEEF AND BREAD. — DIFFICULTY BETWEEN GENS. FOSTER, NAGLEE AND HUNTER. — STRIFE SETTLED BY ADJT. GEN. THOMAS. — GEN. NAGLEE ORDERED NORTH TO REPORT TO THE WAR OFFICE. — HIS FAREWELLS.

Friday, February 13th. The regiment was ordered to remove its camp one and a half miles north. The day was warm, and to us, who at this season of the year had been accustomed to the storms of snow, and chills of frosty winter at the North, it seemed, at least, a novelty and an innovation upon the expectations of our organisms. But for out-door living it was not objectionable, but on the contrary very agreeable. The camp was laid out in regular order. The small underbrush soon disappeared, and not only the camp, front

and rear, but places for dress parade, and also for daily drills, were cleared, leveled and ready for the use of the regiment in a very few days. Rations that had been scarce were now abundant.

A singularity was apparent in the absence of stone. There was none to be found on the island. We were encamped on the island of St. Helena, which is sixteen miles in length and from one to three miles in width. The soil is of a light, sandy nature, but of marvellous richness. A large portion of the island was covered with pine timber. It was divided into about eighty plantations, averaging some three hundred acres each, when the war began, but the owners fled and left them in possession of the negroes. It is said that the land will yield as high as three hundred pounds of cotton per acre, which brought over two dollars per pound during the war.

The location of the camp of the One Hundredth, as well as the camps of the rest of the brigade, was healthy and pleasant and close to the shore of the wide spreading bay. Water was obtained by sinking barrels in the sand, which, often one above the other, formed a regular tube to prevent the sand from falling into them. The surface water thus leached through the light soil afforded fair water for drinking and other purposes.

Labor on camp continued steadily till wells were dug, company streets policed, and bunks raised from the sand by means of poles from the adjoining wood. The usual military regularity was soon manifested in the successive orders which Col. Dandy issued

daily for the physical comfort and convenience of the men.

Saturday, February 14th. A large mail made its appearance in camp. Newspapers from home were fluttering everywhere, while in the hands of officers and men could be seen those letter-messengers of comfort, encouragement and assurances from loyal wives, sisters and mothers. Our army was a reading army. Save the few selfish hearts at home whose love of country was as uncultivated as the trifling adventurer, these welcome letters were successful warriors, for they strengthened the soldier's arm and held him to country, home and God.

The men, as a rule, were more content after the receipt of a mail, except now and then a father and husband whose heartless wife was ever thrusting the thorns of complaint into the already overburdened heart, demanding, without reason, money, when the thing was a stranger in camp for months. Such knew nothing of the issue at stake, and caring less, were killing slowly the only hope in the bosoms of their husbands by harrassing them into disease and ultimate death. But aside from all drawbacks, the advent of a mail in camp was an evidence of a stronger patriotism, and a deeper determination to resist the demons bent on the destruction of this government. It was the extension of the home strength, that latent power which fed patriots and gave sacrifices for fatherland.

Company and battalion drills were ordered, and the

men made wonderful proficiency in marching and the manual of arms.

On the 19th of February, Gen. Naglee held a grand review of two brigades. The men improved their opportunities of washing their clothes and cleaning their arms and accoutrements. The regiment at this time was in splendid condition.

Saturday, February 21st. Col. Dandy and Maj. Nash went to Hilton Head, and the men cleaned camp for the inspections of Sabbath. Sunday, in military annals, is a day of inspection, review, and generally of battle. The soldier is supposed to be in better condition on Sabbath in respect to all things that make the soldier, and then his haversack is usually supplied with rations; in short, he is more of a soldier and man on Sabbath than on any other day of the week.

During our stay at Hilton Head and on the island of St. Helena we were abundantly supplied with good rations of fresh beef three days in every ten, and nice fresh bread daily from the government bakery at Beaufort. The Colonel did not lose the opportunity of establishing a school of instruction, as so few volunteer officers knew scarcely anything of military tactics.

I often wondered what could be the estimation of Col. Dandy, with a military culture, of the volunteer officer who found himself in charge of men with no kind of military knowledge whatever. Surely the estimation must have been light, though in charity the men were willing to advance for the good of country and home.

Saturday, February 28th. Col. Dandy mustered the regiment for pay. The common soldier on the island of St. Helena could feel in the wind that some little or great difficulty existed in the department, though no direct knowledge reached his ears. We have learned since what we could not know at the time in a subordinate position. Col. Davis, commanding brigade, has given the whole matter in his admirable history of his own regiment, the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania. Delay was caused by the apple of discord being eaten by the generals.

The attack upon Charleston had been arranged at Washington by Gens. Hunter and Foster in December, and he and Hunter were to make a combined attack of army and navy upon Charleston early in the year. When they came together neither would give up to the other. Gen. Hunter was the ranking officer, and had the advantage. Gen. Foster could not leave at once, and Gen. Naglee was put in command of the forces brought down. On our arrival Gen. Hunter issued an order incorporating Foster's Eighteenth Army Corps troops with the Tenth Corps, and destroying the distinctive organization. Our transportation was ordered over to the quartermaster at Hilton Head. Gen. Naglee, who was always ready for a fight with pen or sword, took up the cudgels for his absent chief. The fight waxed warm and both parties appealed. Naglee got a little the start of Hunter. Adj. Gen. Townsend was sent to Hilton Head to arrange matters. Hunter's order was revoked. Hunter placed

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SAMUEL S. KELLOGG.
1st Lieut. 100th Regt N.Y.S.Vols.

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the staff officers of Foster under arrest, and ordered them to leave the department. Gen. Naglee opened on Hunter again, which resulted in the former being sent to New York with orders to report to the adjutant general of the army. This is a sample of the quarrels which interfered with the efficiency of the army during the war. In this case the service lost one of its most gallant officers without cause. He was the life of the expedition, active and energetic and had the entire confidence of the troops. On the contrary, Gen. Hunter was disliked, and neither officers nor men had the least confidence in his abilities. The commissioned officers of Gen. Naglee's old brigade waited on him with music. He received them on the steamer at the wharf. An address was tendered him expressive of his gallantry and patriotism. He replied in eloquent terms. The officers of Heckman's brigade and Ferry's division paid their respects, and in the evening he was serenaded by the band of the Tenth Connecticut. Gen. Ferry succeeded Gen. Naglee in command. Thus is explained an affair between generals which consumed months of time and thousands of dollars.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEN. NAGLEE'S FARWELL ORDER.—ST. HELENA ISLAND, ITS BEAUTY, FERTILITY AND POSITION.—GRAND REVIEW BY GEN. HUNTER.—COMPANY, BATTALION AND BRIGADE DRILLS.—RIGID INSPECTIONS.—EXERCISE IN LANDING FROM TRANSPORTS.—IGNORANCE OF THE COMMON SOLDIER OF COMING EVENTS.—COL. DANDY'S SPECIAL ORDER TO THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT N. Y. V.—MARCHING ORDERS.—THE PROCESS OF ARRESTS, AND THEIR DISPOSITION.—THE WASHING DAYS OF A REGIMENT.

Previous to the departure of Gen. Naglee, as related in the preceding chapter, he issued the following general order :

HEADQUARTERS NAGLEE'S DIVISION, }
ST. HELENA ISLAND, S. C., March 5th, 1863. }

(GENERAL ORDERS No. 12.)

Officers and soldiers of my division and brigade:—I have been released of my command over you, and have been ordered elsewhere. Let me entreat you to render implicit obedience to every order. Remember the sacred cause of our country for which we have sacrificed our homes and exposed our lives. Go on, and add to the good name your gallant conduct has so justly won, and as

before, again will we exclaim, "Truth is mighty, and will prevail." With an affectionate remembrance of the past, and a confidence in the future, I bid you farewell, and with *all my heart, God bless you.*

BRIG. GEN. H. M. NAGLEE,
Commanding Division and Department.

A feeble description would fail to tell of the rare beauty of the island of St. Helena. Much, of course, is due to the climate and the absence of severe chilling weather. Everything is royal. The harbor and bay extended are royal. The islands all are queenly gems. The beauty and fragrance of the orange and oleander, and the songs of the birds, were full of delightful hints to the soldiers of home and its blessings.

The island is an earthly paradise, and we think that the men render a silent and richly deserved homage to all of nature's tropical provisions, so bountifully lavished upon these fruitful islands. However pleasing to the soldier, the island camp, and whatever privileges were enjoyed, the impression was fixed that to leave was the end to the beginning, and that soon our backs must be turned upon the beauties of the sea-girt isle, and its memories only remain.

February 24th. Gen. Hunter had a grand review of two divisions. We marched about two miles and returned to camp at 2½ P. M. An inspection was ordered by Capt. Jackson. The men had put forth every effort, assisted by their officers, and the provisions of the Colonel, to make a creditable appearance and a favorable impression; all of which, as the sequel proved, was accomplished.

Company, battalion and brigade drills were had amid the dust, and under the scorching rays of a summer sun, though only the middle of March. Col. Davis, whose brigade headquarters were on the left of the camp of the One Hundredth, drilled the brigade. Col. Dandy drilled the non-commissioned officers in skirmish drill, and alternately the companies were drilled in the same manner. Regiments were practiced in turn to land from transports in small boats on the beach, to enable them to land at any point with facility, security and success. In consequence of sickness Capt. P. Edwin Dye, of Co. "H," resigned and returned North, taking with him his colored servant, Washington, a servant known and well treated by every officer and man in the regiment. Capt. John Nicholson, of Co. "C," was also discharged while the regiment tarried on the island. Changes were being constantly made, as will be seen by reference to the roll of commissioned officers at the close of the volume. Col. Davis and Col. Dandy united in drilling the brigade. Troops had made progress for the weeks that they had been detained on the island, and now the fact was snuffed from the air that thoughts of leaving must be entertained. The knowledge of the island was limited to the common soldier. But field officers, and sometimes officers of the line, had permission to visit Hilton Head, Beaufort and contiguous islands, but the rank and file could only look *above* and up and down the company street, and wait the order for movement. It came. The One Hundredth

Regiment, for its large numbers, perfection on inspection and general military bearing, was selected as the regiment to make the advance upon Charleston. To take and hold Cole's island was the first step in the act to reduce that rebellious city.

Struck tents March 22d, and the regiment was ready to move at 4 P. M.

Previous to the departure of the regiment, Col. Dandy issued the following order :

HEADQUARTERS ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT, N. Y. V. }
ST. HELENA ISLAND, March, 1863. }

(SPECIAL ORDER No. 67.)

It will seem scarcely necessary at this late day to inform the officers and men of this regiment, that the nation is in its greatest and perhaps final conflict with the rebellion. The Colonel has confidence that the One Hundredth Regiment will not deface, by bad conduct, the lustre of its renown at the Seven Pines. The name of the One Hundredth after the coming battle will become a household word, not only at the hearth and in the homes of the Empire State, but its deeds will go down to posterity in the histories which will be made, when the present generation has passed away.

To accomplish, then, the expectations of our friends and kindred, the most rigid and unrelenting discipline must be enforced. It is alone by this means that we can achieve success. Let every officer and soldier of this regiment act then in good faith with the obligations he assumes in taking voluntarily upon himself the military character.

G. B. DANDY,
Col. Commanding.

LEOPOLD EVERT,
Lieut. and Acting Adj't.

We will add in this connection a few words upon the matter of military arrests. Almost as a necessity they were frequent among officers and men. The

men, fast becoming soldiers, by order and discipline, often obtained their knowledge by suffering the intense mental pain of a military arrest and punishment. So recent as sovereigns, masters of their own actions, it was not surprising that too often they forgot in manner, speech and action, that they were under the eye and order of a severe and rigid military ruler in the person of the Colonel commanding.

We do not intend to speak of the character of the punishments inflicted upon the persons of the men. Suffice it to say that they were of a military character, and can justly be called relics of barbarism and disgraceful to an enlightened and humane people. Without the mention of any individual officer, or man, the writer can evidence the intense agony of an arrest; where, through ignorance of an order or law, a man is made to feel that the eyes of informers are upon him at every step, and perhaps the next act will add to his crime and involve him deeper into difficulty. In the case of an officer, his sword is taken from him, charges are preferred in due form, he is tried by a competent court martial, censured, reprimanded, dismissed, or acquitted. In the case of a common soldier, he is arrested, sent to the guard-house built for that purpose, charges preferred by his commander, tried by the colonel, lieutenant colonel or major, constituting the court, punished, fined, his pay stopped or acquitted, as the evidence warrants. These things were constantly occurring. Hence much of military knowledge was the result of individual suffering; and it was not

surprising that men so recently citizens, were restive under restraint and the restrictions of military power.

The washing days of a regiment after a march or confinement on ship, were busy scenes of industry and cleanliness. If the mothers, wives and sisters of these soldiers could have seen the sight, it would have been photographed in memory as novel and entertaining. Lessons of patience and dogged perseverance could have been taken, and while they admired, they would never after wished to be relieved from cleansing the garments of loved ones, enduring and suffering for firesides, far away. The shores of every pond and the banks of brook and stream were lined with these modern washer-women; while twig, branch and shrub were laden with the dripping garments of these faithful knights of water and soap. The reality will attend the living soldier through his after years.

CHAPTER XX.

REGIMENT STRUCK TENTS ON ST. HELENA, AND MARCHED TO TRANSPORT EXPOUNDER.—EMBARKED.—DISEMBARKED AT HILTON HEAD.—CHANGED GUNS.—EMBARKED.—SAILED FOR STONO INLET.—AGROUND ON A BAR.—CROSSED SAFELY.—ENCAMPED ON COLE'S ISLAND.—UNSUPPORTED FOR SEVERAL DAYS.—TROOPS ARRIVED.—LANDED ON FOLLY ISLAND.—SKIRMISHED AND SCOUTED THE ENTIRE ISLAND.—THE DIFFICULTIES, SUFFERINGS AND DELAYS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

As stated, in obedience to orders, the regiment was ready to move at 4 P. M., but finally bivouacked for the night.

Monday, March 23d. The One Hundredth Regiment left its *now* skeleton camp of rude bunks, airy arbors, company streets, and parade ground, and took up its line of march by the quarters of the brigade commander, Col. Davis, through lines of soldiers swarming on either hand, whose camps were still untouched by the magic order of march; and bidding adieu to that isle of the bay went on board the steamer *Expounder*, a vessel long since deserted by rats, and steamed to

Hilton Head, where we went on shore to exchange the Enfield for new Austrian rifles, after which we embarked. The weather was damp, foggy and cool.

During Tuesday, March 24th, we lay off Hilton Head. Col. Dandy went on shore. The steamer coaled. Officers and men uneasy. The next morning sailed at 5 o'clock. Seasickness prevailed. Reached the bar at Stono Inlet at 12 M., too late to cross, and dropped back to the Edisto river to wait till morning. Sailed for Cole's Island at 8 A. M. Grounded at 10 A. M. Perils surrounded us. Lake, river and canal culture were now invaluable. Half of the regiment was transferred to that crazy river boat, the *Belvidiere*, that had held us from Gloucester Point to Carolina City. The remainder stood in solid column awaiting tide or destruction. Tide saved us. The gunboat aiding us had grounded also. But the tide cleared her, and with the hawser, which was attached to the *Expounder*, the gunboat, with the assistance of the tide, rescued the worthless hulk with its living freight from apparent destruction. Morning dawned, the bar was crossed and in smooth waters we lay alongside of the gunboat *Pawnee*.

It was 11 P. M. before the *Expounder* was free from the treacherous bar. The captain and crew had seemingly lost all hopes. The surf ran too high at night-fall for continued operations of transfer. The crew and boats were under guard. Coal and provisions were ordered overboard. The gunnysbags were brought from the hold. As the boat slowly slid from

the bar, we felt saved. Parted arches, and steam pipe closed, and no holes in the bottom of the leaky craft to change the character of our joy. Though we slept but little, still it was a rest to feel that we had been spared from disastrous shipwreck. Following a night of so much anxiety, was a morning quiet and beautiful. The bay was a mirror. The gunboat *Parnee* was anchored near, a fine specimen of our wooden navy, neatly modelled, cleanly kept and heavily armed.

The regiment commenced to disembark at 8 A. M., and encamped at once, on the beach, a little above tide-water mark. The ground in front was rising, a protection from observation. The town of Legareville lay in front, still and deserted. On our left was the mouth of Stono river, and that of Folly at the right. The island in front was covered with large trees, and its surface was quite uneven. There was a narrow causeway or dyke connecting Coles with James island. A lookout was erected. A battery of two guns was stationed and the work of Capt. L. S. Payne, of Co. "D," commenced as the scout, living, accompanied with a few picked men, almost continually within the lines of the enemy. He was the outer line, the only *real* source of information that Col. Dandy could command.

Our expedition began to take definite form. The One Hundredth Regiment had been detached from Col. Davis' brigade, and now with the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania, Thirty-ninth Illinois, and Sixty-second Ohio, was known as Howell's brigade. As yet the One

Hundredth was unsupported, and *alone*, save by the gunboats in the inlet.

March 30th. Gen. Hunter issued a confidential circular to the respective commanders, which designated the troops for the expedition, and their organization. They consisted of three divisions of infantry, a brigade of artillery, a light battery and a battalion of engineers. The whole numbered over sixteen thousand men. Immense quantities of material had been provided. As named, the One Hundredth New York Regiment, from its numbers, and reputed *morale*, was to lead the advance. The camp was pitched five yards from high tide. Lieut. Col. Otis posted the pickets. There were ten posts and ten men at each post. Capt. Payne was the wandering post. A road was made along the picket line. The commissary stores were brought ashore. Rumors of assault by the rebels, but proved unfounded. They knew too well the orotund voices of the hundred-pounder parrotts on board the *Pawnee*.

Promotions were made, as vacancies occurred by resignation and discharge. Non-commissioned officers of experience were not forgotten. John McMann, of Co. "C," was promoted to second lieutenant; L. D. Howell, of Co. "B," to second lieutenant, and other promotions from second to first lieutenant had been made: that of Lieuts. Everts and Coleman. Col. Dandy had recommended his brother, James H. Dandy, as first lieutenant, from another regiment, and who subsequently was promoted to captain and major

of the regiment, and killed at Fort Grigg; an officer of rare culture, a gentleman, and universally liked by both officers and men. William Bonsell, a member of a New York battery, was commissioned as second lieutenant, but was subsequently dismissed. Charles E. Walbridge, of Co. "H," had been commissioned as first lieutenant, and April 14th, 1863, was commissioned as captain. He was relieved from duty as brigade quartermaster and returned to his company. No rebels seen. During our encampment on Cole's island the weather was rainy, windy and disagreeable. Commenced to build a dock.

March 30th. Moved camp from beach to woods, some twenty rods. The dock was completed, and a guard-house built. Col. Dandy went on gunboat, on a reconnaissance.

April 3d, Friday. Six transports arrived inside the bar with troops. The One Hundredth had commenced to throw up rifle pits in front of camp, but were ordered to suspend, and move to Folly island. Four regiments landed on Cole's island, which, with the One Hundredth, constituted the brigade already mentioned.

April 5th. The regiment struck tents at 4 P. M., went on transports at 10 P. M., and was beached from small boats, on the south point of Folly island, in the surf, an ebb tide, water breast high, two hundred yards from shore. That was a struggle for the soldier with his armor on, and as for us, we felt *our* safety to be in the presence of the tall forms about us, buoying us on to the shore of sand and barrenness.

The tide was running out, and hence the difficulty of landing. It was 1 o'clock in the morning when the regiment stood on shore. Marched till 9 A. M., halted till 12 M., lunched, rested, and marched till 1 P. M. Cos. "D," "K" and "C" constituted the advanced guard. Co. "K," Capt. Granger, skirmished the entire island. Lieut. Col. Otis was in command, assisted by Maj. Nash. Col. Dandy remained behind on Cole's island.

As each soldier calls to mind that night's work of embarking from Cole's island, and disembarking on the shores of Folly island, the struggle with the tide, boats beached and whole companies in water breast high, moving toward dry ground; led by Col. Otis, in that march along the beach, the sun shining warmly, the "halts," and "forwards," as the skirmishers felt their way through the tangled thickets of that uninhabited isle; the halt at noonday, the lunch and rest, preparatory to the advance; as the soldier remembers all these events, he is startled in thought, and at this date, asks himself the question: Was I there? Is it not a dream? No! No!! It is a vivid reality, a real fact, which the shadows of coming years cannot cover or hide from contemplative thought. A campaign had been opened. A battle with other enemies than that of our fellow-countrymen was to be fought. A struggle with clime, vermin and delays, filled the head and heart of the soldier during his sojourn on those desert sandy isles. The landing was the opening of an avenue crowded with death and disaster.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON. — FORT SUMTER. — ITS FIRST REDUCTION. — ITS REINFORCEMENT. — THE LEAVING OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN. — THE ACTIVITY OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. — THE BASE OF OPERATIONS AT PORT ROYAL. — FORMER REDUCTION OF ALL THE FORTS AND TOWNS ALONG THE COAST. — DESERTION OF BEAUFORT. — EXPEDITIONS TO STONO RIVER AND JAMES ISLAND. — REBEL FORTIFICATIONS. — FORT SUMTER TO BE REDUCED.

In connection with the mention of dates, facts, and the personal record of individual officers and men of the regiment, we have endeavored to give a condensed history of the rebellion in the bombardment of Fort Sumter, which as a work to be reduced, with that of Wagner on Morris island, constituted a large share of the service in which the One Hundredth Regiment so conspicuously coöperated. At this date the siege of Charleston is a fact of memory, a wonder of sensation, a grand display of ponderous artillery, the like of which the world had never seen. Long ere the northern heart was fired with the necessity of crushing secession by

force of arms, Maj. Robert Anderson, apparently forsaken by government, felt the instant need of self-protection, as against the blood-thirsty renegades of South Carolina. The explosions and illuminations at Fort Moultrie, gave evidence to the chivalry of Charleston, that, as a military work, it was abandoned; and the stars and stripes floating over Sumter told of the prompt measures of the loyal Anderson in his exchange of positions, that national honor might be maintained. From the occupation of Sumter till the hour of its destruction, the position of its inmates was one of peril. The opening year of 1861 brought no hope to the anxious heart of the true and patriotic Anderson. No aid in men nor supplies. The dark spirits of rebellion, all had seemed to shadow that ocean fortress and its brave defenders. When Mrs. Anderson, then an invalid in New York, learned of the imbecility of government and the critical position of her husband, she resolved to reinforce him with one true man in the person of Peter Hart, once a subordinate officer to Maj. Anderson. Hart was sought and found. Said Mrs. Anderson, "I wish you to do me a favor." "Anything Mrs. Anderson wishes me to do I will do," responded Hart. "We must go to Fort Sumter." "I will go, Madam." "But I want you to stay with the Major." "I will go, and stay, Madam." They went. No one but her physician knew her errand. Southward she was the only lady on the train, Hart acting in the capacity of servant. Troops were hurrying to Charleston. The wife was forced to listen to conspira-

tors threatening the life of her husband. Charleston was reached. She applied for a pass for herself and Hart to Sumter. A pass for Hart was denied. "Tell Governor Pickens," said the heroic woman, "I will take Hart to the fort with or without a pass." The pass was given. The brave wife and mother, with mail bag in hand, was soon on her way. Sentinels were answered. Now Sumter appeared in sight. "The dear Old Flag," she exclaimed, and burst into tears. The sallyport was gained. "Who comes there?" hailed the sentinel. "Mrs. Major Robert Anderson," was the reply. Her husband caught her in his arms and exclaimed with choked expression: "My glorious wife," and carried her into the fort. "I have brought you Peter Hart," she said. "The children are well. I must return in two hours." In two hours she left him, impressed with the thought that she had buried her husband and could look upon his face no more. She took the cars for Washington the same night, refusing, though once a daughter of the South, to accept hospitality at the hands of those seeking the life of the father of her children. Thus ended the mission of this devoted woman. She had done what the government would not, or dared not do. She did not send, but took a valuable reinforcement to Sumter. Shall history ever cease to praise and venerate that pure and single-hearted woman? Never! no, never!! Her example served to strengthen the arm of the government. The desperadoes of chivalry were outgeneraled. Sumter was still saved to the Republic. Thus, from

January 9th, 1861, to April 11th, did Maj. Anderson live a life of hope and expectancy. Government had left him to the tender mercies of a foe clamoring for blood, and the fort, over which waved defiantly the symbol of a nation, the existence of which was in peril. Fate, it would seem, had reserved this little band in Sumter to suffer, that loyal millions might be warmed into resistance to treason and its dark designs. The time had come for the women and children to leave the fort. Parting scenes were touching and affecting. Said one to her husband, "We have been married seven years, and I know I shall not have cause to blush for you." Another, with swollen eyes, "Don't think of us, Ben, the children and I will get along, your thoughts *now* are here." A third, holding the hands of all she loved, exclaimed with pale and bloodless lips, "May God bless and take care of you, Thomas, I will never cease to pray for you. Do your duty, darling. God forbid that my love should interfere with that." Those liberty-loving women infused into the hearts of that band of eighty doomed patriots the grandeur of loyalty, the object of government to protect the weak, giving them courage to resist the insults of incarnate monsters and suffer the storms of shot, shell, and red-hot missiles, to which they were subjected during the bombardment. The circle of batteries was completed. That memorable April day witnessed a scene of metal hail, of solid shot, shell, bolts, steel-pointed missiles and red-hot messengers of fire, concentrated upon the heads of the representative few,

defending the honor of a flag insulted and trailed in the dust by the traitorous thousands of the Palmetto State. The echoes of that storm of iron hail wakened the lumbermen of Maine, reverberated among the mountains of Vermont, stopped with a click the spindles of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, reached the ears of the miners in the depths of the deeply sunken coal shafts of Pennsylvania, sending thrills of burning indignation through the hearts of the millions of the Empire State, rousing hosts of stalwart freemen throughout the "great Northwest," demanding that the outrage on the flag be avenged, and the inviolability of the nation sustained.

Sumter was lost. The flag was saluted, hauled down and rolled up, to wait its time of reappearance from the ramparts of that dismantled fortress. The old flag had now no resting place along the coast from Fortress Monroe southward.

November 7th, 1861, witnessed the sublime spectacle of a wooden fleet, commanded by Admiral Du Pont, capturing two finely positioned forts at the entrance of the broad and ample bay of Port Royal. Beaufort, the Newport of the South, was quickly deserted, and a panic filled the hearts of the people. Port Royal harbor, with a surface upon which the navies of the world might ride at anchor, proved to be the base for all future operations before Charleston. Adjacent islands were occupied. Gen. Gillmore, amid the marshes of Tybee, before Savannah, planted batteries, bombarded, breached and took Fort Pulaski, and straightway forts Clinch and Marion, together with all defences

and towns along the coast, came into the hands of Du Pont and his loyal comrades.

From Hilton Head expeditions were sent up Stono river and on James island in the vicinity of Charleston, all of which were unsuccessful, save to elicit the strength of rebel fortifications. The hour was hastening when Charleston, with its blatant chivalry, would be rained upon with iron hail, forcing its citizens, with sullen reluctance, from sumptuous homes and delightful promenades, as the first fruits of treason, arrogance and folly.

From Fortress Monroe to Florida, there was felt among military commanders, that the full power of the government along that line was about to be centred in the recovery of the first loss, which inspired the wavering masses of the loyal North to end treason, humiliate traitors, and preserve the unity of the Republic. Transports with troops were quietly gliding along the coast, and resting silently at anchor in the harbor of Port Royal. A feverish activity prevailed. Monitors had outridden the gales of the Atlantic, save one, the *Merrimac's* antagonist and destroyer; her work was finished, and above her, around Hatteras, the sea dirge is heard, as a requiem in memory of that grand check in Hampton Roads given to the rebel monster, which saved a people and a commerce, and ensured the ultimate safety of the nation. Monitors, with the *Keokuk* and *New Ironsides*, were moored beside the frowning hulls of the *Wabash*, and other vessels of our wooden navy, specimens of wonder, and to veteran seamen objects of ridicule and merriment.

CHAPTER XXII.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ATTACK UPON CHARLESTON BY BOTH ARMY AND NAVY. — THE DEFENCES OF THE CITY OF CHARLESTON. — THE OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE CHANNEL. — THE POSITION OF TROOPS AT THE NORTH END OF FOLLY ISLAND. — APRIL 7TH, THE NAVY MOVE UP TO ATTACK SUMTER. — BOMBARDMENT CONTINUES ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES. — KEOKUK LOST, FLEET WITHDRAWN. — NUMBER OF GUNS AND THEIR CHARACTER. — THE SMALL LOSS OF THE IRONCLADS.

Troops were landed, drilled and organized on the islands of St. Helena, Port Royal and Beaufort, preparatory to a coöperation with the iron clads in the coming attack upon Charleston. Simultaneous with the moving of the navy, transports were landing men, as noted, upon Cole's and Folly islands, next south of Morris island, in clear view of Sumter, Charleston and surrounding batteries.

In a circular issued by R. S. Ripley, brigadier general, commanding defences of Charleston, December 26th, 1862, forts Sumter, Moultrie, Bee, Beauregard, Cumming's Point and Wagner, mounted seventy-six

guns of various calibre, hurling bolts, steel-pointed shot, red-hot shot, and shell with molten iron. The various channels were obstructed with torpedoes and every conceivable impediment to entangle and disconcert the advance of the Union Navy, composed of the *New Ironsides*, the monitors *Passaic*, *Weehawken*, *Montauk*, *Patapsco*, *Catskill*, *Nahant*, and the *Keokuk*, not an Ericsson monitor. The monitors were armed with fifteen and eleven-inch guns. The *Keokuk* carried two eleven-inch guns, and was less heavily armed than the monitors. The *New Ironsides* carried sixteen eleven-inch Dahlgreen guns and one heavy rifle. There were three circles of fire within practiced range of the rebel batteries. Points within these circles would invite the concentrated fire of seventy-six guns, though our own officers estimated the number at one hundred. Bearing upon these points were seven-inch and eight-inch Brooke and Blakely rifles, and ten-inch Columbiads, for which had been prepared square-headed bolts much heavier than ordinary shot, and guns for hot shot and shells containing molten iron. These the ironclads were to meet in these separate circles in succession, while advancing along the channel. These guns had been so tried that there could be no random shooting. The rebel plan of defence lacked nothing which skill, experience and science could suggest. The city of Charleston was defended at all assailable points by batteries of a formidable character. There was a battery at the outward extremity of Sullivan's island guarding Maffit's channel.

One near the Moultrie House called Fort Beauregard. Fort Moultrie, a little farther westward, had been greatly strengthened since its evacuation by Maj. Anderson. Near it, on the western end of Sullivan's island, was a strong earthwork named Battery Bee. Another commanded the mouth of Cooper river. In front of the city, and one mile from it, was Old Castle Pinckney. Sumter stands in the channel midway between forts Moultrie and Gregg, the most formidable of all. On the south side of the city a battery commanded the mouth of Ashley river. On the extreme point of James island was Fort Johnson, and between it and Castle Pinckney was Fort Ripley, on a submerged sand bank, with an armament of heavy guns. On Cumming's Point, Morris island, was Battery Gregg, and less than half a mile southward, was Battery Wagner, extending from sea to marsh, with a bomb-proof for fifteen hundred men. At the south end of the island was a battery commanding Light House Inlet, a narrow channel dividing Folly from Morris island. An aggregate of several hundred guns were mounted on all of these works, and mostly of English manufacture. Added to these batteries were rows of piles obstructing the main channel, with an opening inviting vessels to enter, at which point was a mine containing five thousand pounds of gunpowder. Between forts Sumter and Moultrie was a heavy rope buoyed with casks holding a perfect tangle of nets, cables and lines attached to torpedoes. These torpedoes were to be exploded by means of electricity transmitted through

wires from batteries at forts Sumter and Moultrie. Torpedoes were placed at all vulnerable points, to be exploded in various ways. The harbor was a submarine table land, dotted with engines of death, with the grim monster waiting the electrical warning to commence his fiendish work of carnage and ruin. Into this net-work of certain destruction the brave Du Pont ordered that little group of ironclads, accompanied by the *New Ironsides*, within and across the bar, face to face with heavily armed batteries on every hand. Outside lay the wooden fleet waiting to cover the advance of infantry from Folly island when ordered forward.

Meanwhile the One Hundredth Regiment held the advance on Folly island. Moved to the head of the island and relieved Cos. "D," "K" and "C," and posted Cos. "A," "B," "F," "H" and "I." Company "H," commanded by Capt. Charles E. Walbridge, was thrown to the northwest point of the island in close proximity to Light House Inlet. A clear view of Secessionville and Sumter were had in the distance. Subsequently the Thirty-ninth Illinois and Sixty-second Ohio came to the center of the island and halted. Folly island is seven miles long, and from one-fourth to one mile in width. At the time of our landing it was covered with a dense thicket of underbrush, together with timber of large and small growth interspersed with the palmetto. The march along its length, even at noonday, was lonely. An uninhabited isle, a fit abode for wreckers, the white sands, the monotonous moan of the surf at high and

low tide, and the lifeless appearance of tree and shrub, all contributed to fill the mind of the soldier with despondency and gloom. One solitary habitation was all the island contained. It was situated on the west side, on the bank of Folly river, overlooking the marsh beyond, James island, and the towns of Legareville and Secessionville. This was the situation of the One Hundredth Regiment on the morning of the 7th of April. It held and occupied the extreme point of Folly island, spectators of that grand though fruitless effort to reduce Fort Sumter. The regiment was on a short allowance of food and no fresh water. The ironclads in the channel were preparing for the grandest display of pyrotechnics ever witnessed. Capt. Payne, the scout, could be seen stealthily crouching behind thicket and palm, with field glass in hand, watching the movements of the "gray backs" among the sand hills on Morris island. In the swamp grass, under a blazing sun, as anxious pickets, we waited the booming of the first gun announcing that the artillery carnival had opened. Breathlessly we watched the monitors as they moved within range of the batteries on Morris island, and not a gun from Wagner or Gregg disturbed the awful stillness of the scene. It was a novel and singular sight to see those circular towers with the *New Ironsides*, stripped of rigging, towering above, a Gulliver among Lilliputs, all slowly grouping, as if for mutual protection, while steadily nearing the armed parapets of Sumter. Soon the silence of earth and air was broken, as at 3.20 P. M.

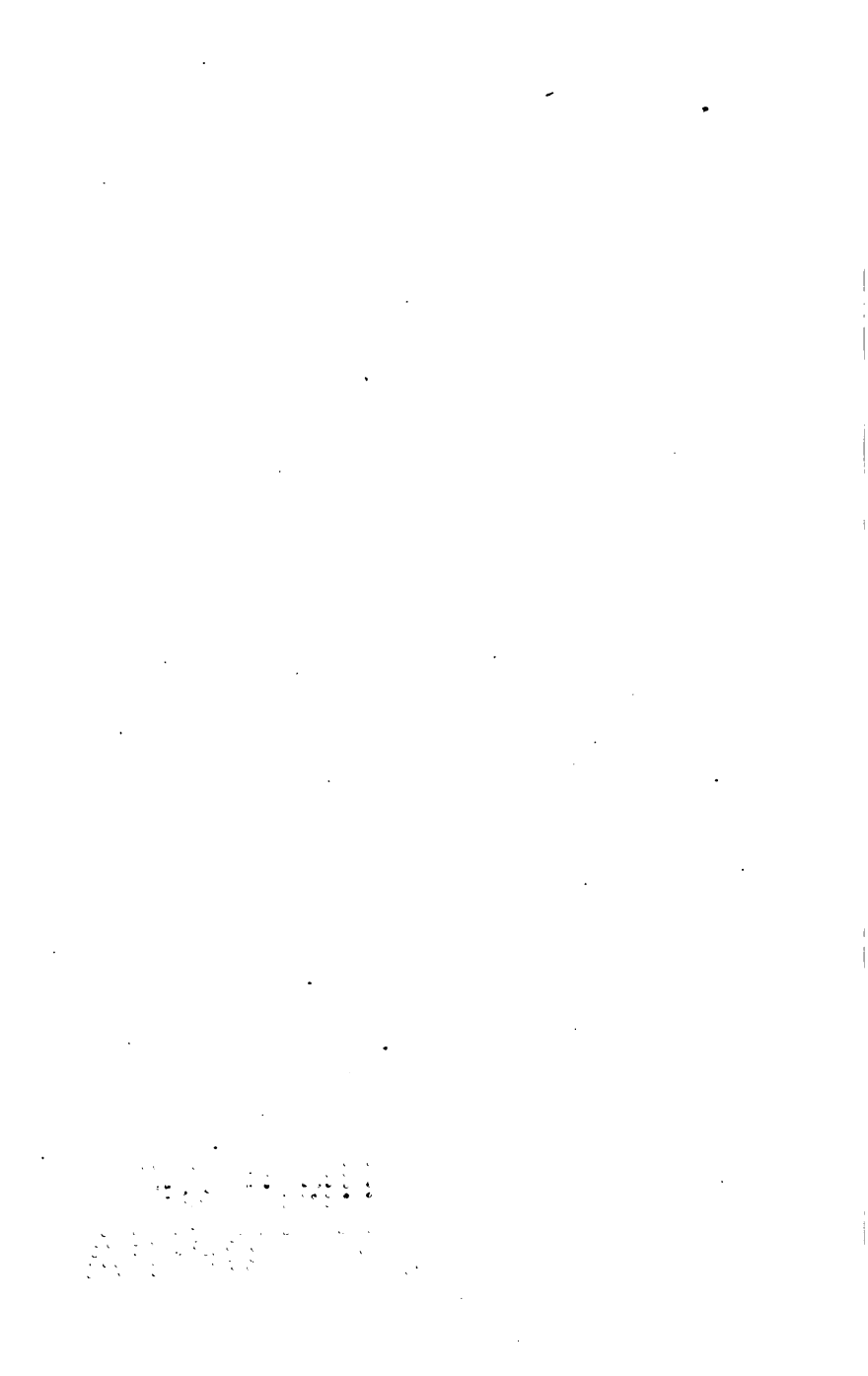
the curled smoke from the barbette guns of Sumter told to us, the infantry, that the magnificent spectacle was on, and the opening view blazed simultaneously from adjacent batteries. The air seemed filled with exploding shell. Around and near the monitors columns of water were continually ascending, which, together with the wreaths of smoke from exploding shell, helped to make the most sublime sight ever witnessed. The thunder storms of all the planets combined, could such a conception be realized, could not equal the deafening roar which saluted all ears. Within the circling jaws of five batteries, bristling with the heaviest ordnance America and England could produce, those little monitors endured, for one hour and forty minutes, what would have destroyed the navies of the world. Air and islands shook with the successive discharges of artillery, while the hearts of the soldiery were beating with hopes and fears as to the ultimate of this modern naval experiment. Our government was waiting, foreign nations were waiting, and the good and patriotic everywhere were praying to the "God of battles" that the brave old admiral and his equally brave and gallant officers and men might come forth from that hell of hot shot and steel-pointed bolts, victorious and unharmed. The thunders of the bombardment ceased. The smoke of battle lifted, and for one hour and forty minutes that little group of ironclads lived in that atmosphere of deadly missiles, a thousandfold more terrific than heaven's artillery ever produced in her

most awful aspect, blended with the thunders and lightnings above and the earthquake's roar beneath. At 5 P. M. Du Pont signaled the fleet to withdraw. The *Keokuk* was lost, riddled with ninety shots, some of which were eighteen inches in diameter. Sinking, she was withdrawn, passing the batteries on Morris island, Gregg and Wagner, and went down abreast of the works on the south end of the island at 8 P. M., in full view of the One Hundredth Regiment on the north end of Folly island. Most of the monitors had sustained slight, and others, apparently, severe injuries. Only one man died of injuries received, and twenty-five were wounded, principally on board of the *Keokuk* and *Nahant*. The monitors' guns used thirty-five pounds of powder at each charge. The weight of each shot was four hundred and twenty pounds, which, when fired, rushes through its parabola with the weight of ten thousand tons home to its mark, while the enemy's shot were striking turrets and decks as fast as the ticking of a watch. The rebel batteries fired at the rate of one hundred and sixty shots per minute at a distance of only five hundred to eight hundred yards. The larger number glanced from the monitors as though they were pistol shots. Gen. Ripley affirms that only seventy-six guns were trained upon the squadron. And these not the lighter ordnance, such as thirty-two or forty-two pounders, which form usually the armaments of forts, but of the very heaviest calibre,—the finest and largest guns from the spoils of the Norfolk navy yard, the splendid ten-inch and eleven-



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inch guns cast at the Tredegar works, Richmond, together with the most approved English rifled guns made. It is estimated that the Confederates fired three thousand five hundred shots. During this and subsequent operations against Sumter and adjacent batteries, the nine ironclads fired eight thousand projectiles, and received eight hundred and eighty-two hits. There were six hundred and fifty-three and one-half tons of iron used. The *Montauk* was hit two hundred and fourteen times, and the *Weehawken* one hundred and eighty-seven, and almost entirely by ten-inch shot.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT. — THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT RELIEVED. — A BATTERY PLANTED. — SIXTY REBELS SWEEP AROUND THE HEAD OF THE ISLAND. — BATTERY WITHDRAWN. — ONE HUNDREDTH ORDERED TO COLE'S ISLAND. — LANDED ON COLE'S ISLAND. — ORDERED TO FOLLY ISLAND. — WENT INTO CAMP. — A VIEW OF THE SITUATION. — POSITION OF TROOPS. — A DESCRIPTION OF BEAUFORT, THE NEW-PORT OF THE SOUTH.

The day closed, the night was clear and quiet, save the rocket signals between the city of Charleston, Sumter and surrounding batteries, as well as between the various vessels of our own fleet. Orders were given to the pickets to fire upon all persons approaching the line from the outside. To the pickets the ground beyond the line was strange and unknown. An incident happened to the writer which, but for a circumstance, and these pages, if written at all, would have been written by another. We were anxious to get a clearer view of the space beyond our position, as sleep was out of the question, and the power of mili-

tary had not taken the hold of after years. We strayed, as it proved, outside of the picket line, and in our approach to it was discovered by the picket. We spoke, and our voice saved us, as the person addressed was a former pupil, and there were two overjoyed hearts when the fact was seen and fully understood. A few nights subsequent to this a captain of the Thirty-ninth Illinois was shot by one of his own men, having wandered outside of the line while visiting the pickets.

Morning dawned and a day of suspense followed, while gradually the conviction was entertained by the land forces that the expedition as planned was at an end. Folly island was to be held for future operations. As yet no rebels had been seen on the island.

Col. Dandy arrived at 10 A. M., Wednesday, April 8th, and relieved Lieut. Col. Otis, taking command. The regiment was ordered one and a half miles to the rear. Col. Dandy remained to the front with a few men for observation. The next morning Lieut. Col. Otis went to the front to relieve pickets, and Col. Dandy came to the rear. The rebels had planted guns three hundred yards from our pickets in plain view of the north point of Folly island. Our men were kept from view and not permitted to fire. Gen. Vogdes arrived at the Campbell House and took command. Regiment up all night hauling a battery of guns to the front. Encamped and commenced to arrange it for a short or long stay, as orders might determine. Nothing had arrived from old camp but a little pork, hard tack and coffee. The enemy came over on the

morning of the 11th, about sixty in number, and fired into our pickets, and Corp. Charles Sabin, of Co. "H," was shot in the heel, and subsequently died, and one man taken prisoner. The rebels swept around the battery commanded by Col. Dandy, without knowing its position, and left the island. The regiment was under arms till 4 A. M. The pickets were very indignant to think that they could not return the fire of the enemy.

Lieut. Col. Otis again relieved Col. Dandy, and during the night of the 11th and morning of the 12th the cannon were hauled to the rear, to a more favorable position. The Sixty-second Ohio was sent forward to relieve the One Hundredth; still, Col. Dandy took Co. "D" to the front and spent the night. The regiment was ordered back to Cole's island, and the men shouldered knapsacks and turned to retrace their steps after the excitement of a few adventurous days. Waited for transports. Got on board at 1½ P. M., and disembarked on Cole's island at 4 P. M. Lieut. Col. Otis, as field officer, posted the pickets. All quiet.

Wednesday, April 15th. Ordered to move camp. Struck tents, shipped baggage on board scow at 10 A. M. Shipped regiment at 3 P. M., and transhipped to Folly island and landed at 7 P. M. The right wing was sent forward with Lieut. Col. Otis, and marched for the Campbell House, reaching the place at 11 P. M. The left wing arrived during the night. The regiment bivouacked on damp ground, and the heavy dew of the night was equal to rain, wetting blankets

and clothing, which only the morning sun could restore to comfort and agreeable feeling. Adj. Haddock, who had remained at Gloucester Point sick, arrived and entered upon the discharge of his duties, relieving Lieut. Evert, who had acquitted himself in a creditable manner. The regiment pitched camp in the forenoon, and the camp equipage arrived. Col. Dandy and three companies went on picket. Alarms were frequent. Our gunboats shelled the enemy on James island. The labor of fatigue commenced. Roads were constructed to the picket line. Four regiments had been left as permanent occupants of Folly island, known as Howell's brigade, of which the One Hundredth New York was one. The infantry forces were distributed on Folly island, Cole's island, at Seabrook, near the mouth of the North Edisto river, Hilton Head, St. Helena and Beaufort. This was the situation at the opening of that memorable summer of extensive and successful operations against Wagner, Sumter, and before Charleston. The troops were generally pleasantly situated, especially those at Beaufort. Beaufort, before the war, was the Newport of the South. Situated on Port Royal island, above the junction of Broad and Beaufort rivers, and several miles from the ample harbor of Port Royal, it is said to be one of the healthiest localities on the coast. As we sailed up the bay, in front, around a point of land, was the famed town of Beaufort. On a bluff, above the highest tide, or bank naturally curved, were the once palatial residences of the Barnwells, Rhett, and other chivalric

sons of secession, the *fathers* of the never-government to be. Words are feeble to describe this isle of the bay, this fairy land of the South, with a gem of a town upon it. The stranger is surprised and bewildered at the number of fine structures all along the bay, so large, modern, and costly. In short these mansions and their surroundings were all that wealth, taste and art could suggest. The air is freighted with the aroma of flowers. The oleander, magnolia, fig tree, lemon and orange, as well as the live oak, all so naturally arranged. To have staked these means of social bliss and lose, is the best commentary upon the madness and folly of rebellion. Either these island princes had decided to sacrifice *all* to their idea of a separate government, or they fancied that they could not be disturbed in their ease and luxury. The latter proved to be a demonstrated error, since they left, as it was announced from the house tops that the forts at the mouth of the harbor were taken. "They left in a great hurry." One well informed, says: "The needlework was found lying on the table where it was thrown when the alarm first sounded, dresses, and other articles of wardrobe in closet and drawer, silver plate and elegant china in the side board, and books on the shelves." The stampede was greater than the rout of an army. The negroes commenced the pillage before the arrival of our troops. The victorious heroes were received by the colored ladies in silks and satins that had adorned the beautiful forms of Carolina's fairest daughters. Why this decision to

sacrifice all these means of sensuous ease and their corresponding mental ecstasy? If for no other reason, they must have felt that through the senses they had attained the climax of earthly felicity, and sought a change as a contrast to the state of indolence and satiety in which they had reveled all their lives. In such a spot and such a clime, with such surroundings, one would think that they might have extemporized an earthly heaven. One fact is worthy of mention to show the exclusiveness of these modern nabobs. There were no hotels in Beaufort. The proprietors of these palaces lived here during the year. In summer the human tide from afar set in. Each establishment had its select, welcome and picked few, upon the principle that like seeks like. Hence there were no resting places for miscellaneous visitors, but each private residence was a hotel for those *enrappor*t with the head of it. The beauty of the town is its naturalness, or absence of artificial arrangement. The trees are irregularly situated all over it, yet forming one unbroken shade. These southern residences are so thickly surrounded with trees that they are seen, as the bird on its nest, through the branches. Such was Beaufort as we saw it during military occupation, with its private residences used as hospitals for our suffering and mutilated soldiery from the charges of Wagner, and the sieges of Wagner and Gregg, and before Charleston.

CHAPTER XXIV.

REGIMENT PITCHED CAMP ON FOLLY ISLAND. — PAYMASTER ARRIVED. — PAID TROOPS FOR SIX MONTHS. — CHAPLAIN LINN WENT NORTH. — CAMP MOVED. — ROADS WERE CONSTRUCTED. — CO. "H" DETACHED TO PAWNEE LANDING. — PROMOTIONS MADE. — PICKET, FATIGUE, DRILLS AND INSPECTIONS CONTINUED. — WEATHER VERY WARM. — CO. "C" DETACHED TO SOUTH END OF THE ISLAND. — GEN. GILLMORE SUCCEEDS GEN. HUNTER. — ACTIVE OPERATIONS EXPECTED.

As intimated, the regiment began at once to pitch tents and arrange all the details of camp. Lieut. Col. Otis had charge of the details for making roads, as, since the arrival of troops, freedom of passage over the island must be had, screened from the observation of the enemy. The days were very warm, and the nights cool and damp, with dews equal to light showers of rain. Regiment moved camp again to smoother and higher ground.

Sunday, April 19th. The paymaster arrived and paid off the regiment for six months. Chaplain Linn obtained a leave of absence of thirty days to go North,

and took the money of all soldiers who desired to send to their families and friends. There was an intense business aspect all over camp. In every tent could be seen some one with paper, pen or pencil, recording a few lines to loved ones at home. I wished, often, that the people could look in upon the doings of these regimental families, and observe what an interest they had in the loved and remembered far away. McCarty, the regimental sutler, arrived at this, to him, most fortunate time, to glean all the spare dollars of officers and men. He did a thriving business with what few goods he had. Lient. Col. Otis held court martial and tried a number of cases. Gen. Vogdes returned proceedings three times before he was pleased, in accordance with his views, and so entirely opposite to those of Gen. Naglee. Co. "H," Capt. Walbridge, was detached from the regiment and located permanently a short way up the island, at Pawnee Landing. A camp was laid out, wells dug, and the usual routine of camp life observed. The company was convenient for picket, as well as a support for one gun planted at that point to defend the landing. The distance was about two miles from the regiment. The weather became very warm, and hence the underbrush was dry and subject to being burned. It was not uncommon to fight fire for successive days, to save camp and necessities. The surface of the island was completely burned over, to the terror of vermin of all descriptions. The heat was oppressive, and had it not been for the daily breezes from the

ocean it would have been insupportable. The rebel drums could be heard across Folly river on James island. Life in company camp, detached from the regiment, was monotonous. An occasional thunder storm would purify the air. Flies were swarming, and disputed every mouthful of food taken by the soldier.

April 30th. Regiment mustered for pay. Lieut. William Brown assumed the duties of quartermaster, with George G. Barnum, of Co. "H," as clerk, who proved to be an efficient aid, and who was subsequently quartermaster-sergeant, and lieutenant and quartermaster of the regiment. Company drills from 6 to 7 A. M.; dress parade at 8½ A. M., and guard mounting at 9 A. M.

May 1st. Received a large mail, which was always a festive occasion in the regiment. The men were reading the daily papers from home, carefully studying the contents of letters received, which were placed safely in the pocket to be reproduced on picket, or fatigue, when times of rest occurred. This bond of connection could not be lightly estimated. It was a source of power to the army, and the expense of mail transportation was the most profitable investment, as a rule, of all the expenses of the government. Changes were occurring among the officers. Promotions and discharges were the results necessarily of various causes. Leopold Evert was promoted to captain of Co. "C."; Charles E. Walbridge, captain of Co. "H," and Charles F. Gardner, captain of Co. "G." George H. Stowits, Cornelius B. Adriance, Michael Friday,

and Leonard D. Howell, were promoted to be second lieutenants, and also Carlos H. Richmond. Hence in the wake of these changes there was a steady system of culture established, by which the non-commissioned officer was preparing, in his turn, to become a commissioned officer. We may not note all these changes, but the official record at the close of the volume, as we have mentioned, will show all such that took place in the regiment.

Military matters had assumed a steady and even aspect over the whole island. Drills and inspections were regularly held. Dress parade occurred at 8½ A. M. The regiment stood backs to the sun, and with such order and quietude that a motion of hand or movement of lips was not to be observed. The sun at that hour in the morning would shine so warmly that it seemed hot iron was applied at the back of our necks. However, it was a fine sight: that large regiment cleanly dressed, polished accoutrements, burnished arms and white gloves, standing as a picture on that desert isle, as a defence for the unity of the nation. Most of camp labor and drill was performed in the morning, as the heat was so great at meridian that it was not safe nor politic to exercise the men.

May 13th. The men were ordered to clear brush and prepare place for new camp, one of the sanitary means for preserving the health of troops, that of removing them from accumulated refuse and decaying garbage.

May 19th. Another mail arrived. Camp was

moved. Co. "C," Capt. Evert, was detached to work on fort at the south end of the island. Lieut. James H. Dandy was detailed on special duty in the commissary department at Hilton Head. The men were furnished with white gloves for inspection and dress parade. A small per cent. of men were allowed to go home on furlough. Officers were coming and going to Hilton Head and Beaufort for the purposes of muster out as non-commissioned officers, and muster in as commissioned officers. Steamers were running regularly from the south end of Folly island to Seabrook on the North Edisto, and from thence to Hilton Head and Beaufort. At Hilton Head an extensive dock had been constructed, extending beyond low tide, at which steamers were constantly loading and unloading for various points on the coast, together with others taking furloughed men North, and returning with supplies, forage, ammunition and all articles needed for the maintenance of a large army. The month of May wore away under the command of Gen. Vogdes, but on the air came signs of active operations. Gen. Hunter, at a safe distance from the bombarding fleet, prayed for the success of Du Pont, and at the same time denied to the brave Gen. Strong the liberty of making a night attack upon Morris island, to divert the guns of Wagner, Gregg and Sumter. Hunter withdrew his army of coöperation, and sailed away to more comfortable quarters at Hilton Head, where he had fought a paper warfare with Gens. Naglee and Foster, and indulged in showy reviews before his abor-

tive advance upon Charleston. An officer of indolence was to be supplanted by one of energy. Hunter gave place to Gillmore on the 10th of June. Gen. Gillmore, at the time, was in command of a division in Kentucky, and had won a battle at Somerset, and more, had gained distinction as a successful engineer in the reduction of Fort Pulaski in the spring of 1862. With these foreshadowings of his ability he was called to Washington, and at once proposed to take and hold Morris island, reduce Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, and render Sumter powerless as a work for offensive operations.

Gen. Gillmore reached Hilton Head the 12th of June. The command was hardly turned over to him before he started on a tour of inspection of the forces and their situation in his department. Gen. Vogdes was in command on Folly and Cole's islands. It was evident that instant and vigorous operations were intended. The quiet that had prevailed throughout the camps of Howell's brigade was disturbed. Orderlies were riding with orders to brigade and regimental headquarters, and an air of stir and excitement reigned.

CHAPTER XXV.

BATTERIES TO BE CONSTRUCTED ON THE NORTH END OF FOLLY ISLAND. — THE CONDITION OF THE ISLAND WHEN FIRST VISITED. — THE GOOD HEALTH OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT. — A VISIT TO BEAUFORT. — THE RAID OF COL. MONTGOMERY WITH NEGRO TROOPS. — THE GREAT CHANGES IN PUBLIC SENTIMENT SINCE THE OPENING OF THE WAR. — WEATHER WARM. — THE RESIGNATION OF LIEUT. COL. OTIS. — HIS HONORABLE DISCHARGE. — COMPANIES DETAILED ALTERNATELY AT THE HEAD OF THE ISLAND. — REBELS SHELL THE ISLAND.

Batteries at the north end of Folly island were to be constructed commanding the south end of Morris island. When Folly island was first occupied, its extremities could be reached only on the seaside, along the beach and up Folly river. The island was a jungle so closely thicketed that its passage was one of great difficulty. Previous to the arrival of Gen. Gillmore, roads had been constructed its whole length, as well as intersecting lateral ones for army uses, invisible to the enemy's observations. Gen. Vogdes had

with great pride constructed works on the south end of the island, and inquired of Gen. Gillmore his opinion of their merits. To which the General and Engineer replied, that they were very nice if the island was poised on a pivot, but they were on the wrong end, seven miles from the place of need.

The military force on the island was increased by detachments of the First New York Volunteer Engineers, First United States, Third Rhode Island and Third New York Artillery. Gen. Gillmore commenced work on the batteries the 15th of June. A thousand men as guards and laborers were sent to the head of the island to break soil for immediate operations. The work was continued night and day. Under cover of thick brush and timber the works were pushed rapidly to completion. Col. Dandy was in command of the working parties during the erection of the batteries. The rebels had constructed a high tower at Secessionville, on the left, across the marsh, from which they could overlook the low flat country for miles around. The needed material for the works was transported at night, so that men and teams were unobserved. The rebels suspected that all was not right on the island, and opened fire from their batteries on the south end of Morris island, which made the completion of the works one of peril, as several men were killed and wounded. As no reply was made, our silence gave the impression that we had been driven from the island.

From this hour the sufferings of the men commenced.

The heat and night work, with exposure to the damps and irregular rest, caused malarial typhoid fever and chronic diarrhoea. Up to this time the health of the regiment was good, and as a rule it was better than that of any other regiment in the brigade, or in other brigades working with it. In this there was a wonderful difference. The composition of the One Hundredth Regiment from lake, canal, city and surrounding country, seemed from its elements to be better able to endure the severities of clime and fatigue than those from the careful and steady habits of country farm and workshop. Whole regiments seemed to manifest the symptoms of disease through sympathetic affection, and were ordered away to quiet quarters at Fernandina, and other localities along the coast, to recruit and mend for the performance of duties assigned them. The Chaplain returned to the regiment. Capt. Mayo, of Co. "A," was discharged, and left for home. The writer had five days' leave of absence to muster as second lieutenant, and had an opportunity of inspecting more closely the several positions along the coast. The landing at Hilton Head had become quite a busy town, so large are the needs of an army in the way of provisions for the consummation of its operations. At this hour, and under the vigilant eye of Gen. Gillmore, the army had everything a willing government could supply. A floating workshop for the navy, transports loaded with provisions for man and beast, and all munitions ready for instant and active operations. The trip from Hilton Head up

the bay, Broad and Beaufort rivers, is very fine, as we experienced it at the close of a warm day in the middle of June.

At Beaufort was the brigade commanded by Col. Davis, from which the One Hundredth had been detached. Previous to my visit to Beaufort, Col. Montgomery, with his negro regiment, made a raid to the main land to get recruits. The recruiting was a success. He brought back some eight hundred negroes of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes, about one hundred of whom were put into his regiment. At the time of my visit I found this collection from the country housed in one of the churches of Beaufort, to be fed on government rations until distributed for *use*, or *dependency*. Truly it was a novel sight, and the almost unintelligible jargon was indescribable.

Schools were established on all the islands within our lines, and teachers from the North, mostly ladies, were engaged in the work. We visited most of the schools, and found that there seemed to be a desire on the part of all to learn, as would be expected from a class of persons so recently slaves, and now in the novel condition of independence. In looking over the matter, educationally, at that time, we thought we saw what has really been accomplished. That the question of culture, the education of the slave, would become a national work and a question of wide-spread interest. So in our narrow quarters, with tallow candle, we digested an article, and sent it to the editor of the *New York Teacher*, and learned through its col-

umns in a short editorial, that what we had amplified as a matter of great moment could only be a minor question of politics. So our Morris island thoughts on education, with years of experience as a teacher, found the darkness of the waste basket. But the morning light of a few years has seen and is now shining upon thousands of school houses for ten thousands of colored children, as well as upon normal structures for the culture of colored teachers; and more, a colored senator now sits in the place of the once president of the so-called Confederacy and former occupant of the same seat, from the State of Mississippi.

Truly, great changes have taken place within the past ten years in the growth and tendencies of this people. We listen to exchanged messages around the globe, o'er land and through the ocean's depths, while thundering o'er plain, through valley and tunnelled slopes, from far Pacific's shore, comes the iron steed bringing from the orient representatives of five hundred millions of people, whose illuminated faces beam with the light and splendor of the occident, welcomed with the greetings of thirty-five millions of educated, enterprising, free, American citizens: John Chinaman and his Japanese brother reclining upon the broad shoulders of brother Jonathan.

The One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania was encamped within the town. Its commander, Col. Davis, on two occasions was in command of the post. His description of the camp of the One Hundred and Fourth is very minute, and shows what a soldier can

accomplish in the way of adornment when within reach of means to accomplish the busy working of brain, in taste, skill and handiwork. The same and similar results were seen throughout our army everywhere, evidencing the fact, that culture is everything, and that it will control our actions under all circumstances. Our stay at Beaufort, though short, was pleasant, and save the annoyance of the mosquitoes, was all that could be desired. But like military orders it had an end. Town, bay, and coast beauties all were left, and soon the shores of Folly island greeted our eyes, from which we receded only a few days before.

The weather at this date, Monday, June 15th, was very warm. The rebels had been throwing shells into the camps at the north end of the island, annoying the working parties. Capt. Payne and twenty men went to a steamer aground off the island. The rebels attempted to reach it, and our men drove them back. Then the rebels commenced shelling the wreck, and the Captain was obliged to retire with what booty the men could transport. The regiment was called out to await orders. In another attempt both the enemy and our men endeavored to get a barge to the wreck for plunder, which caused a brisk cannonade.

During the night of June 15th, the rebels threw shells all night and most of the following day. The time had come when there must be an end of military association between the Colonel commanding and Lieut. Col. Otis. The result, that of the resignation of Col.

Otis, is what could be expected as the end of what we stated, that from the nature of things the appointment of Col. Dandy could not work harmony among those who organized the regiment, and who gave their money, time and influence, which ultimated in success. It could not be otherwise, than that a *once* civilian should become restive under the imperiousness of military ways and modes of treatment, too common between the volunteer and members of the regular army. Lieut. Col. Otis resigned, and was honorably discharged, and left the regiment and the service with the good wishes of all who knew him, as a feeling, sympathetic and fatherly friend. In the interim Col. Dandy had been detailed on duty at the head of the island. An order was issued forming the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania, Sixth Connecticut, Thirty-ninth Illinois and One Hundredth Regiments into a brigade, to be commanded by Col. Howell. The One Hundredth Regiment was inspected by Lieut. Col. Jackson. In the absence of Lieut. Col. Otis, Maj. Nash's duties were doubled, and he was at once ordered at the head of the island with Col. Dandy. Earthworks and batteries were being constructed on the north end of Folly, opposite Morris island. Co. "K" was sent on duty for five days. Co. "B" was also sent.

Sunday, June 21st. Capt. Payne brought in four rebel deserters. Paymaster paid the regiment for two months. The rebels continued to throw shells on the north end of the island, and wounded two men.

June 24th. Co. "C" was still in camp at south



RODNEY B. SMITH.
1st Lieut 100th Reg^t N.Y.S.Vols.

UNIT OF
CALIFORNIA

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end of Folly island. The weather was very warm. The writer at this time was prostrate with typhoid fever, and sickness was increasing to an alarming extent among the troops on the island.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PROSECUTION OF THE WORKS AT THE NORTH END OF THE ISLAND.—RESIGNATIONS.—COMPLETION OF BATTERIES, 3D JULY.—ALL TROOPS AVAILABLE SENT TO FOLLY ISLAND.—TIME FIXED FOR OPENING, THE 10TH JULY.—CAPT. PAYNE, THE SCOUT.—GEN. STRONG IN COMMAND OF THE ASSAULTING TROOPS.—GEN. SEYMOUR IN COMMAND OF BATTERIES.—BATTERIES OPENED.—REBELS FLED.—PRISONERS TAKEN.—THREE-FOURTHS OF THE ISLAND TAKEN.—FORT WAGNER ASSAULTED, JULY 11TH.—A REPULSE.—TROOPS INTRENCH.

The regiment was mustered for pay Tuesday, June 30th. The works at the head of the island were vigorously pushed forward to completion. The weather was very warm, with occasional showers. What with heat and fatigue, the men were worn and weary. Lieut. Horace Baker was discharged the service. Lieut. James Kavanagh sent in his resignation, and was subsequently missing from July 31st, 1863. First Lieut. Charles F. Sheffer sent in his resignation, and was subsequently discharged the service, an officer of genial manners and much missed by both officers and

men. The regiment had battalion drill, and from the thorough inspections and supplies of clothing and ammunition, the men felt that the trial event of moving forward toward Charleston was about to commence.

On the 3d of July the batteries were essentially finished. Forty-eight guns and mortars of different calibre, were in position. The batteries were embraured and reveted, and supplied with magazines and splinter proofs for temporary protection, together with two hundred rounds of ammunition for each gun and mortar. It was summer. Every surviving soldier engaged in that work will stop as with a shock from a galvanic battery, at the thought of those nights of toil, those days of rest, or attempted rest, with gnats, mosquitoes and sand fleas; the dragging through the sand on the beach of heavy guns, mortars, timber and ammunition, so stealthily and silently, with stars overhead, and the white shifting sand beneath; the hushed orders of officers and engineers, the lonely watch as sentinels, piercing the dim haze of marsh, inlet and ocean, the thug of round shot, and explosion of hissing shells, the stifled groans of wounded comrades passing to the rear, the large number in camp suffering from malarial typhoid fever, the muffled drum, and ominous volley fired over the graves of departed comrades, all these facts and experiences are burned into the memory, by the intense heat and suffering of that summer life amid the sand hills, thickets, palmettos and sea dirge of that lonely barren isle, a fit abode for professional wreckers, not humane or enlightened men.

During the prosecution of the works, that daring, resolute, reticent, and generally successful scout, Capt. L. S. Payne, of our regiment, was rendering important service by exploring the creeks, channels and shores of James and smaller islands, often inside of the enemy's lines, evading their pickets and successfully passing, avoiding and escaping from them, ascertaining the position, strength and apparent intentions of the rebels, and even venturing into the vicinity of Sumter, beyond the batteries of Morris island. There was not an officer to be found on the island upon whom the generals could rely with such accuracy as on the representations of Capt. Payne. Not given to imagery or over statement, his conclusions were the results of very careful observations made up to, and within the reach of, the various points inspected. Hence, with his characteristic coolness and clearness of apprehension, his superior officers learned that his statements were facts upon which to base movements and action.

Auxilliary to the contemplated attack on Morris island, the reduction of Sumter and contiguous batteries, an expedition was sent from Beaufort, commanded by Col. Higginson, of the First South Carolina Volunteers, to destroy the railroad bridge between Charleston and Savannah. The rebels had been informed and were in strong force awaiting the attack. It was a failure, with the loss of two guns and several men killed and wounded. Another in command of Gen. Terry, of Fort Fisher fame, against James island

to act as a feint, while the real attack, as intended, was from the north end of Folly island. The design was to command the causeways and bridges, hold James island, threaten the defences of Secessionville, and divide the forces between Morris island and the front of Gen. Terry's column. So far the feint was a success. Gen. Gillmore was concentrating all the disposable force in the department on Folly island as rapidly as possible. The troops were encamped or bivouacked under shelter and cover of the timber and bushes, which completely hid them from view. The works at the north end of the island were of a very formidable character, and gave evidence of great labor. The gunners were ready at any moment to open on the enemy across the narrow inlet that separated the two forces.

The morning of the 10th of July was fixed for the opening of the batteries. Hard by, in Folly river, in boats concealed in the tall grass of the marsh, was Gen. Strong with two thousand men waiting the time of movement. The hour had arrived. The gunners were in position, lanyards in hand, waiting the magic word of command. The commanding general eagerly waits the dawn. Day breaks. "Do you see that gun on yon sand hill?" asked Gen. Seymour of Capt. Strahn, of the Third Rhode Island Artillery. "I do," was the response. "Are you ready?" "Aye, aye, sir." "Blaze away." The rebels were appalled at the roar of artillery so near, and with such terrific power. Island, inlet, river, ocean, and woodland

echoed the startling intelligence that the siege of Charleston had commenced. The silence of that southern morn was broken, and for two hours the detonating thunders of artillery were continuous, creating a panic of fear in the hearts of the rebels on that sandy isle. At half past six o'clock, in the face of a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, the boats were ordered across the inlet, piloted by Capt. Payne, who had made himself familiar with every spot in that maze of water and marsh. At the landing of the troops, Gen. Strong, in his haste and excitement, cried out at the top of his voice, "See the rebels run," and at once stepped overboard in seven feet of water. After a sharp and short struggle, full possession was obtained of the rebel works at the south end of Morris island, with eleven guns, camp equipage, and two hundred prisoners. Dahlgren's monitors, the *Weehawken*, *Catskill*, *Montauk* and *Nahant*, opened a cross fire upon the retreating rebels, as well as upon the guns of Wagner. The Confederates were hotly pursued by Gen. Strong, who without boots, in his stockings and bare headed, mounted on a rebel horse, caught by one of his men, led his troops as far as the Beacon House, a once fine mansion, and the only one on the island, but *now* sadly riddled with shot and shell. The operations of that eventful morning were full of incidents, attended with the hopes and fears of both officers and men, the excitement of a night of anxious watching, known only to those who have been detailed to execute some apparently desperate and dan-

gerous enterprise. As soon as Strong's brigade had landed, the boats were sent across the inlet and took over the One Hundredth New York, Seventh New Hampshire, and six companies of the Forty-eighth New York, which joined the advance at the Beacon House. At the Beacon House the troops were within range of the guns of Wagner, but the men had become so exhausted with the work of the morning, on account of the great heat, that it was impossible for them to proceed farther. The flags of the Sixth Connecticut were placed upon the Beacon House, but they drew the fire of the enemy, and were soon shot down. They were replaced by those of another regiment. As mentioned, the monitors rolled their ponderous shells across the surface of the island to hasten the flight of the enemy. Previous to the incidents related, Lieut. C. B. Adriance had been detailed as aid to Gen. Vogdes, and was constantly employed. At the Beacon House Gen. Strong was reinforced. The details were arranged, and Wagner was to be assaulted at daylight, the 11th of July. The assaulting columns were the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, Forty-eighth and One Hundredth New York, Third New Hampshire, Ninth Maine, and Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, comprising the brigades of Seymour and Strong. The open space between the Beacon House and Wagner, and from ocean to swamp, every foot of it, could be swept by the enemy's guns. They were waiting and expecting an attack. They, too, had been reinforced. The first shock of fright of the preceding day had passed. The rebels had

strengthened their works and ordered the plan of their defence. Our brave comrades, flushed with recent victory, moved gallantly forward. Sheets of flame flashed from the parapets of the fort. Grape-shot and canister went scattering through the ranks of those valiant men. On they pushed. The ditch was gained, crossed, and the parapet scaled; but for the want of supports those heroes of a day were obliged to retire, leaving their killed and wounded in the hands of the enemy. Had this assault been made as an ending of the work so brilliantly done the day before, there is no doubt Wagner would have fallen and many lives saved that were lost in the subsequent assault and siege, before that stronghold received the protecting folds of the stars and stripes. Though repulsed, the island must be held, and at the Beacon House the scattered forces were collected, and began at once to intrench for future operations. Morris island is a narrow bed of sand north of Folly, on the west side of the outer harbor. Its length from Cummings' Point to Light House Inlet is about three miles, while its breadth varies from a few hundred yards to a hundred feet in its narrowest part. Sand hills range along the beach, washed by the tidal waves which sweep across the island at various points. The opposite side slopes off into salt marshes more than two miles in width, with deep creeks separating it from James island. Self protection is the first law of a soldier, as of a civilian. Weariness is no excuse for the want of temporary intrenchments. They were constructed. The batteries from Folly, no

longer needed, were transported to Morris, and in five days were in position against Wagner. The work was accomplished under the fire of Wagner and Sumter's guns.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GEN. GILLMORE'S CONGRATULATORY ORDER TO THE TROOPS.

— SPECIAL MENTION OF GENS. STRONG AND SEYMOUR.
 — CAPT. L. S. PAYNE. — A SECOND ASSAULT TO BE
 MADE ON WAGNER. — BATTERIES BROUGHT FROM
 FOLLY AND PLANTED BEFORE WAGNER. — OTHER
 TROOPS ORDERED ON TO MORRIS ISLAND. — SEVERE
 FATIGUE AND DANGEROUS PICKETING. — JULY 18th,
 AT THE EDGE OF EVENING, THE ASSAULT TO BE MADE.
 — THE IRONCLADS TO ASSIST. — BRIGADES OF SEY-
 MOUR, PUTNAM AND STRONG. — STRONG LED THE
 ADVANCE. — THE BOMBARDMENT CONTINUED ALL DAY.
 — AT NIGHT THE TROOPS ASSAULTED AND WERE RE-
 PULSED.

Gen. Gillmore issued a congratulatory order to the troops, July 13th, for the brilliant victory of July 10th, and mentioning especially Gens. Vogdes and Strong, the former for his energy and patience, the latter for his heroic gallantry in leading his troops in the charge upon the island under the fire of the heavy guns of the enemy. The men were inspirited and cheered. Since the failure to take the fort on the morning of the 11th, the duties of the men were very severe. The danger-

ous picketing, and construction of batteries for future use, were telling sadly upon the men. Many were being wounded daily. Several were wounded in Co. "I," July 13th, and one in Co. "G." Casualties were very frequent.

A New York paper speaking of Capt. L. S. Payne, of the One Hundredth New York, says: "He scouted all around Morris island before we took it, and landed in several places. He seems to have a faculty of knowing just where all pickets and troops are, and his life is evidently charmed, for he has been fired on many times at short range. He has command of all our picket lines."

As we have remarked, generals relied upon the accurate observations and reliable judgment of Capt. Payne, and ordered their plans in accordance with his representations. His valuable services were appreciated, and he reflected honor upon the regiment to which he belonged.

It had been decided, that a sudden attack, following a heavy bombardment of fleet and island batteries might put us in possession of the fort, and with it, the entire island. It was to be a night assault. The evening of July 18th was fixed upon as the time for the sanguinary sacrifice. The brigades of Gens. Stephenson and Montgomery, were ordered from Folly island as supports and reserves. Strong's brigade had the advance, at the head of which were the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored troops. The entire force consisted of the brigades of Seymour, Strong and Putnam.

We wish to record here a few facts relative to the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored regiment, and other colored regiments that took part subsequently in the operations on Morris island. During a visit to Beaufort previously noted, we noticed ahead of the mail steamer, *General Hunter*, the fine new steamer *De Molay*, just from Boston, which we were informed contained the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored troops. We saw them land. We saw the boxes torn open and the guns placed in their hands. They were northern negroes, and contrasted strongly with the negro troops on the island. The former showed northern culture and living, and the latter that of their southern homes. We will repeat here a few observations made at the time. Here are colored troops from North and South. Now what do we see in all this? Why, evidently, that this war is working out a great moral, civil and political problem. The South will be changed. Here were two pictures. There on the shore stood a fine body of men, recently from northern homes. They are lighter in color, more active and intelligent in their movements, than their southern brethren. To me it seemed they were coming home. More will come. They will assimilate here, and at the close of the war many will reside here. If the negro has been the innocent cause of the rebellion, then through Providence he will be instrumental in meting out to the master in full the wrongs of centuries. They will fight, and that, too, stubbornly and bravely. They know the country,

and it is well that their aid should help to end this unnatural and bloody war. There is a God in it, and the principles of right and freedom will live. The fire fed by southern passion will consume the hand that holds the torch. The negro is naturally a soldier. He is transformed since arms has been placed in his hands. The gun and accoutrements make him proud, able and efficient. He shows it in all his motions. They learn as readily to handle a musket as a razor.

The Fifty-fourth was ordered on service immediately to one of the coast islands. Then, with the expedition under Gen. Terry before Secessionville on James island. They were not idle. In the spirited fight on James island they had distinguished themselves, and *now*, they were to lead the advance on that rebel stronghold, the already blood-sprinkled parapets of Wagner. The regiment had arrived that afternoon and reported to Gen. Strong at 6 P. M. Strong went to their bivouack in the sand, and informed the men of the contemplated attack upon Wagner; and that they had been assigned the post of honor, and asked if they were willing to lead the assault. They responded in the affirmative, and when the hour came to move up the beach they marched at the head of the troops. The assaulting columns were formed on the beach at sundown. That no misapprehension may arise relative to the bravery of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored troops, we will give an extract from a report made of their fighting on James island: "The Fifty-fourth fought very bravely. They had

numerous invitations to become prisoners, under circumstances calculated to influence acceptance, but they declined in every instance, for the terrors of bondage and strangulation and tortures, were worse than those of death. Not a single prisoner was taken from the regiment. Not a believer in arming of negroes, free or contraband, as soldiers, I must do this regiment the credit of fighting bravely and well.

"Cowards would have forgotten the future in the present, and sacrificed prospective danger for temporary security. The rebels attacked them with the cry 'No quarter,' and they accepted the conditions of the fight. Several fell pierced by many bullets, while fighting singly with half a dozen of rebels, who were trying to capture them. One black man, bayoneted an officer, who was leading a squad of men, and then gave a thrust, which wounded a sergeant, just as he was falling with five bullets through his body. Another, whose arm had been shot off, brought his musket off the field with the other hand, carrying it till he fell down and bled to death."

This is the testimony of a not over favorable mind to the negro soldier, though subsequent experience told us that the negro, as a rule, was reliable as a friend and confidant, and as a servant and soldier.

At half past nine A. M., of the 18th of July, the first shot was fired from our batteries. The firing was continued from the land batteries, and at half past eleven A. M. the ironclads moved up within three-fourths of a mile of Wagner, and opened their

fire from monitors and the *New Ironsides*; at 4 P. M. the guns of Wagner were silenced, and the rebels had betaken themselves to the bomb-proofs of the fort for protection.

Toward night a council of war was held, and it was decided to take the fort by storm. The storming columns moved along the beach deploying and moving in column alternately, as the nature of advance, and surface of the island would permit, headed by the brigade of Gen. Strong, followed by those of Putnam and Seymour. The brigade of Gen. Stephenson was held in reserve.

It was not so dark but what the enemy could see them forming, and they were expecting an attack. The One Hundredth New York was a part of Col. Putnam's brigade, and, with the other regiments composing the brigade, had been waiting on the beach under the bluffs during the day, for the decision of generals to assault or retire. As recorded, they had decided to assault. That carnage, that carnival of death, that slaughter of loved ones, that hell of terror and fire, that thunderous roar of heavy ordnance and din of small arms, mingled with one of the most appalling storms of thunder and lightning ever seen, or experienced, such as only a southern sky can hold, when the faces of the soldiery, as they advanced, could only be seen by the lurid glare of heaven's lightning; this charge of brave men, over a smooth surface, flanked by sea and swamp, with not a stump, tree, shrub or hillock to "cover" for a moment; this

charge, this assault has been described often, very often, by imaginary observers, as well as by actors in that fearful drama; but *all* fail, in the true, real, since no one, nor a hundred minds in it, when out of it, could remember it, as a whole, save as an awful experience, a wonderful escape from the very jaws of death.

The exposure of the soldiery had been such for seven days on that isle of shifting sand, attended with heavy fatigue and dangerous picketing, that hardly a message could be sent to friends at home. Worn out and disheartened, the assault seemed but the end of the beginning. As they moved on in the twilight, shot and shell at the distance of more than a mile would thin their ranks. Nearer and nearer they approached the volcano of detonating death. Shot and shell were exchanged for grape and canister, when the destruction became fearful. Encouraged and cheered by their officers, those heroes pressed steadily forward. The ditch was gained. A large number mounted the parapet, and one corner of the fort was taken and held a short time, though commanded by the guns from the opposite side of the fort. In the darkness friend was mistaken for foe. Cols. Shaw and Putnam were killed on the crest of the parapet. Gens. Seymour and Strong were wounded. There seemed to be no ruling spirit amid this terrible massacre, this wholesale execution of daring and courageous men. Supports were not at hand. The remnants of the assaulting columns were forced to grope their

way in return over ditch and plain, still swept with the enemy's guns; their ears pained with the cries and groans of wounded men, while the dead were waiting a burial, which to contemplate was to curse the rebellion and its authors, with a curse that appals the living and takes away the hopes of a future. It was a dance with death. No amusement, no romance, but a groping by the sides of torn and mangled comrades. No flight with winged steeds from the scenes of blood and pain, but an hourly living at the mouth of the tomb, with no requiem, save the moaning surf along the sandy shore. The retreat was as deadly as the charge.

“ Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
They that had fought so well,
Came thro' the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE REPULSE AT FORT WAGNER. — THE KILLED AND WOUNDED. — COL. DANDY'S LETTER TO THE BOARD OF TRADE. — THE BRAVERY OF THE ASSAULTING COLUMNS. — THE ISLAND TO BE HELD. — FOLLY ISLAND THE BASE OF SUPPLIES. — TROOPS ENCAMPED AT THE SOUTH END OF MORRIS. — THE ERECTION OF WORKS COMMENCED. — THE "LEFT BATTERIES." — THE BATTERIES AT THE FIRST AND SECOND PARALLELS. — THE "SWAMP ANGEL," ITS CONSTRUCTION, COST AND USE.

With the repulse of Strong's brigade, the fearful slaughter of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored, and the short and bloody grapple of other regiments with the rebels, on and over the parapets, came the advance of Putnam's brigade, and with it the One Hundredth New York, Col. Dandy and Maj. Nash. Col. Putnam inspired his whole brigade by his fearless, gallant conduct. Stragglers were intercepted under a hot fire, while the rear division of the Seventh New Hampshire and a portion of the One Hundredth New York were massed together, and essayed to get a foothold inside. One corner of the fort was ours, and that

was swept by grape and canister and exposed to musketry. A messenger was sent for reinforcements. Col. Putnam alone remained in command, and alive. Gillmore, cool and clear headed, ordered on the brigade of Stephenson. Soon a messenger arrived to say that the brave and chivalric Putnam was killed, and that our troops had retired from the fort. The supporting brigade was stopped and saved. Our killed and many wounded, besides prisoners, were left in the hands of the rebels. Our entire loss was fifteen hundred and seventeen. At how great a cost was the entity of this republic purchased. This, added to the scores of assaults and battle fields, and we have an aggregate which staggers thought and bewilders mentality. Wagner must be taken by siege, and for fifty days, in ditch and along successive parallels, were the soldiery forced to creep toward that obstacle, the destroyer of a small army, Wagner, the name and memory of which will live while history has a record and governments an existence. Had Wagner fallen, Gregg and the island would have been ours, and Sumter could have been reduced at short range. Gen. Gillmore conceived the idea of reducing Sumter and Wagner together. Beauregard assured his troops that Sumter could not be breached till Wagner was reduced. Gillmore's one-hundred, two-hundred and three-hundred-pounder Parrott guns at two and a half miles range, told a different tale to the boasting Beauregard.

The list of casualties in most of the regiments of the assaulting brigades was frightful and shocking.

The loss of officers, field and line, was large in proportion to the number of men engaged.

The loss of the One Hundredth regiment was great. Co. "I," Capt. Brunck, happened to be on duty at the south point of the island. Among the officers killed and wounded, were Adj. Haddock and Lieut. Charles H. Runckle, killed. Maj. D. D. Nash, who had been wounded through the arm at Fair Oaks, was shot through the thigh, and the only wonder has ever been, that his tall, manly and striking presence, a sure mark for the enemy's sharpshooters, had not long before been brought low; for most heroically did he cheer on his men in that fearful hour. Lieut. John McMann was fearfully wounded in the face and head, an officer of steady, stubborn, bravery, as subsequently evinced in many a fight, to the writer's personal knowledge. Capt. Charles H. Rauert, shot through the arm, an officer of tact, knowledge and experience, and one upon whom his men could rely. Capt. Warren Granger was wounded slightly in the neck and face, and as his record as a fearless spirit had been established at Fair Oaks and through the Seven Days' fight, nothing else was expected of him than that he would be in at the death with his comrades in arms. Lieut. Cyrus Brown, who had been but recently commissioned, was sadly wounded, suffered amputation of one of his limbs, and subsequently died at Port Schuyler, New York, August 13th, 1863. Lieut. Michael Friday was slightly wounded in the hand, but able to do duty very soon.

The record of non-commissioned officers is large, especially among the sergeants, which shows the efforts they made to cheer and steady the men in that storm of iron hail. First Serg. Edward Pratt was shot through the arm and side, and who subsequently arose to a captaincy, and was wounded as a lieutenant at Drury's Bluff when with the writer, making a charge on the enemy. He was one of those persistent, continuous minds that kept right on till the end, and duty was done. Serg. Frank Davy was almost literally cut to pieces. Serg. John W. Whaples fearfully wounded. Serg. Benjamin F. Hughson, subsequently commissioned, severely wounded in thigh. Serg. George Morgan badly in shoulder. Sergeants Everts and Emery, Rustin, Gaylard, Lynch, Grebler, besides a long list of corporals and men. The loss of Adj't. Herbert H. Haddock was almost irreparable. He was competent, and every inch a soldier.

We cannot close this, to us, unwelcome task of recording the dead and wounded, without adding an extract from a communication sent to the Board of Trade of this city, by Col. Dandy, who escaped unhurt from that fiery ordeal of blood and battle. He says:—
"I cannot forbear expressing my admiration of the officers and soldiers of the One Hundredth. Under the most galling fire sustained by any troops since the commencement of the war, the regiment marched unflinchingly in line of battle right on the works of the enemy. I did not see a case of misconduct. All was done there that brave men could do, and if we did not

succeed in taking the place, it was because, under the circumstances of the attack, the condition of the enemy, and strength of the place, it was impossible for brave men to take it. The colors presented to the regiment by the Board of Trade were planted on the fort by Serg. Flanders, of Co. "A," who was killed in defending them. Corporal Spooner, of Co. "A," brought off the colors, after the sergeant was killed, and although much soiled and torn, they are now safe with the regiment. The dead and wounded heroes whose names I send you have unostentatiously offered themselves as a sacrifice on the altar of their country's greatness and glory. While I here offer my heartfelt sympathies to their bereaved families and friends, I think I can perceive in the distance that light which is the forerunner to our nation's returning greatness. Such unselfish patriotism, such tremendous sacrifices, so much bloodshed, so much suffering, will not be in vain."

We should have said, that of the non-commissioned officers and men killed, the number of each was equally divided. The hospitals at Beaufort, Hilton Head and the hospital steamer *Cosmopolitan*, all were crowded with the wounded, and were cared for, as soon as means and energies could be brought to their relief. Large numbers were sent North, and the slightly wounded remained in their several camps.

From the relation of the sad duties toward the dead and wounded, we turn to the state of instant and active operations. Folly island was the base of supplies,

and hence it was guarded, picketed and well defended. Timber for firewood, batteries, magazines, stockades and other purposes must be supplied. The labor of cutting, hauling and transporting, required a large number of men. The island was an extensive camping ground, for the necessary troops of relief; for fatigue and picket in the trenches. And here we cannot forbear to mention Capt. Charles E. Walbridge, the station quartermaster at the head of Folly island. We cannot give in detail the extent of his multiplied and various duties, in the procuring and forwarding of supplies, for his business energy had long since been established among general officers. At this time of the army's needs he was indefatigable. He had in charge the construction of a saw mill, for the supply of boards and plank for the works in the siege of Wagner. Steamers, boats, mules, wagons, all were at his command and order, and most faithfully did he perform his duties, from that hour till the close of the war. Now, this city is yet to learn in the course of years what the army was able to feel, that in the army quartermaster is a faithful, capable and intelligent citizen. We mention individuals when we know that they in their services have honored the regiment and the service.

The engineers broke ground on the night of the 25th of July. Nothing was allowed to interfere with the work. Neither the shot, nor shell of Wagner, Sumter and Gregg; nor the heat of a tropical sun, which was terribly exhausting to the men. The bat-

teries occupied three positions. In the first and second parallels, and on the western edge of the island, close to the marsh, were the "left batteries." Most of the work was done under fire. At the first parallel was a battery mounting two two-hundred-pounder Parrotts, and two eighty-four Whitworth guns, five eight-inch, and five ten-inch siege mortars, two thirty-pounder Parrotts and a Requa battery. The distance of these batteries from Sumter was four thousand yards, over two and one-fourth miles. In the second parallel, were mounted two two-hundred-pounders and five one-hundred-pounder Parrotts in three batteries named Brown, Rosecrans, Meade, at a distance of thirty-four hundred yards, a little less than two miles. The "left batteries," forty-two hundred and thirty-six yards from Sumter, were four in number, named Hays, Reno, Stevens and Strong, and mounted one three-hundred-pounder, two two-hundred-pounders, four one-hundred-pounders, and four twenty-pounder Parrotts, at a distance of nearly two and a half miles from Sumter. In rear of the first parallel, and near the Beacon House, were five ten-inch siege mortars. At times all these batteries were used against Sumter. The most famous battery was that known as the "Swamp Angel." It was in the marsh, one mile from our left batteries, on the edge of a creek, navigable at high tide. A pole could be run down into the mud sixteen feet before touching solid soil. To a lieutenant of engineers the active work was assigned, with orders to make a requisition on the depot quartermaster for what he

needed. When shown the spot, he said to Col. Serrell, that it was simply impossible. The Colonel responded, "*that there was no such word as fail in Morris island orders.*" The next day the Lieutenant made a requisition for one hundred men, eighteen feet high, to wade through mud sixteen feet deep, also enquiring of the surgeon if he could splice the eighteen feet men if they were furnished him. The requisition cost the facetious Lieutenant his arrest, and the battery was built by men of ordinary stature. It was constructed of sand bags, brought from the beach at night. Gen. Gillmore said that the material and making of the bags cost the government five thousand dollars. It was begun on the fourth of August, and finished on the nineteenth. A two-hundred-pounder Parrott gun was mounted on it, which cost much toil to get into position. It was situated eighty-eight hundred yards in a straight line from Charleston, or five miles. Shells were thrown into the streets of Charleston, at an elevation of thirty-five degrees, and the two-hundred-pounder burst at the thirty-fifth discharge.

CHAPTER XXIX.

COMMANDS CHANGED SINCE THE CHARGE ON WAGNER. —
DETAILS SENT NORTH FOR CONSCRIPTS AND RECRUITS.
— THE LARGE INCREASE OF SICK ON THE ISLAND. —
THE SIEGE PROSECUTED WITH VIGOR. — REINFORCE-
MENTS ARRIVE FROM THE NORTH. — FOLLY ISLAND
ONE VAST CAMP. — A BOAT INFANTRY ESTABLISHED. —
CAPT. PAYNE, THE SCOUT, TAKEN PRISONER. — CHRIS-
TIAN AND SANITARY COMMISSIONS. — SURGEON KIT-
TENDER AND HIS COURSE IN THE DISCHARGE OF HIS
DUTIES.

The casualties of the charge on Wagner changed the commands; Gens. Seymour and Strong being both wounded and unfit for duty, Gen. Terry was placed in command of the troops on Morris island, while Gen. Vogdes, who had command of Folly island, was ordered over to take command of Strong's brigade. This left Col. Davis of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania the senior officer in command of Folly island. The force amounted to two thousand men.

The repulsed brigades encamped at the foot of the island, and at once pitched camps, made the usual pro-

visions for water, and guard, and camp calls, while orders, reports and returns were promptly completed. The death of Lieut. Haddock called to the adjutant's office Capt. Evert, who had served previous to our arrival on Folly island. An order was issued to send a complement of officers and men North for conscripts and recruits to Riker's island, near the city of New York. Capts. Granger and Rauert and the necessary men were sent. Capt. Rauert did not return to the regiment, but resigned, March 16th, 1864. He had made many applications to be sent to his regiment, but was refused; and being the senior captain, and entitled to the position of major, when the necessary promotions were made, and as there was no prospect of that being accomplished for some time, he was lost to the service. He was a faithful, reliable and efficient officer.

Capt. Granger remained at Riker's island till the following June, and rejoined his company and regiment at Bermuda Hundreds, on the James river.

The heat on the island became intense. Though the days were so warm, still the nights were cool. Close to the ocean's shore the breeze off the water was life-giving and inspiring. The sick list was alarmingly on the increase. The severe duty of fatigue at the front, in the construction of batteries, mixed with the fear of exploding shells, was fearfully exhausting to the men. The remainder of July wore away, the regiment was mustered for pay; though limited in officers and lessened in the number of men, yet its share of duty

and fatigue was performed with a less number on its sick list than any other regiment lying near.

Later, the Tenth Connecticut, camped next to the One Hundredth, had nearly three hundred and sixty on its sick list, while that of the One Hundredth did not reach seventy. Surg. Kittenger was ordered to attend the sick call of the Tenth Connecticut, and ascertain the true condition of the men, and reduce if possible the large number of its sick. Most faithfully did he perform his duty, but he assured the writer that the number could not be reduced, and the regiment was sent to Fernandina, Florida, to recruit its weakened numbers.

At this time there were nineteen hundred sick on Morris island alone. These staggering, ghostly men swarmed the camps on the island, and was not without its sad effects upon the rest just able to do duty.

August opened. The slightly wounded were returning from the hospitals of Beaufort and Hilton Head, and the steady labor at the front, together with the regular explosion of shell from rebel batteries, were the expected succession of events as each day succeeded the other on that sandy isle.

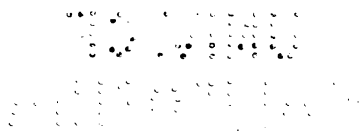
The absence of Capt. Granger and resignation of Lieut. Sheffer, left the company in command of the writer. Other companies were similarly situated, and a few at times were without any commissioned officer fit for duty. Truly Morris island was a place to create desponding men.

The 2d of August large reinforcements began to ar-



LEWIS S. PAYNE.
Lt. Colonel 100th Regt N.Y. Vols.

100th REGT
N.Y. VOLTS
CALIFORNIA



rive from the army of the Potomac. Folly island was one vast camping ground.

At this time Capt. L. S. Payne lived almost nightly in the creeks, and in the bay about the vicinity of Sumter. Toward the close of the day, with his picked men, and rockets under his arm, he could be seen leaving camp for his boat, and his work of hazardous expeditions. The day following his last departure reports came to camp of his death, and a succession of ill-omened tidings, which filled all hearts with dread and suspense that subsequent facts only allayed, when it was accurately known that the "*scout*" was alive, a prisoner in Charleston, though severely and dangerously wounded. His work at night had been to indicate the presence of the rebel steamers and boats by sending up rockets, and our gunners in response would train their pieces, and in one instance had sent a rebel vessel to the bottom. The rebels were annoyed and aroused, and resolved upon his capture. It was accomplished; and the generals on the island lost their guide, who had served them long, faithfully and well. Capt. Payne was subsequently commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel, Nov. 10th, 1863, though not mustered. He suffered long in rebel prisons, and was finally released and restored to the bosom of his family and friends.

The siege went on. Parallel after parallel was opened till they reached five in number, with a trench, or covered way, as it is termed, connecting each to the other, and in which the details, as guards, remained for

twenty-four hours, awaiting a "*sortie*" if attempted by the enemy. The engineers and details for fatigue continued their work nightly under the fire of Wagner and Sumter's guns. This daily confinement in a narrow trench was trying and severe. The sand drifting over the men, the heat of a burning July and August sun, the inflowing of the tide at times, with shoes and stockings around our necks, and nearly swimming in our narrow ditch, the bursting shells as thrown from "Cohorn" mortars and dropped into the trench, wounding and killing our comrades hourly and daily, to say nothing of the exhaustion by labor and heat, causing fevers and chronic diarrhœa, making the island a charnel house; all these results were of daily occurrence.

Without drums, and in silence, our heroes were borne to their homes in the sand, and that ominous volley told us, almost hourly, of that last honor to loved and cherished comrades, whose places had been at our sides in battle, charge and trench; but *now*, neither the thunders of the heavens, nor the artillery shaking the isle, could wake them to duty again.

During the siege each day in the history of the regiment was of a similar character. An hour before day the regiment was turned out in line of battle on the beach. At sunrise marched in, and half an hour for breakfast. Then details for fatigue at various points, and nightly at the front; and after the fall of Wagner they were sent in the morning as well as evening.

Gillmore's batteries were nearly completed at the

time and ready to open on Sumter. Troops were stationed at various points, as preventives of surprise. A boat infantry was organized to picket the creeks next to Morris island. It was placed in command of Maj. Sandford, of the Seventh Connecticut. The men were relieved of all other duty. Capt. Ferris succeeded Sandford, and subsequently Capt. John Hennessy, Fifty-second Pennsylvania, was placed in command. Officers and men were detailed from several regiments. Lieut. Fred. Sandrock was detailed from the One Hundredth for that duty, at once responsible and important. Co. "D," commanded by Lieut. Newell, was stationed near one of the streams, and the company, from its experience with, and under the direction of Capt. Payne, furnished details for explorations and scouting through the swamps and creeks next to James island.

This service, and that of the boat infantry, was both dangerous and hazardous, and subjected the officers and men to great exposure. Those engaged in these duties will always have a lively recollection of the long winter nights they spent in their boats, in cold and storm, patrolling Charleston harbor, watching for the approach of the enemy.

Temporary hospitals were established on the island. What could be done for sick and wounded men was done on the spot to save time and transportation. The Christian and Sanitary commissions had pitched their tents, and their welcome flags were flying. Cargoes of ice arrived in the inlet, and were economi-

cally distributed to the several brigades. Guards were placed over the casks, and no soldier was allowed to take more than he could drink, as none was to be wasted or taken away. Sutlers were established on every hand, and after each pay day, swept large portions of the money received into their pockets. Photographers were taking sun pictures of newly made officers, and the men indulged in the same, so that many a faithful likeness of soldier and friend found its way North into the homes of those sufferers on Morris island.

In closing this chapter we are urged from a sense of duty to speak of the services of Surg. Kittenger. Many a soldier and officer felt, while in the service, that he was severe and unrelenting in the discharge of his duties, as a surgeon, under obligations to the government, to minister to the physical of the men in times of sickness and its needs. We had felt the stinging effect of his cool and deliberate judgments, and often thought that more leniency, and an exercise of the excusing power from service, and fatigue, would have worked up a better *morale* in the regiment, but *now* we see things clearer. The surgeon hated humbugs, shirks and deceivers, whether found under shoulder straps, or the plain color of the army blue. He knew that the government needed all its men for the work to be performed, and hence his care to know the real state of the case in hand, and decide for the soldier, disinterested, and save him from the growing insanity, too common, of disability and utter worthless-

ness and inefficiency as servants of the government. From this time to the close of his term of service his skill was made available at the most needed localities; an honor to the regiment and a saving to the government of many valuable men, who under a more lax and lenient officer would have become unfit for duty and a burden to camp and the command.

CHAPTER XXX.

GILLMORE'S LAND BATTERIES OPENED ON SUMTER AUGUST 17TH. — THE IRONCLADS ASSISTED. — THE BOMBARDMENT CLOSED ON THE 23D. — SUMTER WAS PRO-
NOUNCED USELESS FOR OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS.—THE
SIEGE CONTINUED. — THE THIRD, FOURTH AND FIFTH
PARALLELS WERE OPENED. — THE TWENTY-FOURTH
MASSACHUSETTS DROVE IN THE ENEMY'S PICKETS.
—THE SUFFERINGS AND CASUALTIES AMONG THE MEN.
—AN EXPEDITION AGAINST BATTERY GREGG.—IT WAS
UNSUCCESSFUL.

On the 17th of August Gillmore's batteries opened on Sumter. The first discharge from a two-hundred-pounder Parrott gun struck the parapet of Sumter on the side next the city, and knocked down several cart loads of brick, which fell on a steamer lying at the wharf, and crushed her smoke stack. At the same time the ironclads moved up to take part in the bombardment. The monitors *Patapsco* and *Passaic* directed their fire on the fort, while the other vessels engaged Wagner to prevent her guns annoying our batteries.

The fire of the land batteries was continued through the day without cessation, and by night the parapet presented a very battered appearance. The great holes in the wall made it look as though pitted by a strong attack of small pox. The firing was renewed every morning from day to day, and ceased at sunset, until the close of the 23d, when the fort for all offensive purposes was destroyed.

All the barbette guns were dismounted and buried up in the debris. The gorge wall and sea face were so badly shattered, that in many places the arches of the casements were exposed.

The enemy replied feebly and did but little damage. The sight was an interesting one to the soldier, and the accuracy of the aim at such long range was remarkable. From time to time the fleet assisted in the bombardment, but the men shut up in ironclads could only stand it a few hours at a time, when the vessels were compelled to retire. The fire of the land batteries was continuous with reliefs for the guns. Six thousand two hundred and fifty projectiles were hurled at the fort. A correspondent of the *Mobile Tribune*, who was within the fort during the last day's bombardment, says:—"For seven hours, at close range, the fleet, ironsides and monitors, hurled shot and shell into the work, striking the wall near the parapet, loose bricks were thrown up in columns and fell in showers around the gunners. Walls were ploughed through, casements were filled with sand, and shells passed across the parade, striking the interior wall of the west maga-

zine, containing powder enough to destroy fort and garrison. One shell struck the ventilator and, exploding, filled the magazine with smoke. Another more successful shot and all would have been lost. It was an anxious moment, but the fort was held. Gradually the morning dawned. The fog lifted, and fort Moultrie opened fire on the ships. Instead of continuing their fire at this critical period, the fleet withdrew and the danger was removed. The object was now, in the unsafe condition of the fort, to get rid of the powder. It depended on time and the movements of the fleet. Had the fleet renewed the attack the business might have been done. The fleet delayed.

“Night after night the powder was moved in barrels under the enemy’s guns. Only eight hundred pounds were left. The crisis was passed. The fort was now safe from the explosion of powder in the magazine. When the bombardment began there were a hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds of powder in the magazine, which was removed and shipped to Charleston.”

Sumter was reduced, and the guns of Wagner and Gregg were only occasionally heard. Batteries on James island were opened to enfilade our works against Wagner. Day and night, mid the explosion of shell and the sun’s heat, the siege continued.

The third parallel at the distance of four hundred and fifty yards from Wagner was opened on the night of the 9th of August. The fourth parallel was opened on the 22d, at the distance of three hundred

yards from the fort. A short distance in front of this was a sand ridge, where the enemy's sharpshooters were stationed, who annoyed our men in the trenches considerably, and it became necessary to seize and hold it before the approaches could be carried forward beyond it. Col. Osborn, with the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, made a charge with the bayonet, which was successful, and seventy odd prisoners were captured. A short time previous three regiments had been selected to go out of the works nightly and drive in, and nearer the fort, the rebel pickets. Of this number the One Hundredth New York was one. Details were made from the regiment, as from others, for sharpshooters and the manning of the several batteries.

At the point where the prisoners were captured the fifth and last parallel was opened. Beyond this point the approaches were simply zigzags, making very sharp angles, as there was not sufficient front to develope a parallel. In this manner the engineers continued to creep up to Wagner until they crowned the counter-scarp on the night of the 6th of September. The enemy were confined to the fort and its bomb-proofs. From the large number of torpedoes planted in front of the fort, the rebels dared not make a sortie for the destruction that would follow from their own infernal machines. The nearness to the fort made the work of engineers and fatigue parties doubly dangerous on account of the low trenches and indifferent cover for the troops. At this time Surg. Hamlin, the medical inspector of the department, made a tour of the camps,

and reported, that, should the siege continue much longer, it would be more economical of life to make a third assault than continue, as now, with the thermometer at one hundred degrees and over, with present daily losses, by casualties and disease.

Shells were exploding in splinter proofs and trench daily, killing and wounding groups of men from five to twenty. It was not uncommon to look upon a comrade one moment in life and the next behold him a shattered corpse. We have slept amid our unburied dead waiting the morning light to bear them to their hollows in the sand. Whole regiments were ordered from the island to Florida, that hospital of sick and weary, and disheartened men, where quiet and the healthful breezes of the ocean gave them strength and vigor again.

The casualties in the One Hundredth Regiment, during the siege of fifty days, were one hundred and four in killed and wounded. The nightly and daily work of covering magazines, building splinter proofs and digging trenches, planting gabions, and all done with the fears kept alive by the continuous explosion of shells and that unearthly scream of a Whitworth gun, which allowed not a second for *cover*, but shell and report seemed on the spot instantaneously. The daily burrowing in the drifting sand during those long days of August was torture and a slow death.

Soldiers who suffered there look into each other's faces, and that island life is lived over again. What hopes, what fears, On duty, companions with death;

off duty, we were free from anguish and that living death which is indescribable. How wide the contrast, within range of shell and out of range. None save those who have experienced the two dissimilar sensations can understand their weighty significance. At this stage in the history of the siege, Gen. Gillmore's attention was called to the probable success of a night attack in boats upon Battery Gregg. If successful the retreat of Wagner's garrison would be cut off, and the work fall into our hands.

Five hundred men were detailed from four of the most reliable regiments, and the command of the expedition was entrusted to Maj. Sandford of the Seventh Connecticut. One hundred men were taken from the One Hundredth New York. The officers detailed with the men by Adj. Evert were Lieuts. Lynch and Stowits. We remember the visit of the Chaplain to the tent of the writer to ascertain if we could swim. When assured we could, he responded that it was favorable. We knew not then of our detail for the expedition. Boats had been collected in one of the creeks, and the men assembled near the camp of the boat infantry, and awaited darkness, before embarking. The officers were allowed to look at the plan of the fort, beach and bay, which had been drawn, and was in the hands of Maj. Sandford. The instructions were very simple, and we shall never forget them. Scanning the manner of Maj. Sandford, and his apparent, to us, unfitness for so responsible a work, we could not but feel that many brave men, if landed, would be destroyed.

Files for spiking the guns were put into the hands of men selected for that purpose. On inquiry as to what should be used for driving the files, the answer was given that anything that lay around the gun. To us, that was too uncertain. We obtained permission to leave the guns of the men selected, and ordered them to use the flat-side of the bayonet, that no time should be lost in searching in the sand or battery for what might not be at hand. The orders were to head the boats for the beach, land, form, and rush for the fort, spike the guns, blow up the magazine and retire. Serg. Rosenburger, of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, volunteered to apply the match to the magazine. We endeavored to impress our men with the danger, as well as the importance of the enterprise, that each man should act for himself and as though he was to do the work alone and unaided. In consequence of the limited number of boats a large number were left behind. The boats were filled with a quiet, thoughtful band. We glided along with the music of shell overhead, exploding and striking the water about. As we neared the bay a boat shot out from Gregg. She was hailed. No attention paid. We fired and brought her to. We captured a surgeon, major and ten men. The garrison was aroused, and we were ordered back. The next night a second attempt was made, with no better success. The enemy opened on the boats and drove them off. The loss was slight. Thus ended an illy conceived and fruitless enterprise.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A THIRD ASSAULT ON WAGNER WAS ORDERED. — THE REBELS HAD EVACUATED. — THE FORTS AND ISLAND OURS. — THE FORTS TO BE REBUILT. — GEN. GILLMORE CONGRATULATES IN GENERAL ORDERS. — HE IS COMMISSIONED AS MAJOR GENERAL. — DETAILS FOR DUTY ON PICKET AND FATIGUE ARE CONSTANT AND REGULAR. — WEATHER COOL AND DISAGREEABLE. — ARRIVAL OF RECRUITS. — THE USUAL ROUTINE OF CAMP DUTIES.

A third assault on Wagner was ordered. The time to be 9 o'clock on Monday morning, September the 7th, the fiftieth day of the siege. The details were arranged. Large numbers of troops had arrived from the army of the Potomac. We had crowned the counterscarp of the ditch, and had reached the palisades. The trenches were widened for the easy passage of troops. A strong calcium light was thrown upon the fort by night, to expose the enemy's operations. For forty hours previous to the time fixed for the assault, the land batteries were opened on Wagner, and at the same time the *Ironsides* moved up within

a thousand yards and poured her broadsides into the fort, while the monitors added their eleven and fifteen-inch shells. The watchfulness of an increased number of sharpshooters, added to the continued explosion of shells in, above and around the fort, drove every rebel within the impenetrable bomb-proofs. The sand that covered them, was piled in the openings, making suffocation imminent. The time had come to enact a third, and perhaps bloodier, drama upon the parapets of Wagner. Long before dawn the troops formed on the beach, waiting the command forward. Officers and men had written their wishes to friends, that if lost in the charge, some few words of remembrance might be found as the last on earth. The One Hundredth New York, a portion of Stephenson's brigade, were to move by the fort and assault in the rear. The Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania and Third New Hampshire were the two storming regiments in front to clear the small space, to leap the ditch and scale the parapets, while the supports were steadily advancing.

The order was given, and slowly and silently we moved forward. Closer and closer we approached the sand walls of that rebel stronghold. The silence was ominous. Not a man to be seen, or sound of life to be heard. All hearts were lightened, as the report flew along the unbroken ranks, Wagner is evacuated. That body of men was expanded into light-heartedness, that a few moments before was sinking with leaden depression and expected death. On to Gregg in

time to secure nearly seventy prisoners. The island and its forts were ours, while thousands of hearts were filled with joy unspeakable and indescribable. Our work was not ended. The forts were to be rebuilt, and additional batteries to be constructed, as Charleston could be reached with ease, since the fall of Wagner and Gregg. Night and day under fire the work went on.

The bombardment of Sumter, Wagner and Gregg by our fleet, particularly the *New Ironsides* and monitors, as well as our land batteries, will stand in the history of wars above all. We fought the science of Europe, as well as our own. Foreign nations, in rebel hands, had on trial the best ordnance they could produce, but the indomitable Yankee smashed through them all on sea and land, and now has his specimens of floating batteries on exhibition around the globe. The war of iron hail went on; midnight messengers, with tongues of fire, were sent nightly into that doomed city, appalling the hearts of its people, and often adding death to the work of general destruction.

The duties of camp to the close of August were regular and imperative. The details to the front must be furnished. When the casualties were frequent the men at one time manifested a disposition to disobey, which was promptly met, and in the case of non-commissioned officers they were reduced to the ranks. Regiment was mustered for pay. The weather continued warm. After the subjugation of the island, camp life became monotonous. The work on the forts was

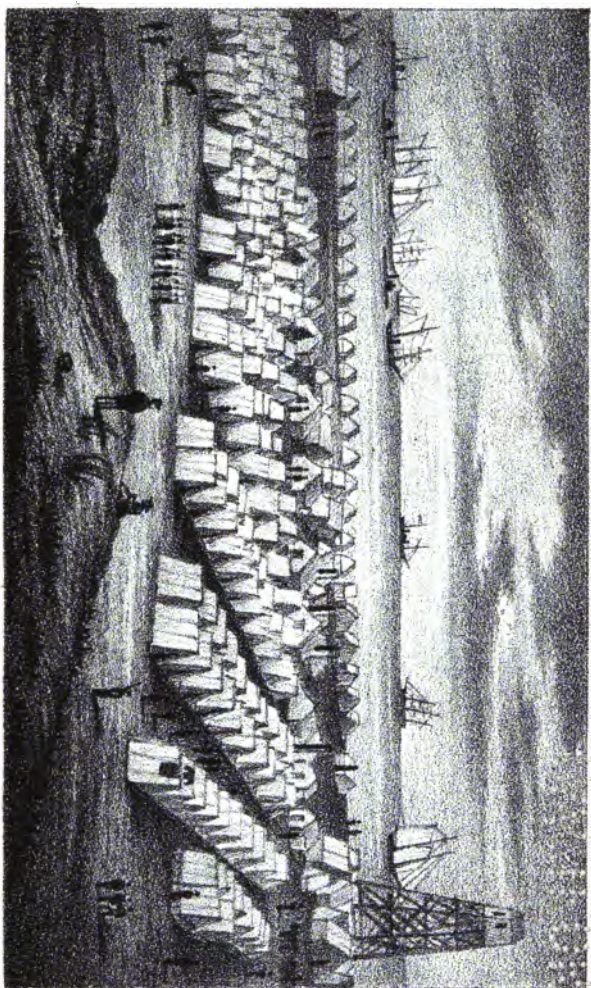
pushed with energy through the months of September and October, and on the 17th day of November nineteen shells were thrown into Charleston from Battery Gregg, and the following day a one-hundred-pounder Parrott gun threw fourteen shells into that fated town.

In the meantime promotions were made in the regiment to meet the scanty needs of officers. Capt. Michael Bailey was discharged and left for the North. Sergeants Fred. Sandrock, William Evans, Myron P. Pierson, Edward Pratt, James H. French, Benjamin F. Hughson, were commissioned second lieutenants. Wayne Vogdes, a son of Gen. Vogdes, had been commissioned previously, and joined the regiment, and assigned to Co. "I." Edwin Nichols, of Co. "C.," had been commissioned as second lieutenant. Second Lieuts. Edward S. Peck, Cornelius B. Adriance and George H. Stowits were commissioned as first lieutenants. During the building of the forts the Sanitary and Christian commissions had so systematized their work that the men on the island enjoyed many needed provisions of a sanitary character.

Admiral Dahlgren demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter. The demand was refused. A force of four hundred sailors and marines was organized to take it by assault. The night was fixed, and the boats moved to the attack. The enemy were fully prepared to meet it. The attempt was a failure. A number landed, some scaled the walls, but all were killed or captured. Our loss was one hundred and fifty. The

details for fatigue and picket were regular. In turn a company would be sent on board a gunboat in the inlet. Then the regiment would be ordered into the trenches before Wagner for provision against attack. Again a company at the Beacon House, a detail at Fort Gregg, and one to assist in the construction of Battery Chatfield, east of Fort Gregg. Now a large number would be sent on Black island as a fatigue party. Then, at times, part of the regiment would be ordered into Wagner, and suffer the chills of night or the assaults of pestiferous fleas within the bomb proofs of that famous fort. The rebuilding of Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, the erection of Battery Chatfield and the planting later of heavy mortars, all required large details, which told heavily upon the men. The picketing of Cummings' Point, Gregg and Wagner was a regular duty, and often, when the enemy was in a fit for shelling, it was sadly dangerous. Fatigue parties during the day were much exposed and lost numbers of men in killed and wounded. For several weeks after the fall of Wagner the enemy kept up a lively fire on our working parties, and men were killed and wounded daily and nightly. Nevertheless they worked cheerfully and without complaint. At times the accuracy of the enemy's fire was wonderful, when we consider the distance. In one period of twenty-four hours, out of two hundred and thirty-five shells fired at Wagner, one hundred and eighty-five burst inside the fort, killing and wounding sixteen men. Another day one hundred and fifty shells struck

inside the same work. Now, when we consider that the guns which fired these shells were at a distance of about two miles, and the area into which they were dropped, less than an acre, the shooting was remarkable. Gen. Gillmore had just issued, in general orders, words of commendation to the troops for their valor, courage, and patient labor in the reduction of Wagner and Gregg. Subsequently he received a commission as major general, which was made the occasion of a grand review on the beach at low tide; a spot unequaled on the earth's surface for military display. The regiment had been paid in the interim, and friends at home were not forgotten, and even the sutler in some instances was remembered. The several companies of the regiment were saving and allowing the value of their just rations to accumulate in funds for blacking, white gloves, and other necessities found to be needed during our stay on the island. The weather toward the last of October and from that date on into winter, or the winter months, became cool. Stoves were put into the tents of officers, and not a few of the men provided the luxury in addition to the kitchen fire. Quartermaster Sergeant George G. Barnum was indefatigable in providing for the wants of the camp in wood, and the distribution of quartermaster stores. Fresh bread was issued daily from a bakery near, and run by details of experienced bakers found in the regiment. At this date the health of the regiment was good and in a prosperous condition, all things considered.



CAMP 100th REG^t N.Y.S. VOLS. MORRIS ISLAND. S.C.



October 31st. The regiment mustered for pay. Land batteries and navy shelling Sumter. Through the instrumentality of the Board of Trade, a large number of recruits, conscripts and substitutes arrived in camp, and were assigned to the several companies as their number demanded. They were regularly drilled, and soon became unnoticed as recruits, and took the duties of a soldier as though bred to the work. Occasionally a company would be sent to picket "Payne's Dock," so called from the landing of Capt. Payne at that spot, when out scouting near the enemy's lines. This duty was often a cold and disagreeable one, when the nights were wet and chilly.

Lieut. Fred. Sandrock, of the boat infantry, generally accompanied the detail, as he, with boat and men, was on the ground. At this time a large hospital tent was procured, and the Chaplain held service on Sabbath, which disturbed the usual monotony of Sabbath life. Sunday in camp is a day of cleaning, inspections and reviews, as well as of battles. The inspection of the quarters of the men, their clothing, arms and accoutrements, all helped to prove that golden truth, that cleanliness is next to godliness. A regiment to be efficient must be in health. To keep healthy it must keep clean, and it will not be done without order, and its persistent enforcement.

CHAPTER XXXII.

REGIMENT STILL ON MORRIS ISLAND. — MAJOR D. D. NASH RETURNED TO REGIMENT. — BATTERIES OPEN ON CHARLESTON. — EXECUTION OF A DESERTER. — WORDS ABOUT NEGRO TROOPS. — THEIR MORALE AND MERIT AS SOLDIERS. — DESERTERS FROM CHARLESTON. — DEPARTURE OF COL. DANDY AND RECRUITING PARTY FOR BUFFALO. — RE-ENLISTED VETERANS ARRIVED. — THEIR RECEPTION BY THE LADIES OF THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR, MAYOR, MILITARY AND CITIZENS.

While stationed on Morris island, the regiment was regularly paid, and what was not spent for real needs, and in some instances for luxuries, was sent to friends and families at home. At this time Lieut. C. B. Adriance brought from Hilton Head a large amount, or number of boxes, of express matter, containing remembrances from friends in the way of clothing, and dainties, such as was not common in camp life.

November 10th. Maj. D. D. Nash returned from the North, having been absent since the charge on Wagner, where he received a severe wound in the thigh, from which he had suffered much and long.

Lieut. Carlos H. Richmond was discharged the service, and left for home.

November closed with the usual routine. A portion of the regiment was sent nightly, with a complement of officers, to the Beacon House, Fort Wagner, now Fort Strong, Battery Chatfield, Gregg, and for picket duty between Strong and Gregg.

December opened with high chilly winds. The sand drifted like snow. The tide was ploughing its way close up to the tents of regiments near the line of the highest tide. A few were obliged to remove camp. The passage from camp to the head of the island was difficult, as the tide in some places swept across into the swamp. The camp of the "Provost Guard," near the beach, was removed to higher ground. The nights were very chilly, hence duty at the front without fire was intensely uncomfortable to the men.

Our batteries were trained on the city from Strong, Chatfield and Gregg, and admonitory signals were sent into Charleston to keep the citizens informed of our proximity and vigilance, to let no occasion pass that we still held in remembrance the shelling of Maj. Anderson and his little band of eighty men within the walls of Sumter.

December 17th, a private of the Third New Hampshire was shot for desertion. He had joined the regiment as a drafted recruit. He attempted to cross the marsh and give himself up to the rebels. He failed, and came into our lines as a deserter from the enemy, and was recognized as one of the late recruits. He

was tried, and shot in presence of all the troops on the island. The sight was painful at a distance, but to render the example effective the whole command was required to march, as in review, by the lifeless and bleeding body of that victim of military law.

We should have mentioned that on the 6th of December, the monitor *Weehawken* foundered in a gale at her anchorage off Morris Island, carrying down to a watery grave twenty officers and seamen. The cause was never satisfactorily known.

A few words relative to negro troops. We have said that they took to soldiering naturally. The history of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts is well known. They were encamped a few rods from the left flank of the One Hundredth. Their dress parades were models of perfection. Their sergeant major was the son of Frederick Douglass, who was subsequently commissioned in a colored Rhode Island battery. Their company cooks exceeded ours, of course, in all the arts and cleanliness of culinary operations. Two more regiments arrived earlier in the campaign from the North, from Massachusetts and North Carolina, the former commanded by a brother of Henry Ward Beecher. Two regiments, commanded respectively by Cols. Higginson and Montgomery, composed of negro troops, were also encamped near our quarters. Their jolly songs and cheerful manners, as we passed them to the front on duty while they were returning, had the effect of completely disarming the men from that bitterness, and even hate, they had entertained

toward them. They helped, largely, to perform the heavy work with cheerful hearts, evincing by their manner toward us, the white troops, that they had come to lighten our labors, and should do it in the spirit of willingness and content. A grand review was had at this time, and then it was seen by veterans what the negro troops could do in the way of marching. Natural musicians, their time was usually correct, and hence their marching could not be surpassed, and only in few instances equaled.

Deserters kept us informed, from time to time, of the injury our shells did the city. Everybody who could get away went into the country, and only the poorer classes remained in town. They removed to the upper portion to avoid our shells, leaving that part below John and Calhoun streets nearly depopulated. A number of public and private buildings were destroyed and others damaged. The Mills House had several shells through it. The debris from the ruined buildings obstructed the streets, and by spring this beautiful city wore a very dilapidated appearance. It suffered terribly for the political crime of its inhabitants. The poor people who remained must have had a very hard winter of it. With bacon at four dollars per pound, corn eighteen to twenty dollars per bushel, and flour one hundred and fifty dollars a barrel, all prime necessities of life, it is a wonder that they lived at all.

Dec. 20th. Col. G. B. Dandy, Capt. Topping, and Lieuts. Stowits, Sandrock and Vogdes, with the re-

quisite sergeants, corporals and privates, were sent North to Buffalo, on recruiting service for the regiment. The party left on the steamer *Fulton* from Hilton Head and soon began to experience the change in climate as they neared New York city and assembled in the city of Buffalo, the place of their military labor for the rest of the winter and a portion of the coming spring. The Board of Trade added a small fee to recruiting agents, which, in addition to the large bounties paid, secured a fair number of recruits to the regiment, as well as amply affording opportunities for bounty brokers, so willing to serve the government when self was enriched, to make large sums of money, which was well known to officers and men engaged in the service of recruiting. With the leeches at the national treasury, and the leeches at the pockets of the producers of the country, it is wonderful that the life blood of the nation was not entirely exhausted, and its energies so crippled that years of prosperity would be required to heal the wounds of avarice and national recklessness.

In the absence of Col. Dandy, the command of the regiment was in the hands of Maj. Nash, and, there being no lieutenant colonel, as Capt. L. S. Payne, who was promoted to that position was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels, his duties were responsible and onerous.

From this time till the regiment was ordered North, in April, its duties were heavy and steady. The force on the island had been decreased, the casualties were

few, and camp life was oppressively monotonous. Provisions were made for re-enlistment into what was termed the "veteran corps," with furloughs to such as complied with the order. Lieut. C. B. Adriance was appointed recruiting officer, and at once entered upon the discharge of his duties. Lieut. E. Spooner was dismissed the service, and the disability was subsequently removed, and he was restored to the standing of other discharged officers.

January 10th, 1864. At dress parade the regiment formed in hollow square, and a magnificent stand of colors was received by the regiment at the hands of Chaplain J. B. Linn, as the munificent gift of the Board of Trade of Buffalo. They were admired by all, and objects of interest to officers and men of neighboring camps. Maj. Nash responded in neat, appropriate and fitting terms to the remarks of the Chaplain, and the occasion was one of pleasure and gratification. The brigade band was in attendance, and the time was enjoyed as though at home and not on a sandy and desolate isle.

Near the close of January, Lieut. Adriance had re-enlisted about fifty men as veterans, completed the rolls and forwarded them to headquarters. Capt. Evert and Lieut. Adriance left camp with fifty-one veteran volunteers on furlough, February 23d, for Hilton Head, and arrived in Buffalo by the way of Fortress Monroe and New York city, March 2d, 1864.

The veterans were received at the depot and escorted to St. James Hall by Miller's Brass Band, offi-

cers of the Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth Regiments in two platoons. The Board of Trade, headed by Mayor Fargo and Col. Dandy, were followed by the veterans of the One Hundredth Regiment. The ladies of the Great Central Fair, being held at the Hall, did the honors at the reception. The assemblage was called to order by his Honor, Mayor Fargo, who introduced the Rev. Dr. Heacock, who welcomed the veterans in an appropriate and eloquent speech. The Doctor reviewed the honored career of the regiment, dwelt upon their glorious record, and concluded by saying "That the hearts and homes of this city are open to you; its beauty, its pride and its wealth come out to greet and welcome you."

The speech was listened to with the most respectful attention. At its conclusion the soldiers and officers, together with a number of those in attendance, sat down at the tables, while the ladies and gentlemen connected with the fair acted as waiters, and ministered to the wants of the visitors. Miller's Band, the while, lent additional attractiveness to the scene by playing a number of beautiful airs. At the conclusion of the repast, Dr. Heacock, on behalf of Col. Dandy, thanked the ladies for the hospitable manner in which the veterans of the One Hundredth had been received and entertained. Mrs. Fargo, the president of the fair, was especially remembered, and three lusty cheers were given for that lady. The Buffalo Board of Trade, the Ladies of Buffalo, Col. Dandy and others were subsequently cheered. As an ending to

the entertainment, Lieut. G. H. Stowits presented two beautiful swords, the gift of the veterans, to Capt. Leopold Evert and First Lieut. Cornelius B. Adriance, the officers in charge, and with whom the veterans had made the journey from Hilton Head to Buffalo. Lieut. Stowits made a few pertinent remarks to the officers, and subsequently on their behalf returned thanks to the donors.

The veterans were free for a month, spent their time and money, and with reluctance turned their backs upon their homes, and headed for the South and the camp of the regiment.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN OF 1864. — TRANSFER OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT FROM MORRIS ISLAND TO GLOUCESTER POINT. — THE RELATION OF SUCCESSIVE EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF SUMTER TILL ITS RESTORATION BY THE GOVERNMENT. — THE STATE AND CONDITION OF CHARLESTON. — THE QUENCHING OF FIRES BY OUR SOLDIERY. — THE RETREAT OF GEN. HARDEE'S ARMY.

The spring, with new plans and movements, was opening. Gen. Grant had sole control of all combinations of army affairs. He held the reins of government in all departments. Subordinates were waiting the order from his working brain.

On Morris island the troops managed to pass the winter in comparative comfort. Rations were abundant and good, and there was a plentiful supply of clothing. The weather was not unpleasant, except when the high east winds prevailed. During the equinoctial storm of two weeks, the sea encroached upon the island twenty feet.

Gen. Gillmore had been ordered in April to reinforce the army of the James under Butler, to operate

against Richmond. The One Hundredth Regiment turned its back upon its sandy camp, which for nearly nine months had been its home, through the storms of shot and shell, the terrors of disease, the weighty labors of fatigue, in trench and fort, and the daily longings for home, friends and the comforts of social life. As they left the desert shores of that sea and swamp-girt isle relief was apparent, but then came that oft-repeated wonder, "What's the order?" "Where ordered?" The beach at Gloucester Point greeted them, from which they had sailed sixteen months before. The large number of troops there assembled was proof that an important movement was in progress.

Since, in the course of this narration, we have followed the fate of Sumter, from its first suffering through Maj. Anderson and his little band of brave men, we will briefly relate its history of restoration to the "old flag" and the Union.

From the time of the opening of the batteries of Wagner, Chatfield and Gregg, until the evacuation of Charleston by the flank and rear movements of Sherman's army, they continued to throw at intervals thirty and one-hundred-pound shells into the city. One thirty-pounder Parrott, at an elevation of forty-two degrees, had thrown four thousand six hundred and fifteen shells into the town, and burst from the constant and continuous strain.

During the operations before Charleston, twenty-three guns of the larger calibre had exploded. One three-hundred-pounder, five two-hundred-pounders,

and seventeen one-hundred-pounders. The entire lower part of the city was substantially destroyed.

What with the great fire of 1861, and the ruins in range of our shells, the lower portion of Charleston was inhabited only by the winged tribes, safely perched upon its crumbling debris, while the rank grass in the streets, as seen by our entering soldiery, filled all hearts with the loneliness and desolation of the scene.

From the time of the completion of our batteries till the close of the rebellion, but little of interest transpired before Charleston. At intervals the enemy would open his guns and bombard our works for hours, only to be silenced for his temerity. We have seen the miserable apology of a flag staff, sticking in the brick and mortar of Sumter's walls, shot down three times in a day by a three-hundred-pounder Parrott gun from Battery Chatfield on Cummings' Point.

Expeditions were sent to "Bull's Bay," on James island, and up Stono river, to keep the enemy informed of our activity and strength. Troops were changed from the island, as their sanitary condition demanded, and all was done that could be done to make their condition livable, and keep them in heart to endure fatigue and exposure incident to duty on that sandy isle.

The Sanitary and Christian commissions, their managers and supporters, received the prayers of every true soldier who fought and suffered on the sand hills of Morris island. And we would not forget that band

of noble women in our own city, led by Mrs. Horatio Seymour, Jr., who was a power behind barricades of woolen and cotton goods, and whose labors for the soldier will live in our hearts while life lasts; and our blessings will follow those hearts that worked, felt and prayed for the cause and the welfare of the nation's preservers. Through Chaplain Linn the donations from Mrs. Seymour found their way to the regiment, and in hospital the suffering soldier was comforted and raised to health through means furnished by these patriotic women. The cargoes of ice, the loads of delicacies and substantial nutritive food for the sick and languishing, will ever be remembered by us who felt the wants and cared for the welfare of those under our commands. Volumes could be written of incidents, happening in camp, on duty in the trench, or in boats along the creeks through the marsh during those long winter nights, with nought but the stars and one's thoughts to cheer, lightened with the fiery track of exploding shells on their mission of death. The morning parade, from 4 A. M. till sunrise, on the island, as a precaution against surprise, and all regular duties and exposures were endured with fortitude and real heroism for the cause and perpetuity of government. An end of daily and nightly duty mingled with the fear of exploding shells was at hand.

Sherman had marched to the sea. He had made his triumphal entry into Savannah, and soon would thunder at the rear gates of Charleston. Columbia had fallen, which was the signal for Hardee to evacu-

ate Charleston. At an early hour, February 17th, 1865, Hardee, after destroying all property that might aid us in our operations, left by the only railway out of the city open for use, to join Beauregard and Cheatham in their union with Johnson, to check, if possible, the victorious legions of Sherman. The torch had been applied by military order, and four blocks of buildings were added to the large area of ruins.

At 9 o'clock, February 18th, Maj. A. J. Hennessey raised the stars and stripes over Sumter, where the old flag had been dishonored and hauled down nearly four years before. Flags were raised over Moultrie, Ripley and Pinckney, and Charleston was entered at 10 o'clock, and its surrender received from the hands of Maj. Macbeth, who gladly accomplished it, that speedy assistance might be rendered to save what remained of that shattered, destroyed and suffering city. Troops were hurried over from Morris island, and the soldiery, whose duty it was to destroy within the range of shot and shell, now worked as heartily and cheerily to *save*,—the legitimate culture of economy and civilization.

The gallant Stewart L. Woodford, since lieutenant governor of the State of New York, was appointed military governor of Charleston. The inhabitants looked for a spirit of vengeance at the hands of their conquerors, and were astonished to find instead, the announcement in Col. Woodford's first order "inviting the people to open their schools and churches, resuming, as far as possible, the avocations of peace."

The order closed with these emphatic words: "No disloyal act or utterance will be tolerated. The national flag must be honored and the national laws obeyed."

When intelligence reached Washington of the evacuation of Sumter, the President appointed the anniversary of the fall of Sumter as the day when the old flag should be raised by Maj., *now* Gen., Anderson. Preliminaries were arranged. A large number of citizens went from the harbor of New York in the steamer *Oceanus* to assist in the ceremonies. Col. Woodford had charge of the exercises at the fort. When the multitude were assembled around the flagstaff, "Victory at Last" was sung, followed by "Rally Round the Flag." The Chaplain who officiated at the raising of the flag, December 27th, 1860, again pronounced a blessing on the ensign of our country's redemption. Gen. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General of the Army of the United States, read Maj. Anderson's dispatch of April 18th, 1861, announcing the fall of Fort Sumter. This was followed by the appearance of the faithful Sergeant Hart, the one-man reinforcement that Mrs. Anderson took to Sumter in the dark days of our nation's struggle, with a new "*mail bag*" containing the same "*Dear Old Flag*" that greeted the vision of that brave and loyal woman on her mission of aid to her patriotic husband. It was attached to the halliards, when Gen. Anderson, after a brief and touching address, hoisted it to the peak of the flagstaff amid loud cheers and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Six guns on the fort opened their loud voices, and were responded to by the guns from all the batteries around which took part in the bombardment of the fort in 1861. Henry Ward Beecher, the chosen orator, pronounced an eloquent address. A benediction closed the ceremonies, and Fort Sumter was repossessed by the government.

The curtain that had been lifted for four long years had fallen. Charleston and citizens had fearfully paid in lives and property for the folly of secession. The detonating music of heavy ordnance had ceased. The "*last ditch*" had been reached by the stragglers of a once boasting and defiant soldiery, in the blowing up by accident of the depot and killing two hundred human beings, a sad wail in the wake of Gen. Hardee's retreating army. In a night preceding a morn of oppressive stillness, the tragic events before Charleston had an end. No more could be heard the whizzing, screeching shell of thirty, one-hundred, two-hundred and three-hundred-pounder Parrott guns from national batteries on Morris island. Sorrow, gloom and death hovered over that rebellious city. Most of her chivalric sons had sacrificed their lives in war, while others were strangers in the land of their birth. No more will those barren, desolate, sandy isles, echo to the tread daily and nightly, it is hoped, of an army decreed to save and perpetuate this government. Since the drama has closed let it be closed forever.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CLOSING OF THE RECRUITING OFFICE AT BUFFALO. — THE REGIMENT ORDERED FROM MORRIS ISLAND TO GLOUCESTER POINT. — PREPARATIONS FOR A SUMMER CAMPAIGN. — EMBARKED ON TRANSPORTS. — LANDING AT BERMUDA HUNDRED. — GEN. BUTLER IN COMMAND. — MARCHED TO THE PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND RAILROAD. — FOUGHT THE ENEMY, TORE UP THE RAILROAD AND DESTROYED THE TELEGRAPH.

The recruiting office at Buffalo was closed, and Col. Dandy, with his detail, ordered to his regiment. On arriving at New York City the detachment awaited further orders. After some delay it was learned that the regiment was at Gloucester Point, Virginia, to which we hastened by the way of Baltimore and Fortress Monroe.

Capt. M. H. Topping left us at New York City, having resigned, April 26th, 1864. He was a capable, brave and reliable officer.

February 27th, 1864. Second Lieuts. Myron P. Pierson and Wayne Vogdes were promoted to be first lieutenants. Serg. Azor Hilton Hoyt to be second lieutenant.

April 14th. Benjamin F. Hughson was promoted to be first lieutenant, and George G. Barnum to be second lieutenant, First Lieut. William Richardson to be captain, and Charles E. Walbridge to be captain and assistant quartermaster of volunteers.

As trained men strip for a fight, so the divisions at Gloucester Point were stripped of all extra baggage and clothing, and supplied with what would be necessary for march, bivouac and battle. All things tended toward a spirited campaign in appearance and activity. In the line of baggage, officers were limited to a satchel, or small valise. All surplus baggage, company books and desks were put on transport and sunk at Fortress Monroe, which has deprived us of many valuable records which could have been used as needed additions of facts to interest the friends in the career of a regiment so constantly engaged in active service.

While lying at the point whole regiments were sent on picket. The lot, as was usually the case, fell to the One Hundredth Regiment for three days in succession. Shelter tents had been provided. We bivouacked for the time on the picket line under the command of Maj. Nash, who had been relieved of the charge of the regiment on the return of Col. Dandy from Buffalo. Well and faithfully had he discharged the duties of commander of the regiment during its stay on Morris island, in the absence of the Colonel, and now with officers and men was on duty at the front.

Quartermasters were busily at work issuing clothing and shoes to the men, who were obliged, by order,

to have two pairs of shoes, which was evidence of not a little marching. At this time it is worthy of mention, that one of the severest storms of rain, thunder and lightning, accompanied with a high wind, swept over the "Point," which, had it been in winter, would have been unendurable. It was termed an awful night, and thousands of soldiers who suffered it will ever remember it. It differed from the night at Williamsburg in that it was not cold. Gen. Butler was in command of the expedition, and he brought to bear that wonderful faculty of his, in the prosecution of any work, energy and its elements of skill and ability to forward means to ends. A grand review was held, at which the soldiery appeared to good advantage. It was the opening of summer in the South, and nature was robed in green. To the soldier an uncertain future was visible. The troops were ready. The transports were at hand. The movement began, and soon all were on board, not knowing whether, up or down York river. The boats were headed up the stream.

Officers and men were busily engaged in writing letters to friends at home, all feeling the uncertainty of coming events. Night closed upon us, and the next morning, May 5th, found us at Fortress Monroe moving up James river. Here, for the first time, we had an opportunity of seeing that promptness and energy so characteristic of Gen. Butler. As we reached the fortress the captain of the transport stopped engines, launched a small boat and was proceeding to go ashore, when Gen. Butler made enquiry from the pilot house

of his flag steamer, of the whereabouts of the captain ; when informed, he crossed the bow of the captain's boat and ordered him to the steamer, and in a few minutes we were sailing up the James, a day as bright, shining and lovely, as was ever reflected from that broad and classic stream.

At early morn on the 6th of May, amid a large fleet of transports crowded with troops, we were landed at Bermuda Hundred, above the mouth of the Appomattox river. How vivid is the recollection of the soldier of that warm May morning. The lightening of knapsacks, of shoes, stockings, shirts, coats and blankets, so that they covered and carpeted the way. Such is the instinct of an "*old soldier*," that he will suffer physical discomfort, rather than bear the weight of an ounce more than necessary to his peace of mind and bodily comfort.

The weather was extremely warm, and the soldier's life on Morris Island had been of that character that knapsacks were scarcely ever carried, and long marches were a myth, as the limits of the island would not warrant it. That day's march along a narrow unfrequented road, rough, and skirted with bush and thicket, with a scorching sun, proved fatiguing and exhausting to the men.

In a pleasant wood, the brigade commanded by Col. Plaisted, of the Eleventh Maine, bivouacked for the night, taking the necessary precautions of slashing and rifle-pits for temporary defence. The Third Brigade, Terry's division, was booked for a fight at once. Camp

duties being performed, the regiment, with the remainder of the brigade, moved into an open field and rested on their arms, waiting the decision for advance. It soon commenced. Along an old road in a wood the troops moved, to cut if possible, the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, and destroy it and as much of the telegraph line as possible. The enemy, it was supposed, was in a good defensive position, overlooking the railroad, and to be successful the movement must be masked and at the same time one of celerity. Gen. Brooks had command of the expedition. Col. Plaisted ordered Col. Dandy to make a detour, to take advantage of a wood which would cover the movement of the column. The regiment succeeded in getting through the wood with difficulty. Co. "I," Capt. Brunck, being deployed as skirmishers well to the right, to warn us of the approach of the enemy in that direction. Capt. Brunck marched and crossed the railroad, performed his duty with success, and spoke well of the conduct of his officers and men. While waiting the movements of Co. "I," the regiment was exposed on the south side of the wood to the direct rays of the sun, which proved too much for many of the men. Soon, however, the Colonel moved to the Richmond turnpike, running at right angles with our line of march. In front, across the pike, between the head of the column and the railroad, the woods were too thick for any movement, save that of skirmishers. By the left flank, at a double-quick and with cheers the regiment passed along the pike, through

the lines of other regiments firing volleys over us at the enemy on the opposite side of the railroad, then across an open field, swampy and cut up with creeks, under a brisk fire from the enemy, we carried our colors across the railroad, were rallied on a height overlooking the rebel position, and within short range of their rifle-pits. The brigade of Col. Barton in the meantime advancing on our left and rear occupied the attention of the enemy. A portion of his brigade, the Forty-eighth New York, overlapping the One Hundredth, joined us on the height and planted its colors near those of the One Hundredth. We maintained this position for two hours, repelled two successive charges of the enemy on our position, and materially aiding Col. Barton's brigade on our left, the enemy pressing upon him, being checked by our fire on his flank. At the same time a portion of the One Hundredth and the remaining two regiments of the brigade were engaged in tearing up the railroad and destroying the telegraph lines, both on the turnpike and railroad. This having been accomplished to a considerable extent, as far as could be seen, in the Richmond direction, and understanding that one or more trestle bridges had been destroyed, the brigade withdrew in sufficient time to prevent a flanking movement of the enemy on our left, caused by the falling back of Barton's brigade, and retook the position from which the movement was made. The object of the advance was successfully accomplished and, as far as could be judged, great damage was inflicted on the railroad and telegraph lines.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE FIGHT AT WALTHAL JUNCTION. — THE REPORT OF COL. G. B. DANDY AND FAVORABLE MENTION OF OFFICERS AND MEN. — THE ADROIT MOVEMENTS OF GEN. BUTLER ON CITY POINT AND BERMUDA HUNDRED. — THE BUILDING OF WORKS FROM THE JAMES TO THE APPOMATTOX. — THE ADVANCE ON THE 12TH AND 13TH OF MAY. — THE TAKING OF ONE OF THE OUTER FORTS OF THE WORKS AT DRURY'S BLUFF. — THE CHARGE OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT AND THEIR SUFFERINGS.

The fight at Walthal Junction ended, the object having been gained. The troops retraced their steps, left the railroad and turnpike, and formed on the hill overlooking the valley and opposite height, occupied by the enemy. The rebels kept a battery of field guns actively engaged in throwing shell, which did little or no damage. It was in this fight that Lieut. C. B. Adriance was severely wounded in the knee, which kept him from duty many months, and who was ultimately discharged.

Capt. William Richardson was wounded in the

breast, but not severely. The day had been oppressively warm, and to this, what with the excitement of battle, the sight of wounded men, and wearied bodies, the regiment was easily rocked to sleep in bivouack among the pines after the events of the day. Col. G. B. Dandy, in his official report of that fight, says: "Without intending to be invidious, I cannot refrain from mentioning for their coolness and gallantry the following named officers, who came during the action under my immediate observation: Maj. D. D. Nash, Capt. Timothy Lynch, commanding the color company, Lieuts. Stowits, Adriance, Richardson, Sandrock, Nichols, Peck, acting adjutant Pierson, McMann, Evans and Howell. Doubtless the remaining officers of the regiment, judging from the reports which reached me, performed their duty well and gallantly, and I am only sorry that my duties, confining me mostly to one position, prevented me from bearing the testimony of an eyewitness to their bravery. The same applied to the enlisted men who came under my eye. They stood well by their colors. Corporal Ball, of Co. "G," acting principal musician, distinguished himself by taking the gun of a wounded man, and went into action, in which he was wounded. Also, Spencer Rose, a mere lad and musician, who equipped himself with the arms of a dead man, and took an active part in the fight. The regiment did itself credit on the occasion of the engagement. Both the Surgeon, Dr. Kittenger, and the Chaplain, J. B. Linn, followed the regiment under fire,

and made the greatest exertions in the line of their respective duties; the first in caring for the wounded, and the second in removing them from the field." All movements, whether of feint or battle, has a tendency of demoralization among soldiers. The anxieties and fears, the knowledge of dead and wounded comrades, all help to unsteady the mind and unfit the man for the unnatural work of destroying his fellow-man.

The 7th of May opened a campaign which had had no parallel in the history of the regiment, for variety of movements, losses and stirring momentous events. The plan of Gen. Grant, entrusted to Gen. Butler, contemplated a vigorous movement against Richmond on the south side of the James river. The Confederates were misled. Gen. Butler, with wonderful celerity, had sent troops to West Point on York river, cavalry by the way of Williamsburg, forces on the north and south of the James, and simultaneously landed brigades and divisions at City Point and Bermuda Hundred; while Gen. Kautz, from Suffolk, with three thousand cavalry, struck the Weldon road. Thus, within twenty-four hours, Butler, on the evening of the 5th of May, had transported 35,000 men, their baggage, supplies, wagons and artillery, within fifteen miles of the south side of Richmond, with such secrecy and speed that the enemy were wholly unprepared for his coming, which enabled Gen. Butler to seize the strongest natural position on the continent. Then followed, as related, the advance on Walthal Junction,

which resulted, as stated, with a loss to us of two hundred and fifty men to the whole command.

Another advance on the railway was made on the morning of May 9th, by a force composed of the divisions of Gens. Terry, Ames and Turner, of the Tenth Corps, and of Weitzel and Wistar of the Eighteenth. Gen. Gillmore commanded the right of the column and Gen. Smith the left. They destroyed the railway, right and left, and then moved within three miles of Petersburg. The rebels might have been driven across the Appomattox, into Petersburg, and the town possibly captured, had not a false rumor reached Butler that Lee was vanquished, and in full retreat on Richmond. If so he might quickly and heavily fall on the Army of the James, and crush it, which Gen. Butler would avert by recalling his troops, strengthen his lines, and prepare for an attack on Richmond.

The One Hundredth Regiment, with other details, had been left to work on the forts and intrenchments then being built from the James to the Appomattox. The shovel was in the hands of the men night and day until the morning of the 12th of May, when the regiment moved out of the works, and took up the line of march as part of the force, moving up the turnpike in the direction of Fort Darling and Drury's Bluff. The day was cloudy and cool, with a drizzling rain, which with the passage of troops and artillery in advance had so cut up the roads that the soldier soon drew the contrast between the dry sand of Morris island and the putty red clay of Virginia. The comparison was

unfavorable to the sacred soil of the Old Dominion. The turnpike was soon gained, where the marching was better and the column less cramped by narrow roads. The regiment, toward the close of the afternoon, took position on a height of ground, while the advance was shelling and driving the enemy. The day closed with a cold rain. The troops were ordered a short distance back covered by the brow of the hill, and without shelter passed another of those terrible nights which are ever remembered by the soldier, as living deaths, so painful, cheerless and awful. Fires were made where the means could be obtained, but as a whole it was a night of suffering. At morn the sun showed signs of a coming warmth, and the brigade was ordered to take up its line of march. As we moved along the narrow road, what with exercise and the rays of the sun, the men were made to forget in a measure the realities of the preceding night.

From representations made by a friendly negro, Col. Plaisted, in command of brigade, was ordered to make a detour across fields, through woods, in order to fall upon the rear of the enemy along a road leading to a fort in the outer line of works protecting the position at Drury's Bluff. In emerging from a field at the edge of a wood, two cavalry videttes were observed. Gen. R. S. Foster and aid, riding to the front, gave chase. Shots were fired, and one was captured. Col. Dandy was ordered to throw his regiment across the road leading from Richmond with its right and left wings deployed as skirmishers. In this position

we remained an hour, when we faced about, assembled on the road, and marched with celerity in the direction of heavy firing near Fort Darling. Soon the wounded were seen all along the way; and the sharp ring and crack of the rifle told to us that the real work was near at hand. On we pushed and entered the fort mentioned, from which the rebels had just been driven, as their dead bodies could be seen lying along the parapet unburied. The knowledge gained from the negro was accurate, the fort had been charged at the rear and right flank, forcing the enemy to retreat when resistance to our forces was found to be useless.

The rebels, from the hill, were seen in full flight as the One Hundredth entered the fort. The regiment was ordered on and alone into a charge on the enemy whose numbers could not be known, and to all the order seemed without precedent. We advanced in line of battle, under fire outside the fort, down a hill, across a small stream, the men firing rapidly, while the enemy's batteries were throwing shell among us. Rising an elevation of ground in front of a dense wood of thicket and brush, the rebels poured a destructive fire into our ranks. The men were falling. Shells, like balls among ten pins, knocked the men from the ranks, while others were wounded with the pieces after explosion. Still the regiment kept closed, penetrated the wood which screened them from the destructive fire on the left flank. Crossing the sharp angle of the wood the regiment was thrown into



ALFRED LYTHER.
2^d Lieut Co. K. 74th Reg^t N.Y.S.G.

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CALIFORNIA

Figure 1. The effect of the number of trials on the number of correct responses. The number of correct responses was significantly higher than the number of incorrect responses in all cases.

an open field, extended in line of battle and ordered to lie down, having just crossed Proctor's creek, thoroughly wet; hence to lie down in the swamp and wait orders was our fate after this exciting charge. In front lay the long line of skirmishers, flat, firing from their seven shooters, so that in the fading twilight those constant blazing streams of fire will ever remain visible in our memory. At dark, cold, wet, and in many instances with the loss of rubber blankets, we were ordered to recross Proctor's creek, and then, to end all our sufferings, we were told by Maj. Nash that the regiment was detailed for picket. As one of the officers detailed, we said to the Major, we cannot survive the night. The men were stationed, and soon, to live, they lay in heaps to keep each other warm and brave the cold till morn, or sooner relief. It was a second edition of the night before Williamsburg. We were so chilled, that to have stopped a double-quick on our beat from post to post would have caused us to drop and become at once unconscious. As memory serves us now we moved about almost unconsciously, knowing that to stop action and succumb to the benumbing influences of cold would render us at once insensible.

As though our pitiful condition was realized by the officers in command, at twelve, midnight, we were withdrawn, and to the rear around smouldering fires we kept life in our shivering bodies till the coming of dawn.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ADVANCE ON FORT DARLING. — THE SKIRMISHERS OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH. — THE WOUNDING OF LIEUT. HOYT. — THE TAKING OF THE RAIL FENCE. — THE ADVANCE OF MAY 16TH. — THE FATAL RESULTS. — AGAIN WITHIN INTRENCHMENTS. — DUTY IN CAMP AND ON THE PICKET LINE. — THE REPORTED ASSAULTS OF THE REBELS ON OUR LINE. — GEN. WALKER TAKEN PRISONER. — GEN. BUTLER REINFORCES GRANT.

Our work had just begun. Ambulances were busy transporting the wounded to more comfortable places, than in front of Fort Darling. In mist and fog we moved out of our temporary intrenchments, and slowly moved into position before the next line of works on our front. Through a small wood and into a field of low shrubs, where the regiment lay down, while Cos. "I" and "H" were thrown forward as skirmishers across an open field to gain position at a rail fence in front of the line of works to be taken. While waiting, the welcome sun began to warm our bodies and dry our clothing: Most stubbornly did the rebels

contest the possession of that open field, and as persistently did Capt. Brunck and Lieut. Hoyt, of Co. "I," and Lieuts. Howell and French of Co. "H," crowd the enemy to and beyond the rail fence. Capt. Brunck sent Lieut. Hoyt to Col. Dandy for aid. The skirmishers at this time were lying down to secure themselves from the hot fire of the enemy. With quiet and admirable coolness, Lieut. Hoyt, in that fierce fire, passed to the rear, and executed his order, when Col. Dandy ordered Co. "K," commanded by Lieut. Stowits, to support Capt. Brunck, and at once charge and take the rail fence. It was when this movement was commenced, and Lieut. Hoyt was returning to his company, that he was mortally shot through the abdomen, and at once borne to the rear, where he died from his wound. With a cheer the line moved forward, driving the rebels within their works, and the rail fence was ours. In that charge we lost Lieut. Edward Pratt, who was shot in the arch of the foot, just as we reached the fence. We shall never forget the chagrin and disappointment manifested by the lieutenant in the excitement of the charge, to think at its success he was lost to further active service. Twice before had he been wounded, in the charge on Fort Wagner, and now so early in the campaign to be thrown into hospital was too much for so brave and useful an officer to endure.

Under a deadly fire the skirmishers held the fence, keeping the rebels within their works, except now and then it was seen that officers drove them from, and

beyond the works, when behind the stumps of trees they poured their fire into our line, now heavily reinforced. A battery was planted near our left, at the edge of a wood, and for the rest of the day it played upon the intrenched front of the rebels with telling effect. At the fence the men were shot generally through the head, and fingers and thumbs were lost while firing in crouched positions. At 10 P. M. the skirmishers were relieved, after one of the most desperate, exciting and fatal charges ever made. Rifle-pits were dug, and preparations made to hold the position thus gained. The casualties for the number engaged were large.

Orders had been given for a general attack next morning, May 14th, but the line was thought too thin, and hence deferred till the morning of the 16th of May, a disastrous day to the "Army of the James." The evening of the 15th was still and clear. Toward morning a heavy fog arose from the bosom of the James, so dense that the soldiers could scarcely discern each other at the distance of a few feet. Under the cover of this and the darkness, Gen. Beauregard commanding in person fell upon our right, picketed by a few negro cavalry, and attempted to flank our position.

Gen. Smith commanded the right, and Gen. Heckman's brigade of Weitzel's division, after a gallant fight, was overwhelmed and the general taken prisoner. Equal disaster followed all along the line. The One Hundredth Regiment moved out, feeling its way in

the fog, and in line of battle lay down, faces to the ground, two-thirds across the field skirmished on the 14th. There, covered from the fire of the advancing rebels in the fog, not, as yet discernible, the regiment waited orders, but no orders came. Subsequently it was known that orderlies had been sent, and that wounded, they had returned without executing their missions. As the rebels emerged from the fog, a few rods in advance of the regiment, and beyond the rifle-pit, the right wing sprang for the rifle-pit, and checked the enemy by a well-directed fire. Many, rather than rise from the ground in that storm of shot, were taken prisoners; others preferred the risks of retreat to the barbarisms of a southern prison. The work of decimating the One Hundredth Regiment was quickly performed.

That sad hour forced unwilling representatives into southern prisons, to increase the number of sacred dead on southern soil. It has been affirmed, we fear with too much truth, that in consequence of the apparent dangers of the campaign, that large numbers of soldiers had expressed a determination to be taken prisoners at the first opportunity, and take the chances of prison, to the campaign. If such was the fact, we think their experience filled them with regrets, and that the fear of death in an occasional battle was nothing to the daily death at Salisbury, Andersonville and Millen.

The rebel colors were flaunted in our faces, as we were borne back through a tempest of shot to rising

ground, where our reserves were forming to check the further advance of the enemy. Here Lieut. James H. French was shot in the leg, suffered amputation, and died May 22d, in Libby Prison; Lieut. Babbitt was wounded and Lieut. Pierson taken prisoner; Serg. Donald McKay, the color bearer, was wounded, and when the writer offered to relieve him of the colors, that he might the better secure his escape, "No," he responded, "I must place them in the hands of the Colonel," which he did, and an ambulance conveyed him to the rear. Such was the disaster at Drury's Bluff. Our thinned and broken columns were forced back to intrenched positions. Beauregard pressed Smith's right with a heavier force, which caused him to fall back and form a new line, extending from the Half Way House on the turnpike, nine miles from Richmond, almost to the river. Gillmore was compelled by this movement to fall back, upon which Beauregard crowded the whole national line closely and heavily, with increasing numbers. Butler perceiving the danger to his communications, withdrew his whole force within his lines at Bermuda Hundred, in front of which Beauregard threw up parallel works almost at speaking distance from the national intrenchments. At this time Gen. Kautz was upon another raid on the railways leading to Richmond, from the south and south-west. While retreating, the house where Lieut. Hoyt was dying was almost surrounded by the enemy. The order had been given to fall back. Chaplain Linn was at his side. He determined to

save him. A sergeant procured a stretcher. The Lieutenant was laid upon it and almost immediately expired. The Chaplain covered him with a blanket and turned to leave him. The rebel cavalry were in sight. Though dead the Chaplain could not trust him for burial in rebel hands. He asked of his company who would volunteer to go with him and secure the body. Offers were plenty. The Colonel consented. His body was secured and borne into camp, and buried by Capt. Brunck and Chaplain Linn and the proper escort, though the Lieutenant requested if he fell, that his body might be buried where he was slain.

In a wood at the road side were the scattered remnants of the One Hundredth Regiment, which a few days before, and even on that fatal morning, was the size of many brigades, now was hardly cognizable as a regiment at all. Gen. Butler and staff riding by, said: "Where is your regiment?" He was shown the handful in the wood and told that there was what remained of seven hundred men. He said he was sorry for us, that we were a brave regiment, but he could not help us in the hour of need. As we marched and neared the camp we left on the morning of the 12th, our numbers kept increasing, though the sad gaps in companies at roll call, told a tale of loss unmistakable. Co. "K," commanded by Lieut. Stowits, had lost during the 13th, 14th and 16th, twenty-four men and one officer, in killed, wounded and missing; a fair average of the loss of each company in the regiment.

Col. H. M. Plaisted, commanding brigade, in his report of the repulse at Drury's Bluff, says of the One Hundredth: "That the skirmish line upon their right giving way, the One Hundredth was overwhelmed by the enemy upon its front and flank, and this gallant regiment, refusing to retire without orders, suffered the loss so much to be regretted. Throughout the expedition this regiment had the advance, and always willing, always ready, was the first and foremost in the fight, and last to leave the field. Upon every occasion, under its gallant leader, its conduct was indeed most creditable to itself and the great State it represents. Credit is due Col. Dandy and the One Hundredth New York for the admirable manner in which they performed every duty."

The works extending from the James to the Appomattox river were to be substantially built. Gen. Butler's position was almost impregnable, with the rivers on each flank filled with monitors and gunboats and his rear free for the transportation of supplies. The spade was active night and day. At first nought but a picket line of posts was established in front of the intrenchments, but soon the activity of the rebels on our front, made it necessary to dig rifle-pits, and prepare for a stubborn defence of an outer line. The enemy began the work of attempting to drive in our pickets, and force us within the main line at once. Our picket duty became a constant battle.

May 21st. A fierce attack was made on our line led by the rebel Gen. Walker, a Texan by birth. In

handling his men in the wood he became separated from his command and rode up to our line, and thinking it his own, ordered us on, when at once seeing his error, he wheeled, threw himself on the neck of his horse, striking him deeply with spurs, and attempted to flee, but a well-directed volley brought horse and rider to the ground. His horse was killed, and the general was badly wounded. He affirmed that if he had not been taken, soon our line would have been doubled up and broken, and our position flanked. He lost a leg, was sent to Fortress Monroe and recovered. He was a fine-looking, intelligent officer, about forty-five years of age.

In the meantime the rebels were fortifying their works and getting guns into position to shell our rifle-pits. The rebel pits were only a few rods distant, and the quiet of several days was ominous of the storm to follow. They opened on us, drove us from the pits, but reinforced by a brigade under Col. Howell, they were retaken and the line held. It was one of the sharpest of contests for the small numbers engaged, and is known as the battle of "Ware Bottom Church." The trees were scarred and peeled with bullets.

The enemy repeated the attack the following day with no better success. Our inner line of works were nearly complete with abatis and wire in front, so that the troops were secure. All along the line between the river the enemy tried to assault every conceivable weak point. We had become quite familiar on the picket line with the rebels. Though all com-

munication was forbidden, still many stratagems were planned to obtain papers in exchange for tobacco. While lying quietly in our pits, at times, the rebels would open their batteries, sending shells into the woods, crushing and crashing with deafening noise, as though the whole rebel army was upon us. Soon the danger would be less apparent, and as there was no advance of the enemy, the men would crouch down and protect themselves from the bursting shrapnels sending their showers of bullets through the air.

Our picket line, having an irregular shape, was straightened the last of May, so that we were nearer camp, and less liable to a flank movement of the rebels. On the evening of the first of June, at the hour of 9 P. M., it being dark and rainy, the rebels opened with volleys of musketry upon our pits. We responded all along the line. For seven hours the firing continued. We averaged one hundred cartridges to each man. At times it seemed, in the darkness, that the rebels were upon us, and the boys would fill the woods in front with streams of fire. Details were sent to the rear for cartridges, for the men were so fearful that the enemy might spring upon them when empty of means to repel a charge, that we were obliged to deal cartridges singly to economize and be ready should the enemy dash into our pits. As the morning light made our front visible, there was "Johnny" bobbing up his head, resting from the last night's furious fusillade.

Butler was preparing for the capture of Petersburg

when he received orders to send two-thirds of his effective force to Gen. Grant, who was still pressing Lee by flank movements and bloody front battles. This order kept us, who remained, in the rifle-pits night and day. The batteries of the rebels were shelling us when we were relieved and during our watchful vigilance. Well might Gen. Butler exclaim after, or at the time of complying with Grant's order, "That the necessities of the Army of the Potomac have bottled me up at Bermuda Hundred."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE REGIMENT STILL AT BERMUDA HUNDRED. — CONSTANT FIRING OF THE REBELS ON OUR PICKETS. — THEY EVACUATE THEIR WORKS. — WE ENTERED THEM, REACHED THE RAILROAD, AND TORE UP TRACK FOR THREE MILES. — ASSAILED BY PICKETT'S DIVISION. — THE REBELS REPULSED. — WE HELD THEIR PITS. — THEY ASSAULT ON THE 17TH OF JUNE. — ARE REPULSED. — THE BRIGADE ORDERED TO DEEP BOTTOM. MADE A LANDING AND INTRENCHED. — CAPT. GRANGER CHARGED THE GROVER HOUSE AND DROVE THE REBELS.

The day succeeding the evening of June 1st was very quiet, and at night the regiment was relieved by the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts. The enemy would open their batteries at their pleasure, and the crash of exploding shell in the woods was startling. The men would lie close in the pits till the storm passed over. The duties of the regiment were divided between fatigue and picket. There was no relief from constant and severe labor and exposure. The regiment changed camp to the rear, a few rods nearer the bank of the James. Those companies detailed on picket on the

right, and next the bank of the river, were in full view of the exposed line of the rebels in passing from Richmond to their works on our front, in consequence of the great bend in the river. They had planted a battery above and near this point, at what was known as the Howlitt House, and at the head of navigation limit by our navy. The position of the One Hundredth at this time was on a high bluff overlooking Dutch Gap, Fort Harrison and the rebel works on the opposite side of the James river. Capt. Granger, who had been absent since the charge on Wagner, July 18th, 1863, and had been on duty in New York and Riker's island most of the time, joined the regiment, and took charge of Co. "K," which had been commanded by Lieut. Stowits for most of the year. Its numbers had been much reduced in common with other companies of the regiment. In the details for picket and fatigue, only a limited number of officers were sent out. Toward the middle of June every captain in camp was sick, and the details for picket were commanded by lieutenants.

The guns of Cool Arbor were booming on the air. The soldiery hoped that the end was near. But, "as coming events cast their shadows before," so the hastily constructed pontoons across the James river gave evidence that our army was changing position and that present hopes of entering Richmond were not to be entertained. Grant was moving his forces on Petersburg. Lee, as soon as aware of Grant's intent, began to move the army of northern Virginia toward

Petersburg. Hence from the Bermuda front the rebels were withdrawn to save that city.

The One Hundredth went on picket the night of the 14th of June. The 15th they were relieved by the Tenth Connecticut.

On the morning of the 16th the videttes of the Tenth Connecticut discovered that the enemy had evacuated their pits, and "our boys sailed in," took three officers on our right and forty men, who had not received the order to move, as some were sound asleep. Gen. Terry was at once commanded to force Beauregard's lines, and destroy and hold, if possible, the railway in that vicinity. Terry reached the road with the Eleventh Maine, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, two batteries and one regiment of cavalry; the Tenth Connecticut still holding the picket line, and the One Hundredth Regiment in camp under arms. Their works were levelled. The railroad was destroyed for three miles, when the rebels were reinforced by Lee with ten times our numbers, and Terry was obliged to retire at 4½ P. M. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts was in advance. The Eleventh Maine was lying in ambush at Ware Bottom Church, just outside of our rifle pits. The Tenth Connecticut, having moved farther to the front, now fell back to the line of the Eleventh Maine and faced to the ground also. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts fell back as skirmishers, and the "Johnnies" came on, with that yell which was unlike any human screech ever known, across the ravine, and as they arose the hill in front of the Eleventh Maine and

Tenth Connecticut, the rebels repeated their yells of triumph, and intended to dash into the pits, when the Tenth Connecticut and Eleventh Maine rose and poured two volleys into the very teeth of the rebels driving their yells and thoughts clear through them, when with dead and wounded they beat a hasty retreat. They got no farther than their main works, while we held their pits. At 5 P. M. the One Hundredth Regiment, under Maj. Nash, was ordered out to support our brigade. We lay all night in rear of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, and all day the 17th of June, when the rebels made another ineffectual attempt to regain their pits. They made a dash on the left of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts and in front of the Thirty-ninth Illinois, and drove the latter from the pits. But the Thirty-ninth, with that veteran coolness, skirmished back and retook their position, supported by Co. "I," Capt. Brunck, who, always cool, was there, not to be driven; while the left of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts was strengthened by Co. "K," Lieut. Stowits, whose men at once commenced to throw up a rifle pit, the balls flying like hail, though too high for effect. The adjutant of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts had his lips cut close to his teeth without breaking the enamel, a marvel of close shooting. We held them when the One Hundredth Regiment was relieved at 10 P. M. The forces that struck Terry on that exciting day were Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps, on its way from Richmond to Petersburg.

Assistant Surgeon William D. Murray, who had faithfully served the regiment, and won the confidence and esteem of both officers and men, left the One Hundredth at Bermuda Hundred, June 15th, 1864, and was mustered out of the regiment and into the One Hundred and Sixty-first Regiment of New York Volunteers, as surgeon, July 16th, 1864; and soon after the regiment was ordered to the department of the Gulf, where the experience of Surg. Murray was made successfully available in the sanitary welfare of those committed to his charge. Surg. Kittenger and Surg. Murray served the full term of three years, completing their obligations to government.

During this movement the monitors just below, in the James, would throw their fifteen-inch shells into the enemy's lines, and the rumble and echoes were as if a whole blacksmith shop, tools, anvils, bellows and all were hurled through the air, to the appalling discomfort of the astounded rebels. Both lines, monitors and battle were within a breadth of two and a half miles.

On the evening of the 18th of June, the One Hundredth Regiment was ordered on picket, and occupied the rear pits from those held on the 17th. We were stationed along a ravine with two companies, and our right resting on the James river. The gunboats were just below. It was a bright and beautiful night. Every stump was a moving rebel, and the shadows of the waving branches in the breeze were squads of advancing rebels. My position, with my two companies,

was an almost impassable locality, terminating in a wood slide of one hundred feet in descent, at the foot of which was a wharf from which steamers were supplied with fuel in the days of peace, when red war was not raging through those quiet vales. It was Sunday. We had been fighting for three days. We were expecting an attack at any moment. Our life was in the rifle-pits. My negro, God bless him, brought my meals when shot and shell were flying in every direction. His bravery always insured my coffee and hard tack, blanket and overcoat. Wiley Walker, like many other colored servants, was a character marked and individual. He was brave, reliable and full of the merits of our cause. In the rear of our tent, often has his soothing voice, with tones rich and musical, lulled our wearied spirits to rest, as did our mother in our infant days. He left his family, joined us at Gloucester Point, May 2d, 1864, and entered Richmond the last of April, 1865, meeting his family, having seen what he had long hoped for, the surrender of Lee and the capture of the rebel capital.

Monday, June 20th. The brigade, commanded by Gen. R. S. Foster, was ordered to take and hold Deep Bottom. The One Hundredth New York, Eleventh Maine, Tenth Connecticut, and Twelfth-fourth Massachusetts moved out of camp in light marching order at 5 P. M., and in heat and clouds of dust marched ten miles below Richmond to a spot on a narrow peninsula, known in the bend of the James river as Deep Bottom, the water being estimated at eighty

feet in depth. A pontoon train had preceded us. The boats were soon afloat. The troops on the river bank were divided into details to carry the string-pieces, to place them in position on the boats, to bring plank, to lay them in place, and all with wonderful celerity and precision, so that a little after midnight the bridge was complete, the brigade was over, and the axes of the Eleventh Maine were ringing in echoes through the woods, and the shovel was busily employed in throwing up intrenchments for defence. This was another of those prompt movements of Gen. Butler, and was a decided success. The secure position of Gen. Foster enabled Gen. Grant to throw heavy bodies of troops to the north side of the James when desired. Gen. Lee, seeing this advantage, constructed a pontoon bridge across the river at Drury's Bluff to make a better resistance to Grant's flanking movements. Cavalry videttes were posted in front of our position while our work of heavy fatigue went on. Three thousand Ohio troops of one hundred days men suddenly appeared among us. We threw down the shovel and took up the gun, and soon had active work to do. A post of cavalry had been driven in at the Grover House, one mile from the landing. Gen. Foster applied to Col. Dandy for one company, all he could afford to lose, he said, if unsuccessful in driving the enemy from the house. Capt. Granger, the senior officer of the line, and Co. "K," were chosen to make the charge. As the company had been commanded by Lieut. Stowits for most of the year, and there being no other officer in

it, he being then in command of Co. "A," Col. Dandy asked Lieut. Stowits if he would accompany Capt. Granger to make the charge. The Lieutenant responded, "Yes, Colonel, if you order it." He replied, "I should like to have you go." The Lieutenant went. The company moved out to the right, and in the meantime Maj. Nash sent a sergeant and a few picked men to make a detour through the woods and deceive the rebels as to the numbers upon them. We had to pass through three fields before reaching the house, one of oats and the last of corn to the height of the knee. The Major followed us across the ravine and to the spot where we were to charge through the corn field. At a double quick, amid a shower of balls, while the crack of rifles in the woods told us that our skirmishers were at work, we pushed on and reached the fence at the right flank of the house, without firing a shot and with the loss of only one man, Corporal Bond, shot in the foot. What with the firing of our men in the woods, and the strong front of a full regiment of one hundred days men drawn up in line at the spot where we started, and our quick dash to gain the fence, completely frightened the "Johnnies," and the Grover House was ours.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE POSITION OF THE GROVER HOUSE. — THE ASSISTANCE OF THE GUNBOATS. — THE REBELS SHELLED. — OUR POSITION AT DEEP BOTTOM CONTRASTED WITH THAT ON THE BERMUDA FRONT. — THE WORKS ON OUR FRONT WERE MADE STRONG. — THE BRIGADE WAS REINFORCED. — JULY 27TH HANCOCK AND SHERIDAN MOVED UPON OUR RIGHT. — THE WHOLE LINE MOVED. — CO. "K," CAPT. GRANGER, MADE ANOTHER CHARGE. — CAPT. RICHARDSON KILLED. — HIS BODY WAS NOT RECOVERED.

The Grover House was the most advanced post on our picket line at Deep Bottom, in easy and fair range of the fort on the opposite hill, with the right and left of our picket line refused, as military would express it. As soon as the rebels were driven from the house, we posted a picket on the left in view of a point of woods, fearing a flank movement, as two regiments of rebel infantry and one of cavalry were a short distance from us, and it was thought that an effort would be made to retake the house.

The gunboats in the river were waiting the signal to

open fire. We had hardly posted the picket before a Parrott shell struck a few rods from us, ploughed up the soft soil, which knocked over the man on post, nearly covering him with dirt, and passed on, exploding in the woods beyond. We said to the picket, who was a German, "Are you hurt?" He replied, "No," but I soon saw that he was stunned and not a little demoralized. We supplied his place. The next shot passed over our heads and burst among the retreating rebels. The range was fairly obtained, and no further anxiety was felt. Co. "K" was relieved, and fresh men held the house during the night. Col. Dandy was complimented for the successful charge of Capt. Granger, which was truly merited as far as the Captain and Co. "K" were concerned. We have ever felt respect for that regiment from Ohio of one hundred days men. The sight of that large regiment, sent to dig and not to fight, surprised and frightened the rebels, and saved Co. "K" from destruction.

Our picket line was established along the brow of the hill in front of the fort being constructed, and overlooking the valley, the Grover House and the rebel line in front. The enemy commenced to throw up parallel works as soon as they saw that we were firmly seated at Deep Bottom. The baggage of the regiment had arrived, and a spot had been selected for camp, which was at once occupied. Dig, watch and chop were the orders day and night.

Adj. Peck was sick. Lieut. George G. Barnum was acting adjutant. Capt. Brown, who had been act-

ing as quartermaster for a long time, asked to be relieved, which was granted, and George G. Barnum appointed in his place, who was familiar with its duties, having been associated with Capt. Brown as quartermaster sergeant. In the meantime Adjt. Peck had returned to duty. The fatigue of the regiment was excessive. The change from Bermuda front to Deep Bottom, in many respects, was for the better. We had the best of spring water bubbling from the earth, making small streams, and in quantity to supply many brigades. Our right rested on Four Mile creek, and our left flank, and most of our front and right of the picket line, was in the woods, a welcome shade during the very warm days of July and August.

Fine buildings overlooking the James had been burned, leaving nothing but those large towering chimneys, small monuments of secesh folly and fanatical ruin. These chimneys throughout the South are generally constructed on the outside of the building, as there is more room outside than in.

The facilities for bathing, on shore and from the pontoon bridge, were unequaled, and were gleefully improved.

The gunboats *Mendota* and *Hunchback* lay in the stream coöperating with Gen. Foster, the former below the pontoon, and the later above the bridge. The enemy shelled the gunboats throughout the 22d of June. The *Mendota* returned the enemy's fire, and silenced their batteries. The rebels on the front of Gen. Foster's brigade were Cook's brigade, of Heath's

division of A. P. Hill's corps. Their cavalry was commanded by Maj. Robbins of Hocum's legion. The gunboats continued to shell the enemy left and right, driving them farther from our picket line, and making them very chary of an advance. At this time the men were digging to lay out camp near where one of the buildings was situated, and discovered a large iron pot nearly filled with gold and silver. The excitement was intense among the boys, when these spoils of war were divided among them on their own motion. The amount was variously estimated from five hundred to five thousand dollars. We remember that it was difficult to ascertain the precise amount, though we saw many pieces of the coin in the hands of members of the One Hundredth Regiment.

This successful movement of Gen. Foster, and his tenable position at the point selected, elicited words of warm commendation from all acquainted with the facts of the undertaking. The forts soon assumed shape, and were manned, and the covered way leading from one to the other was finished a little after the fourth of July. Till the 15th of July there had been no rain for forty days. Digging was labor in that hard red clay. It took the larger part of three regiments to picket the line, and hence we averaged every second night on duty. The weather was very warm, though the James river was very near. There was an occasional alarm on the picket line. One night a sentinel blazed away at a hog foraging near the line.

We had pushed our line farther into the woods as

July advanced. The woods caught fire and burned fiercely, threatening camp. A welcome rain and fortunate slashing in front, saved the camps from destruction. The middle of July the brigade was reinforced by a regiment of dismounted Maryland cavalry, and our duties were lightened. The enemy would occasionally press our line to try its strength, but were invariably repulsed. They showed much activity along our front during the last days of July. Capt. William Brown resigned from ill health, and left for the North.

July 27th was one of those exciting days, when the soldier, if alive to all the interests of the cause at stake, is intensely interested in passing events. Hancock's corps and Sheridan's cavalry were crossing the pontoons all night, and that dull, heavy, and low muffled sound, told to us that work was ahead. The One Hundredth was on picket, and Co. "K" was in reserve. From 12 midnight, till morning, the crossing on the bridge was continuous. At sunrise the battle commenced. Steadily the picket line was pressed forward upon the rebels, and the firing was incessant. Hancock moved up on our right across Four Mile creek, threw out his skirmishers and advanced. He charged and took four thirty-pounder rifled guns and drove the rebels. Sheridan kept crossing during the day. At 8 A. M. the reserve, Co. "K," was ordered to the Grover House, upon which it had charged five weeks before, and Capt. Granger ordered to take and hold a point of wood across a wide field and the Charles City road, or a road leading from

the James river to the Charles City road, and if possible a house known as the Phillips' House, close up to the enemy's rifle pits.

Lieut. Stowits had charge of the advance, while Capt. Granger followed with the reserve. The men were deployed as skirmishers, and steadily advanced. The rebels poured into us a shower of balls. When two-thirds of the way across the field we said: "Now boys, make for the fence and woods, double quick." It was done, and strange to record, as in the case of the charge on the Grover House, with only the loss of one man, private John Brown shot in the knee, which compelled amputation. Capt. Granger quickly brought up the reserve, and the cover of the trees enabled us to advance with less danger, but orders came not to leave the wood from which the rebels had been driven, but to hold it for the time at all hazards. Our left flank was exposed, and one company of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts was sent to our left to watch the enemy. The firing was severe, though without further loss to the charging party. The woods were held for seven hours.

While in the wood a deserter came in from the rebel line in front. He wore a jaunty cap with red band, and was dressed miscellaneously, as most of the enemy at this time. He looked pale and much excited. He inquired what troops were present. When told, he said "I am lost." The regiment to which he formerly belonged was the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, and his own company from which he had deserted in North

Carolina, was supporting us, lying along a rail fence in our rear. The circumstance was a fatality, and seemed strange and incomprehensible. He was at once recognized by the members of the company from which he had deserted. "How are you, Jim," was the salutation. He had experienced the vicissitudes of fickle fortune while in the South. In business, and finally conscripted, suffered much, tired of the rebel army, and finally deserted. Had he come in on any other part of our line he would have been saved. As it was he was tried, condemned and shot as a deserter, August 8th, in the presence of all the troops not on duty. He was buried where he fell, in sight of the One Hundredth Regiment on duty.

Deserters came in daily, all telling the same story, tired of the war, constant marching from right to left, and but little rest, and no confidence in their cause. It was at the time of this advance that Capt. Richardson was shot, but the facts have not, nor we fear never will be fully known. He was engaged in common with the whole line of pickets, moving on, and it is supposed, that owing to the nature of the ground, he must have lost connection of his line, and in the vain effort of finding skulking men, moved in front of his line, near the enemy, and was shot. It was learned subsequently that he was not instantly killed, but died soon after, and was buried by the enemy. He was a daring, cool and brave officer, much liked by his company and a favorite with the regiment. His loss was felt by all.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ADVANCE ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE JAMES AT DEEP BOTTOM.—HANCOCK'S CORPS AND GREGG'S CAVALRY WITH TERRY'S DIVISION OF BIRNEY'S TENTH CORPS. — MOVED OUT OF WORKS AT DEEP BOTTOM ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 15TH. — THE ONE HUNDREDTH CHARGE AND TAKE A BATTERY OF FOUR GUNS. — MAKE A CONNECTION WITH HANCOCK AND MOVED TO THE FRONT, AND LED INTO THE CHARGE ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS AT FUSSIL'S MILLS.

The whole line of works, from the north side of the James river to a point near the Weldon railroad, were complete, and could be held by half the force, enabling Gen. Grant to employ the remainder in flank movements upon the enemy. The soldier on the north bank of the James began to feel that stirring work was at hand. The movement of the 27th of July was the introduction of a more vigorous one in the early part of August. The mine in front of Petersburg had been completed, and the advance on the north side of the James caused Lee to send from the south side five divisions of his troops to meet the impending danger before Richmond.

Lee's line weakened, Grant determined to explode the mine, blow up the fort over it, and successfully assault the rebel works. The explosion was a success. The assault was a failure. Grant was disappointed, but not discouraged. He paused twelve days, and the order was given to Hancock to strike the Confederates at Deep Bottom. Changes in commanders had been made. Birney succeeded Gillmore, and Ord, W. F. Smith. Hancock was joined by Birney and Gregg's cavalry division, and Foster's command formed a part of the Tenth Corps under Birney.

The expeditionary force was placed on board transports at City Point, and its destination reported to be Washington City. That night it went up James river to Deep Bottom. The debarkation and advance were too slow to be a surprise. In every movement in the night, Foster's command was certain to perform a leading part. The picket line had been ordered, with the reserves in camp, a short time previous, to press the enemy's works and open fire. The One Hundredth held the right. Through brush and swamp, to higher ground, the regiment made way. The Colonel said the fight must commence, but the main line must be held as reserve. Volunteers were called for, when the writer with ten men moved out to the right, skirmished the front and at once drew the fire of the enemy. The balls came into the woods a storm, striking the trees with telling effect, wounding one of the ten volunteers.

Lest we might bring on a general engagement we

were ordered back to our picket line, and the reserves to camp. The enemy's position and strength had been ascertained, and the object of the advance gained.

All night, or morning rather, the troops came pouring along the various routes toward our picket line. The line had advanced and was vigorously at work digging rifle-pits through the night. The One Hundredth was on picket on the left of Deep Bottom front. At daylight cavalry pickets were sent to hold the line, and our brigade was withdrawn and sent to the right for active duty in the coming fray. No breakfast, or time for any. The men and officers divided what was on hand in haversacks, as we moved into the woods. The heat was oppressive at early morning. Every second company of the regiment was deployed as skirmishers. The ground over which we passed near Four Mile creek cannot be described. Brush, briars, swamp, ravines and pits, are but expressions for the surface of this historic soil. We charged the enemy's pickets at once and they gave way. They sought refuge in a few advanced rifle-pits recently constructed on the spot where we had drawn their fire a few days since. We crowded them so closely that they saw the pits were untenable, and they fled to their next line of works, on the brow of the hill overlooking Deep Bottom and the James. The musketry fire was terrific. We took thirty prisoners. The heat had become intolerable. The enemy's batteries from the hill played upon us, and the noise of bursting shell and cracking limbs would have frightened any

other troops; but the One Hundredth Regiment had been on Morris island, and knew what noises were, compared with which these were only crackers. The regiment lay for the time under cover. Co. "A," Lieut. Stowits, held a gap between the right of the regiment in the enemy's pits, and Co. "I," Capt. Brunck, on the left of the opening, covered by a corn field. From the haste and disorder manifested on the hill by the rebels, and their apparent flight, and the presence of horses at the batteries, our troops seemed eager for the word to move upon them. Just at this time we ordered a few men at the gap or hollow to shoot the horses at the guns. While directing, a shell exploded on our front, taking half of the head of one man on our right, and nearly cutting in two another on our left, completely demoralizing the rest of us in that position. A wounded rebel near by had crawled behind a tree with a badly shattered limb, begging to be taken out of the reach of shot and shell. We assured him that when our own wounded were cared for, he should get attention, which was given.

While lying, standing and waiting for orders, the enemy's guns still bursting shells about us, Gens. Grant, Meade, Foster, and other generals and their respective staffs, rode up the road leading to the right of the One Hundredth Regiment and dismounted, sitting without the pits recently taken, exposed to the enemy's fire. We thought the position too exposed for a leader with so much responsibility as Gen. Grant. But there he sat, apparently cool, with that inevitable cigar be-

tween his fingers, giving his orders as though on parade. He looked so inward, and distant, that a child in the street would hardly dare to ask alms when looking into that face, so blank, but not displeasing.

Col. Dandy was ordered to assemble the One Hundredth, and with the support of the Sixth Connecticut, charge and take a four-gun battery to the right of our position across a ravine, through a thicket of tangled vines and thorns, and make a connection with Hancock's left, a mile beyond. We formed, moved by the right flank, and made for the ravine, while the batteries of the rebels from the hill played upon us with frightful noises, exploding their shells and wounding our men. Into the ravine we plunged and commenced the ascent. There was some confusion, and apparent delay, when Gen. Foster, who was watching us with agitated feelings, showed signs of excitement in presence of Grant. Chaplain Linn, who was near, says that Gen. Grant told Foster that the regiment would come out of the ravine all right, and even then the Colonel was rallying the men around the colors. On we went, driving the enemy from their guns, and marching right over them, taking those prisoners that were hiding near, and without halting crossed another ravine, scaled the opposite bank, and connected with Hancock as ordered.

The heat had been oppressive, many falling with sunstroke as we advanced. What with the danger and excitement, and heat, the suffering of the men was painful and severe.

Again the regiment was formed, crossed another field, under the fire of the rebel guns in front of the works of Hancock's men, and entered the works, as the rain came down in sheeted torrents. Wet through, cooled after the sultry heat of the day, we lay down, stood up, any way to pass the night and welcome the dawn. Capt. Granger, with a detail, was sent to drag away the guns captured. Three of the four were secured. At daylight we were put on picket till noon, then withdrawn and ordered on. This charge of the day before was a test of the metal of the regiment. They could not be demoralized by bursting shell. Their culture on Morris island had fortified them for such desperate work. Col. Dandy, Maj. Nash, Capts. Brunck, Granger, Lynch, and Lieut. McMann, who was wounded, and all the remaining officers, with the men, seemed to act with one accord, to execute and accomplish, under the eye of the Commander-in-Chief of the armies, what he ordered and saw successfully performed.

The One Hundredth Regiment has never been justly praised for that deed. All cannot know the ground, the danger of fright under such a fire as was experienced from the rebel guns, which had not the regiment been familiar with such deafening noises and apparent destruction, it could not have done the work and succeeded. But it was done with less than the loss of thirty men and officers. The heat exceeded that of the previous day. An army was strewn along the road, under the trees, everywhere, borne down with the



WARREN GRANGER, JUN.
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power of the sun's rays, and the fatigues of march and exposure. The sight was anything but cheerful.

The army of stragglers soon became larger than the army of operations. Through this straggling host, most of whom had come from the front of Petersburg a few nights before, and were foot-sore and weary, we reached the front. Heavy shelling of the enemy's works was in progress. Gregg's cavalry and Mile's brigade of Barlow's division were on the Charles City road, while Terry's division of the Tenth Corps were advanced against the rebel front. In an open field we stopped. The men were falling to the ground, from heat, foaming at the mouth, shivering like dead men; sights to stir any heart. All felt that a fight, fierce and bloody, was ahead.

At night we were ordered a little to the left, bivouacked, and at morn moved on toward the enemy's line. A few dry crackers, a little water, and in echelon the division cautiously advanced through a field into a wood, slowly moving, as the right of the division in echelon had farther to go, to strike the enemy, than the extreme left, which was the position of the One Hundredth. The Tenth Connecticut was ahead as skirmishers. Soon the crack of rifles told us that the enemy's pits had been reached on the right, and the vidette posts on our front also.

Skirmishers of the One Hundredth, led by Capt. Granger, were added to those already engaged, and the rebels were driven from their outposts, and the line of battle passed over them, with an occasional rebel picket dead, having performed his last sentinel duty.

CHAPTER XL.

THE CHARGE ON THE REBEL WORKS, AUGUST 16TH. — THE REGIMENT REPULSED. — FELL BACK AND THREW UP INTRENCHMENTS. — THE REBELS ATTACK AND ARE REPULSED IN TURN. — THE DEAD WERE BURIED UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE. — WITHDREW ON THE NIGHT OF THE 18TH. — MOVED TO OLD CAMP AT DEEP BOTTOM. REGIMENT LOST SEVENTY-THREE KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING. — PAYMASTER ARRIVED. — MONEY EXPRESSED HOME.

Before the charge upon the rebel main line, the regiment was halted on the brow of a hill in the wood, a field with high bushes on the left and a ravine in front, with a small stream running through; and beyond, on the hill side, the enemy had protected their front with slashing. Through this ravine, across the stream, and up through and over the slashing, the regiment was to force its way.

The order was given, and with cheers at a double-quick we cleared the stream and was scaling the ascent, when sheets of flame from the enemy's guns sent us back for cover, as the men could not live and exe-

cute the command under such a fire. The regiment was formed on the hill again under the eye of Gen. Foster, who, with pistol in hand walked in our rear, though I saw no need of displaying a pistol to officers and men that would accomplish what was ordered if it could be done.

The command was given, and a second time we sprang into that deadly fire, which had now become a flank as well as a front fire, and we fell back as the rebels were heavily reinforced. In the ravine was a sheltering bank where many men and officers sought shelter from the deadly fire, and were taken prisoners. Here we lost Capt. Granger, who was forced to taste the bitters of a life in southern prisons. Here Serg. Kuhns, of Co. "A," was shot with three balls, and we saved his body, and he was buried a little to the rear by Chaplain Linn.

Since the opening of the spring campaign, Chaplain Linn went as regularly on picket and followed up the advances of the regiment as though an officer of the line. He was not far to the rear, but under fire, burying both rebel and national soldiers alike. In this charge, with the pioneer corps under his direction, he was first and foremost to receive the bodies of the fallen, preserve whatever of value they had on their persons, write the letters to friends, and perform the last sad rites of a soldier's burial. The words brave and daring express the qualities of Chaplain Linn on the battle field. In camp he was under the orders of Col. Dandy, and could not feel that freedom of action which

all truly brave men feel at the front, the post of danger.

Though we failed from the nature of the ground and other causes, of superior numbers and a flank fire, still the right of our line was for a short time completely successful. The works were carried, nearly three hundred men, with three battle flags, were captured, when the foe rallied with heavier force and drove back the division at the time of the second repulse of the One Hundredth. We fell back only a few rods, and lay down on our faces waiting for the rebels to come out of their works and charge us in return. They did not come. We moved to the left under cover of the woods, and under the direction of Maj. Nash commenced to throw up a line of defence. Their fire had been incessant during the afternoon and into the night. The results of axe and shovel were like magic. Trees were levelled, a ditch was dug, abatis was constructed, and after midnight the men rested till morn from the severe labor and heat. The pickets were only a few rods to the front.

During Wednesday and Thursday, the 17th and 18th of August, we lay protected by our works, which were strong, and could not be taken by infantry without cannon. Thursday night they charged, driving in our pickets, who came in tumbling over the works like sheep. On came the "Johnnies" with that screeching yell, but the boys of the One Hundredth gave them the compliments in return of the 16th, and sent them back repulsed and beaten. A skirmish line

was again detailed, and Lieut. Nichols sent out in command the second time. The Lieutenant had remained out of the works when his line was attacked and came in alone, his men having preceded him. He was always cool and brave, and not to be frightened from the performance of duty.

At the instant of the attack a battery of artillery in our rear across a ravine on a height of ground, opened, as supposed, upon the charging rebels. The shells, owing to the want of range, were thrown among the men of the One Hundredth, ploughing the earth, cutting off the small trees, and killing and wounding them in a fearful manner.

Lieut. Stowits volunteered to go and apprise the commander of the battery of the want of proper range, and back up the ascent of hill through a corn field, keeping between the guns in position, he warned the lieutenant in command of our peril. But no, he had his orders, and could not stop. He found the chief of artillery, who ordered a suspense till he went and saw himself the effects of his work. It was sad to have our own boys shot and wounded by our own guns. Lamentable as it is, it often occurred. Serg. Scott, in command of Co. "D," in the absence of Lieut. Sandrock, sick, was instantly killed, and the shell wounded three others at the same time. He was a most efficient non-commissioned officer, and his loss was much regretted. Here we should mention that in the early part of the day, under a flag of truce of two hours, the dead were buried. The Tenth Corps lost

two hundred, dead, that were buried on our front. From the heat they were beyond recognition, and their clothing could not retain their swollen bodies. The dead and wounded cared for, preparations were made for falling back and shortening our line. The pickets were relieved, and Col. Dandy ordered Lieut. Stowits in charge of a new detail, and said to him, "that he must hold that line till he was overwhelmed." At 9 P. M. the troops in rear of the works had left and taken up their line of march to the rear. Still, the picket line at midnight was not relieved. So near were the rebel pickets that the videttes trembled at their posts as the sounds of the rebel shovels in their pits reached their ears, causing the fear that the enemy would be upon us very soon.

After midnight we sent a sergeant to the works at the rear and he reported all gone. We then knew that in the haste of departure we had been forgotten. At 2 A. M. we ordered a sergeant to follow the command and get orders from the officer in charge at the inner line. As he reached the abandoned works, an aid of the brigade commander arrived, saying that we had been forgotten, and that we should withdraw at once. The moon at that hour shone brightly. We feared recognition. Singly the men were ordered to creep over the open space and form in line behind the works. For some time we kept the videttes in position after the posts were withdrawn. Then they were withdrawn and we waited alone while our men were in position behind the works, to learn, if possible,

whether the rebels had suspected that we had left. Only a few rods of bushes were between us. All was silent. Quickly we left the spot, and with our saved pickets moved for the inner line and bivouacked, relieved of that oppressive fear which had borne us down during the night. The enemy did not discover our absence for an hour after our departure, when they entered our works.

At the spot where the field hospital had been, we commenced to throw up works for the reserve. With a detail we was ordered to bury the arms and limbs that lay about the amputation boards. It was a sickening duty, and fully impressed us with the horrors and cruelty of war.

So ragged, at this time, had the Confederate soldiery become, that they stripped most of our dead, and clothed themselves in the national blue. As the rebels made no advance, we moved to the right to join the main body. It rained all through the night. Wet and hungry we reached the regiment, cut a few boughs, spread our blankets and lay down, lulled to sleep by the pattering rain upon the leaves, waking not till morn.

The following day was warm. At night the whole command commenced its movement for the James river. In rain and mud, yes, mud, mortar, so deep that when the foot was placed into it, it seemed to be placed to stay, a part of Virginia real estate. Hundreds were falling out. Straggling was getting to be chronic.

And this was, after all, nothing but a "*reconnoissance in force*," a loss to the national army of five thousand in killed, wounded and missing. Of the latter there were but very few. Can the reader form any idea of a reconnoissance in force? It consisted, in this instance, of more than a corps, with its divisions, brigades, regiments and companies; batteries of artillery and artillery trains, commissary trains, ammunition trains, ambulance corps, the straggling train, train of cooks and the sick train, who are just able to walk, having thrown away their guns or stowed them into some wagon in any train, all forming one long train for miles. As usual the One Hundredth was a part of the rear guard, and through the night, and that red, sticky clay mud, we struggled till we knew that the James river was near, when we lay down on Strawberry Plains overlooking our camping ground at Deep Bottom, after an absence of a week, which for heat, severity of duty and stubborn fighting, was an experience which the regiment would ever remember. The regiment lost in this movement seventy-three men and officers in killed, wounded and missing.

Capt. John McMann was wounded in the head. Ever at the post of danger he seemed fated for wounds. Capt. Warren Granger was taken prisoner, and Capt. Evert was stricken down with sunstroke. Sergeants Kuhn, Phillips and Scott were killed, and Sergeants Connelly, Storms, White, Ely and Adams wounded. Corporal Hull was killed. Nearly half of the killed and wounded were non-commissioned officers. On

the arrival of the regiment in camp it was sent on picket. Dirty, sore of foot and stiff in body, we crawled to the picket line. So very warm had it been during the week of active service that the varnish "*fried out*" from the butt of my pistol at my back, and it was painful to touch the surface of my rubber blanket with my neck, and so pressed was my underclothing, that in removing it, the skin, in spots, came with it.

CHAPTER XLI.

HANCOCK AND GREGG WITHDRAWN FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF JAMES RIVER. — THE ONE HUNDREDTH AGAIN AT DEEP BOTTOM. — ORDERED TO THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG. — OCCUPIED THE POSITION HELD BY THE NINTH CORPS. — GENERAL BURNSIDE. — LIFE IN THE TRENCHES. — COL. DANDY GONE TO BUFFALO. — FEW OFFICERS FOR DUTY.

Though this advance did not promise as well as desired on the right, still it was fruitful on the left. Efforts were made to draw the Confederates from out their works. No deception would succeed. Hence Hancock and Gregg were ordered to the lines of Petersburg. This was done by the way of Bermuda Hundred. As Gen. Lee was obliged, when the right or left of his line was attacked in force, to send his troops from one side to the other of the James, Grant, as soon as Lee had weakened the right of his line, to strengthen and oppose Hancock on his left, ordered Warren, with the Fifth Corps, to strike for the Weldon railroad. After various successes and defeats, Warren finally settled upon the road and held it to the discomfiture

of the rebels, who saw one of their most important lines of communications wrested from them.

The regiment settled down into the usual camp routine, with but few officers for duty, and not a large number of men. Lieut. Pratt, of Co. "K," had just returned from the hospital, though not fit for duty. Serg. Edward Cook, who had been absent on detached service in the quartermaster's department, since January, 1863, had recently been commissioned as second lieutenant, and reported for duty to the regiment, which added one efficient officer.

The paymaster came, the regiment was paid, and, through the prompt action of Lieut. Barnum, the money of all who desired was expressed North. The regiment was supplied with rations and clothing, and ordered to the south side of the James, across the Appomattox river, and into the trenches of Petersburg, August 29th.

We left Deep Bottom on the evening of the 26th of August. In compliance with orders, we were ready to move the evening of the 25th. We were in line, when we were driven to our deserted tents by one of the most terrific storms of the season. We endured the rain as best we could waiting for the morning. In the afternoon of the 26th, hot, sultry and in heavy marching order, we turned our backs on Deep Bottom, crossed the pontoon bridge, and moved along toward Bermuda Hundred, and across the Appomattox river near Point of Rocks. Dark, the men weary and thirsty, and on a forced march, amid rain, thunder

and blinding lightning, through mud, across swollen streams, the men straggling fearfully, so that, what was a regiment at the start seemed only a full sized company. They would move out in squads and lie down, in the darkness, unobserved. The Colonel threatened to court martial any officer allowing straggling. Then there would have been no officers for duty till released from arrest. At 2 A. M. we were forced to stop. We had one man in Co. "A" when we halted, but soon they came up, and before morning, the stragglers were mostly on the ground. At day-break we took the position of the Ninth Corps, in front of the works of Petersburg. We held the spot twenty-four hours, when, just as we were ready to occupy sleeping quarters, we were ordered to be in line in fifteen minutes for another position. In the darkness we felt our way, and in an hour were nearing the rebel line along a covered way, in the mud and water knee deep, where we were obliged to stand for an hour. Before day we were marched into the trenches and relieved a regiment of negroes, nearly in front of the fort blown up by the explosion of the mine on the 30th of July.

At the last place of duty we lost the services of another officer, Lieut. Hughson. He was standing near the pit in which the regiment was lying, with Capt. Brunck and Lieut. Stowits. A ball from the rebel line passed between Brunck and Stowits, striking Hughson in the neck with a dull, heavy sound, and he fell as though knocked down with a mallet.

He was taken to the rear, the wound dressed by Dr. Kittenger, and the Lieutenant sent to Fortress Monroe, where subsequently he recovered.

Now we were in front of Petersburg. We held five hundred yards of our brigade front, occupying the position of the Ninth Corps, held by Burnside. The regiment held position over the mine that led to the rebel fort, at our front, which was blown up as mentioned. Holes were dug in the earth at the rear of the embankment in front, to protect the men from the shot and shell of the enemy, as well as from the premature explosion of our own shells from batteries in the rear. The firing at this spot, and all along the front held by the regiment, was continuous. A head shown above the works would provoke a dozen bullets at once. The boys fired six thousand rounds the first night. It was a new thing and they seemed to feel as though the "Johnnies" were coming every moment. There were no vidette sentinels in front, as the lines were so close together, hence the firing was only a state of constant preparation. Should the rebels advance, they would be obliged to do it under fire, and the reverse. It was a new life to live. In the ravine, along the creek, with secure holes in the bank, the Colonel, Major, Surgeon and camp followers passed their first tour of duty at the front, in the works of Petersburg.

A volume could be written from this period of time until the close of the war. The experience of the regiment was so full of incident and constant duty,

and various movements, that it is difficult to select what shall be unrecorded. The tour of duty was from three to four days in the trenches and two days out. Coffee was made in camp at the rear and brought to the men. A covered way, or ditch, leading from the front to the rear, protected the men from the shot of the enemy; though often our men were struck while moving or standing in this covered way. Corporal Goffe, of Co. "H," was struck in the arm, badly wounding him, while the regiment was at rest. The camp at the rear was protected in various ways. Bullets were flying at all times, and that hissing whistle of the minnie ball through the woods, striking the trees, and sometimes wounding the men as they slept, became very familiar. Tents, bullet proof, were built. A hole in the ground, partly covered with logs, banked with earth, or one side of the tent stockaded and banked as a protection against bullets, with various other methods, were the means employed to save life in that *inferno* of shot and shell. Now and then a round shot would go ploughing through the camp as a diversion or change in the chapter of fears and horrors.

At this time Col. Dandy was absent on leave for thirty days, and Maj. Nash was the only field officer in charge. It was a critical time in the history of the regiment, and its position was one of danger, though its experience on Morris island was of much advantage, as a preparation to endure this life before Petersburg. Then the terms of enlistment of many were expiring,

and much labor in making out the necessary papers had to be performed, though regular duties could not be omitted. There were but few officers. The brigade was commanded by Col. H. M. Plaisted, of the Eleventh Maine, the senior colonel of the brigade, as Gen. Foster was put in command of division. The casualties in the regiment were quite frequent. Most were shot through the head, while firing through the loop holes, or openings, made in the trench bank. There were many of these along the line. One man could do the duty of two, or twenty, by moving along and firing through each in succession, thus intimating to the enemy that there were ten or twenty men, when the duty was being performed by one.

The men of the regiment had all the experience of fire arms they wished while in the trenches before Petersburg. Batteries were stationed at convenient distances along the line, which would open daily, and fairly plough the banks of the rebel works. Near one of these we lost John Crane, a private of Co. "K," and Henry Coons of the same company, and one of the sergeants of Co. "A" was shot by the premature explosion of a shell from one of our own guns.

During the day the firing would cease often for hours. At such times the soldiers in both pits would end the war, despite the commands of officers. The rebels would rise up as one in their works, extend their arms and move out half way. Our boys would do the same, and for twenty minutes or more a social time of peace would prevail. An exchange of papers, knives,

tobacco, and opinions, and in one place, near a spring, they actually played a game of cards, at another a wrestle took place; then, as if by instinct, all would turn to their posts, and soon the old noise would commence. Many expedients were indulged in by both armies; holding up caps, handkerchiefs and coats stuffed with grass, to get riddled with bullets. The time of these human beavers became monotonous. The railway from City Point to the Weldon road ran at the rear of our camp. Whenever the train passed, certain batteries from the hill would open. Then the national guns would respond, and the artillery music would echo through the valley between the lines for hours. When not on duty the regiment would be ordered on fatigue to some other point along the line, as there could be no resting nor sleeping in the trenches before Petersburg. The spires of the churches could be seen, and before the shovel had been used that section of Virginia must have had much the appearance of "Old England."

A short distance to our left was "Fort Hell," in front of which lay the Second Corps. In the early days of September they jumped into the rebel pits and took one hundred prisoners, at night, which loosened the guns all along the line. At night the sight was always sublime. The streaming fire from the throats of the guns, the bursting shell and echoing sounds through the valley, were sights and sounds long to be remembered. There were not more than six officers at this time for duty. Capt. Leopold Evert was dis-

charged Sept. 2d, and the time of three more would expire in a few days, leaving Lieut. Stowits the senior line officer of the regiment.

CHAPTER XLII.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE REGIMENT FROM THE TRENCHES OF PETERSBURG. — A FEW DAYS' REST AT THE REAR, PREPARATORY TO ANOTHER MOVE. — MOVED ON THE EVENING OF THE 28TH SEPT. — CROSSED AT DEEP BOTTOM. — TOOK FORT HARRISON, SPRING HILL AND THE ENTIRE LINE OF THE REBEL WORKS. — THE WORKS WERE TURNED, AND WE WERE ASSAULTED 7TH OCT., AND GAVE THE ENEMY A SEVERE AND BLOODY REPULSE. — WITHDREW AND CAMPED A FEW DAYS AT DEEP BOTTOM. — RETURNED TO THE FRONT.

Col. Dandy had gone to Buffalo, on leave, to look after ways and means to fill up the regiment. We were but the remnants of our former proportions. A month's duty having been performed in the trenches with much exposure and fatigue and not a little sickness, the regiment was withdrawn on the evening of September 24th to the rear of the works, preparatory to another move *somewhere*.

Returns, requisitions, and issues of clothing, rations, and the performance of all necessary duties which could not be attended to when in the trenches, all

were completed, and in the afternoon of September 28th, the Tenth Corps, commanded by Gen. Birney, moved from their temporary encampment and commenced one of those forced night marches which scatter a regiment and brigade, mixing front and rear for miles, till at midnight we crossed the James river to the north side at Deep Bottom, and bivouacked till daylight.

Grant, thinking that only a few troops were holding the lines on the north bank of the James river, ordered Gen. Butler, with the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps, commanded by Gens. Birney and Ord, with Kautz's cavalry, to attempt, by a sudden movement, to capture Richmond before Lee could send troops to prevent it. Should Lee send troops to the north side for the purpose of resisting Birney and Ord, then Meade on the south side would move on his right flank at Petersburg. So the plan promised success at one side or the other.

Birney, as stated, crossed at Deep Bottom, and Ord at Aiken's Landing, eight miles above. Both were ready to advance on the morning of the 29th of September. Birney was to gain the Newmarket road, and Ord to capture the works near Chapin's Bluff. Ord pushed along the Varina road at dawn, and after a march of three miles, came upon the intrenchments below Chapin's farm, the strongest point of which was Battery Harrison. Ord stormed and carried the work with a long line of intrenchments. It was purchased at a fearful cost. Gen. Burnham was killed, Standard lost an arm, and Ord was severely wounded.

An assault was ordered at once on Fort Gilmer in advance, but we were repulsed with a loss of three hundred men. In the meantime Birney, at 4½ A. M., moved for the Newmarket road. The rebel line was broken, and their works on Spring Hill, of Newmarket Heights, taken by a division of three thousand colored troops of the Eighteenth Corps, under Gen. Charles Paine. Gen. Butler massed them in column by division, and they drove in the Confederate pickets and assailed the redoubt on Spring Hill. Through a tangled marsh, across a brook fringed with trees, over two lines of *abatis* at the point of the bayonet they won the work. It was a fearful destruction of human life. An important work, it was desperately defended, but the black warriors won it at a terrible price. Two hundred of that storming party fell dead before reaching the works, and not less than a thousand, or one-third their number, were lost to the army by death, wounds or captivity. Gen. Butler at the close of the war presented a silver medal to the most meritorious actors for their gallantry on that occasion. We were at the spot during the burial of the negroes, and we could have walked on their dead bodies from the outer to the inner side of the *abatis* without touching soil, so thick were they strewn in that deadly charge. It was firmly, nobly and bravely done.

The doubling and flanking of the rebel line left the Tenth Corps on the right but little to do. The enemy fled in all directions. The One Hundredth charged over the ground that was passed in August,

which was familiar, and brought to mind that eventful day when they took the four-gun battery under the eye of Gen. Grant. The regiment moved into their works without the loss of a man. The corps marched within three and a half miles of Richmond. Such was the haste in leaving that ladies left their work and work baskets and fled, on the receipt of the news that the "*Yanks*" were coming. The successes right and left were more than most expected, though not as much as desired. At dark we were ordered to the right about and retraced our steps to the first line of the enemy's works, and bivouacked in what had been a corn field, with the stacks strewn about, upon which we lay down for the night. In the morning we moved to the left and took position, October 1st, at the works, and began to turn them with abatis in front, and slashing. The axe was heard all along the edge of the wood. The picket line was only a few rods in front, while the rebel forts and line could be distinctly seen a few hundred yards in advance.

A desperate attempt was made to retake Battery Harrison, but Gens. Hoke and Field were driven back with a loss of seven battle flags and the almost annihilation of Clingman's North Carolina brigade.

The weather had become cold and rainy. The men did the best they could without shelter, though their tents were arranged against the work and in all shapes and directions for the six days of rain and cold, waiting for orders. Maj. Nash was still in command, Col. Dandy not having returned. Adj. Peck and Quartermaster

Barnum were as active as ever, the one in keeping up the records of the regiment, the other in looking after supplies.

In the meantime Gen. Kautz had approached on the Charles City road within three and a half miles of Richmond to the inner line of their extended works. With his small force he was too near. He was attacked and driven back with the loss of nine guns and four hundred prisoners.

The night previous a deserter had informed us that we would be attacked at 4½ A. M., and we were in line of battle awaiting the onset. Too true, the enemy were upon us. On came the flying fugitives of Kautz' cavalry. Hatless, stripped of everything that would impede their flight, riderless horses, all came on in one stream of wild confusion. Brigade after brigade was put in motion to the right covering Deep Bottom, as it seemed evident the rebels intended to flank us, and thus by a rear movement gain the line of works they lost on the 29th of September. The Third Brigade, Col. Plaisted, to which the One Hundredth was attached, had been marching by the flank along the Newmarket road, when by order, left into line of battle, fronting a thick wood, the brigade was moved with heavy skirmishers covering each regiment.

This was a critical moment for the men and officers of the One Hundredth Regiment. The terms of enlistment of a large number of men and two-thirds of the officers had expired. It seemed cruel to face death and danger after such eventful years of service. Adj.

Peck, whose time had expired three days before, and who had congratulated himself on his safety from wounds and death, and his prospect of an early return home, said to Lieut. Stowits, "I shall have to send you and company on the skirmish line," to which the Lieutenant responded, "Certainly, do not expose those unnecessarily whose terms of service have expired." Feeling their way cautiously, the skirmishers soon found the enemy. Capt. F. C. Brunck was in command of the regiment, though Maj. D. D. Nash, suffering from a severe swelling on the side of his neck, kept close to our rear during the advance. The skirmishers of the several regiments were soon hotly engaged. The rebels moved forward in double lines of battle, and pressed our skirmish line so steadily that we were obliged to fight falling gradually upon the main line.

As soon as the reserves were unmasked, volley after volley was poured into their ranks, checking and causing them to break and retreat in wild disorder, leaving their dead and many of their wounded in our hands. Some were killed within fifty yards of our line. A rebel captain commanding brigade, as shown by papers on his person, was shot a few rods from our line of battle, so hotly they sought to break our line, and from his body diagonally along our front lay the dead victims of rashness and folly. The skirmish line on the left of the One Hundredth, in falling back, caused for a moment some disorder in our ranks; but by the prompt action of the Captain commanding, and

the officers with him, Capt. Lynch, and Lieuts. Nichols, Cook, Sandrock, Pratt and others, the regiment had the proud satisfaction of knowing that they had aided in the repulse of the rebels, and that the splendid colors, in this their first unfurling in battle, was the rallying point about which the men of the One Hundredth stood and added to their honor by their defence. We had regretted that the regiment was obliged to carry such costly and magnificent colors through swamps, thorns and rain, with mud over all. Though their beauty had been lessened by exposure, *now* they had been christened and glorified in the smoke of successful battle. It was here that our gallant and loyal Adjutant, E. S. Peck, received, as it was thought, his mortal wound. He was shot nearly through the left lung; though his term of service, as mentioned, had expired, still he fought bravely and did much toward holding the men in line against the fierce onset of the rebels. The Adjutant remarked to a friend, while mutually admiring the colors of the regiment, that they were the finest along the line, and that while a drop of blood remained in his veins he should not leave them. His fate was an answer to the truth of his declaration.

At nightfall the rebels had retreated toward Richmond, as it was fully believed they did not halt till within their breastworks. As the rebels were increasing their skirmish line into a line of battle, Lieut. Stowits sent for two companies, and Capt. Brunck quickly ordered Lieut. Nichols forward with the same.

As they deployed, Lieut. Stowits told Nichols to retire to the main line, as his time had expired, and there was no use in additional exposure. The Lieutenant was loath to leave. Brave and chivalrous to a fault, he could not be persuaded till a shower of bullets threw up the dirt into his neck and cut the twigs of trees about, when he reluctantly withdrew, leaving the Lieutenant in command of the skirmish line till 10 o'clock P. M.

The regiment had advanced through the woods and bivouacked in a field over which the rebels had charged that morning. On the following day the brigade fell back to the spot where the enemy received their final check, and commenced to throw up intrenchments, which grew as if by magic. The trees in front began to fall, forts at defensible positions were planned and built, and all things indicated a settlement on that line.

In a few days, October 9th, the regiment was ordered to the rear at Deep Bottom. Reached the old camping ground at dark, cold and without shelter. Fires were built, and the men made themselves comfortable till morn. Camp was laid out, the paymaster arrived, the men were paid, the money expressed home, new recruits came and additional officers, and the regiment began to feel that they might have a few weeks of rest, when an order sent us to the front to occupy nearly the same position held a few days before. Bivouacked in the woods and at morn camp was staked, and soon the army village was in successful life and activity.

October 13th. The Tenth Connecticut and Twenty-fourth Massachusetts made a reconnoissance out near the Darbytown road, and were repulsed with heavy loss, the Tenth Connecticut losing their adjutant, a worthy, intelligent and brave officer. A few days of rest was now vouched to the wearied and worn Army of the James. Since the wounding of Adj. Peck, Maj. Nash had detailed Lieut. Fred Sandrock as acting adjutant. About two hundred recruits arrived that had been secured through the influence of the Board of Trade and Col. Dandy. By some arrangement two officers, Lieut. Baker and Lieut. Kittle, were introduced into the regiment, which, as such introductions always do, caused feeling among veteran sergeants who had earned promotion by long and dangerous service.

The forts and intrenchments were advancing rapidly towards completion. The Third Brigade was unchanged, save that the Two Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania one years troops were added, which, being a full regiment, never having been in battle, increased the proportions of the brigade and made its numbers respectable. The arrival of recruits to all the regiments soon gave the appearance on drill, inspections and parades, the old show of numbers and strength.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE REGIMENT ORDERED TO THE FRONT FROM DEEP BOTTOM. — A VISIT FROM G. S. HAZARD, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, BUFFALO. — MAJ. NASH HONORABLY DISCHARGED. — RETURN OF COL. DANDY. — TWO HUNDRED RECRUITS ARRIVED. — THE FIGHT ON THE DARBYTOWN ROAD, OCTOBER 27TH. — THE TROOPS RETIRE BEHIND THEIR WORKS FOR WINTER QUARTERS. — THE MUSTER OUT OF THE "OLD MEN." — THEIR RETURN TO BUFFALO.

On the return of the regiment to the front from Deep Bottom, and before camp was built, and the men were still in bivouack, we were favored with a visit from G. S. Hazard and son. As president of the Board of Trade of Buffalo, Mr. Hazard came to look upon our depleted numbers and survey army life at the front. He and son were "*tucked up*" as comfortably as the conveniences of the soldier would warrant, and on the following morning the regiment was ordered out under Maj. Nash, and at parade-rest listened to a few timely and pertinent words of commendation and encouragement from Mr. Hazard. The scene in the wood was a grand one, which the soldier ever re-

members. The civilian, the soldier; the latter standing between the assassins of liberty and the security of the citizen. With an ambulance provided at headquarters, Mr. Hazard had a favorable opportunity of visiting the works along the line, and the various commands before them. His appearance was cheering to the spirits of the men, as was ever the presence of any one from the scenes of home and its locality. Col. Dandy and Mr. Hazard had missed each other, and hence did not meet at the regiment. Maj. D. D. Nash, having served over three years, was honorably discharged, having served the country faithfully and bravely, with the marks of shot upon arm and limb, as evidences of severely fought battles.

Col. Dandy arrived from his leave of absence, and took command of the regiment. Col. H. M. Plaisted, commanding brigade, detailed Lieut. G. H. Stowits as acting assistant adjutant general of the brigade. Col. Dandy protested, and not without reason, as the number of officers in the regiment was few. The Lieutenant had no choice, as Col. Plaisted insisted, and, October 26th, the Lieutenant changed his quarters to the headquarters of the brigade. A few days previous the regiment had an election as provided for the army. The affair passed off quietly, and savored much of the appearance of civil life. The vote, if we remember correctly, was democratic by a small majority.

The short pause was not a settled rest preparatory for winter quarters. Grant had determined to make

another effort to flank the rebel army, capture, or disperse it, and seize Petersburg and Richmond. The Ninth, Fifth and Second Corps, with Gregg's cavalry, were to swing around to the west side of Hatcher's Run, cross the Boydton road, and seize the south-side railway. The movement began on both sides of the James river, as Gen. Butler with the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps was to coöperate, before daybreak on the morning of the 27th of October.

After repeated successes and repulses the troops engaged on the left withdrew behind the intrenchments at Petersburg. Butler had pushed well out to the right, and the attack was simultaneous all along the line on the north side of the James. Men killed that morning and during the day were not buried till the following spring, when the army entered Richmond. The movement on the right was intended as a feint, and as an individual we used to think that they were a costly indulgence. We had moved out so frequently on armed reconnoissances that the boys would simply say, "Now for a little more butchery, a little more slaughter."

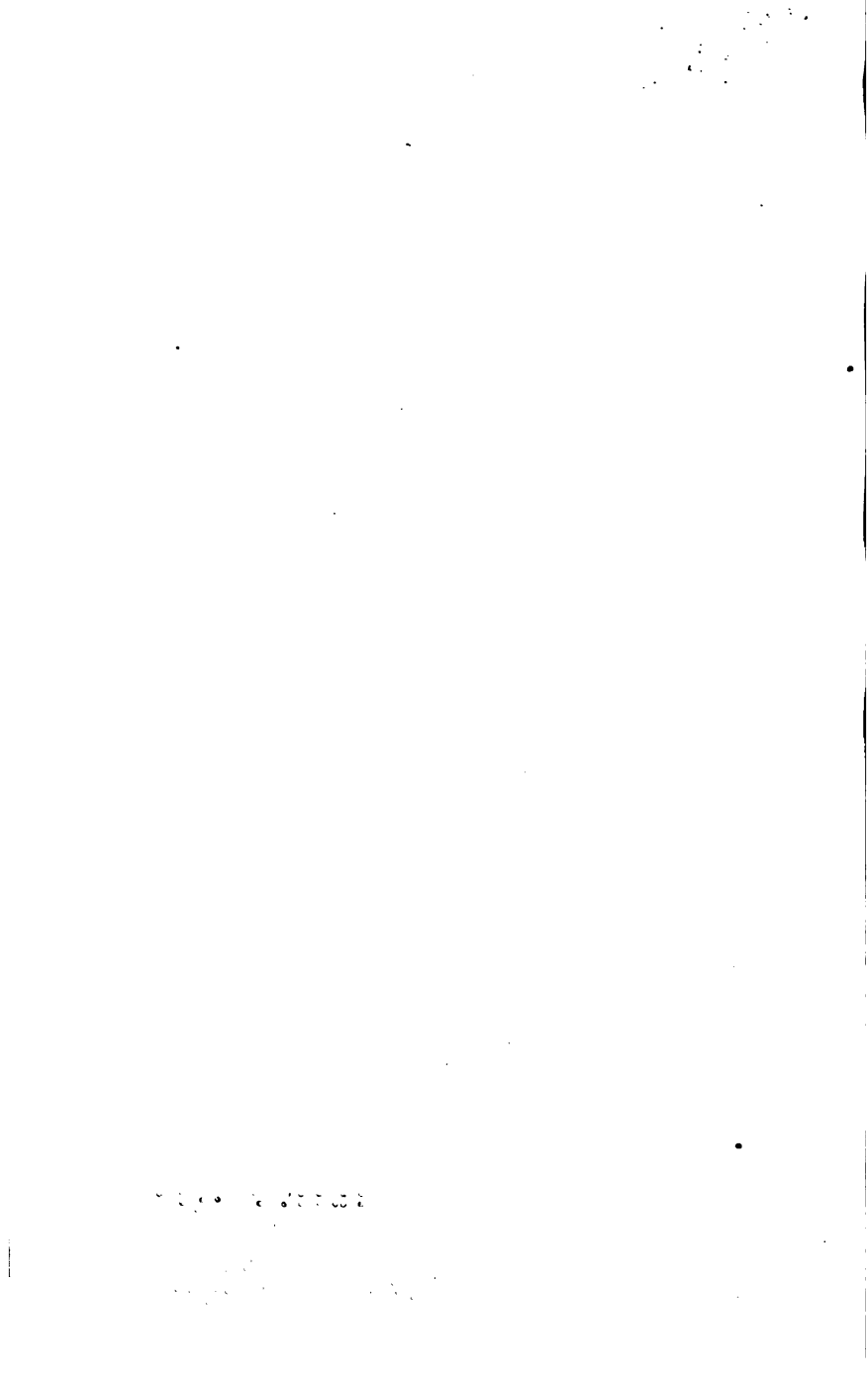
The One Hundredth and the remainder of the Third Brigade moved out before light, and quietly took its position before the intrenchments of the enemy. Gen. Ames was in command of division, and Col. Plaisted of brigade. The skirmish line of the Third Brigade was commanded by Col. Greeley, of the Tenth Connecticut. They had approached as near the rebel works as was consistent with secu-

city and observation. Each division general along the line would have been delighted to have found a weak place on their front, and earned a star by a successful assault. But no, all that could be done would be to add to hospital numbers with hundreds of wounded. There was firing right and left. A few determined assaults were made, but of no permanent results. Gen. Ames conceived that the skirmish line in front of the Third Brigade should be moved farther to the front. He ordered Col. Plaisted, commanding brigade, to cause the line to be advanced nearer the enemy's works. The Colonel ordered Lieut. Stowits, of his staff, to move the line. The Lieutenant said to the orderly, "Bring up the stretcher, as I shall be either killed or wounded, for that line can't be moved." It never was. The brigade lay in the edge of the wood, and the skirmish line was under cover, and as far front as could be without annihilation. Sharpshooters were marking every man exposed. The Lieutenant started, keeping an irregular line, but was shot before he reached two thirds of the distance, as he predicted. A daring soldier of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts ventured to bring him off the field under a heavy fire from rebel sharpshooters. He had been on the brigade staff for eighteen hours. The brigade did advance during the day, and planted their colors in the open field, and retired under cover of the woods till ordered to withdraw. There were six adjutant generals shot that morning in trying to give orders to advance the skirmish line.



GEORGE G. BARNUM.
1st Lieut. A. A. M. and Brevet Captain 100. Regt N. Y. S. Vols.

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Not many stars were won that day by colonels in command of brigades, or generals in command of divisions. It was a day of death and wounds from right to left. The field hospital, in charge of Surgeon Kittinger, whose skill as a surgeon had been acknowledged, was crowded with sufferers, lying on boards on the ground; while Clara Barton, that noble, self-denying woman, passed along with her attendants, supplied with what refreshments the wounded soldier craved, weak with loss of blood and stiff with exposure. In the morning the lumbering ambulances began to transport us to steamer at Deep Bottom for Fortress Monroe, where some of us lived and others died.

The name of Clara Barton is written in the memory of every suffering soldier that ever felt the weight of her finger's touch on his anguished brow, or took from her hands the life-giving draught. Her presence, power and will has calmed many a terror-stricken soul, and quieted the heart's flutterings. On Morris island, before Richmond and Petersburg, wherever the battle raged, there was the heroic woman with her tent and attendants, inspiring surgeons with her power and breathing resolution into all hearts. She has her reward. The wounded that saw her will never fail to bless her.

Hospital life is, of all experiences, the most sad and monotonous that can befall the active spirit of a soldier.

Under cover of night the Army of the James fell back behind their intrenchments and prepared for

winter quarters. Active operations for the fall and winter were at an end. The great work of preparation for the coming spring was at once commenced. More comfortable quarters were built for men and officers. Recruits were arriving for many of the regiments, and hence drilling and other needed instruction for the soldier was given. The Tenth Connecticut Volunteers were detached to guard the fort on Spring Hill. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts were sent on detached service at Bermuda Hundred, leaving the One Hundredth New York, the Eleventh Maine, and the Two Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania regiments, encamped closely together and next the intrenchments. The One Hundredth lay a little to the right of the spot where the rebels were repulsed on the morning of the 7th of October. The works extended in a curve, with the right resting on Four Mile creek, and the left on the James, near Battery Harrison; then across the James on the Bermuda front to the Appomattox, across the Appomattox in front of Petersburg to Hatcher's Run, across the Weldon railroad. The rear of this long line was alive with human beings being cultured for the bloody work of the opening spring. Among the recruits "bounty jumpers" were numerous. Brokers in human flesh were in a lucrative business. To enlist, desert to the rebels, change the blue for gray, and return as a rebel deserter, take the oath of allegiance, go North, re-enlist, and repeat the same experiment with its risks and profits, were daily occurrences. Not all succeeded. Some were

shot from the "dead line." Executions from one to five weekly.

December 9th. James H. Dandy, a brother of the Colonel, who had been on detached service most of the time since his connection with the regiment, was commissioned major, and arrived in camp. He was a gentleman of culture, and much respected by officers and men. Lieut. Sandrock was relieved as acting adjutant, and detailed as aid to Col. Plaisted, commanding brigade, as Lieut. Stowits was in hospital at Fortress Monroe. Lieut. Cook was ordered to service as acting adjutant, in place of Sandrock. Picketing, drilling and cleaning camp, guns and accoutrements, kept the men busily engaged. Now that active operations had ceased for the winter, time and attention was given to the "old men" of the regiment, whose terms of service had expired weeks before. The necessary muster-out rolls were prepared, and after many delays, and a short time of encampment at brigade headquarters, the men, in charge of Capt. F. C. Brunck, were sent to Jamestown island, on the James river, from whence they were soon furnished transportation to Buffalo. They numbered one hundred and seventy-four men, including Capt. F. C. Brunck, Lieut. Gilbert Gaum, Lieut. Fred Sandrock and Surg. M. S. Kitten-ger. They were the veterans of the regiment, and had earned the title on many a hard fought battle field.

CHAPTER XLIV.

COL. PLAISTED ISSUED AN ADDRESS TO THE THIRD BRIGADE.
 —COL. DANDY IN COMMAND OF BRIGADE, CAPT. BRUNCK
 OF REGIMENT. —THE “OLD MEN” OF THE REGIMENT
 MUSTERED OUT. —THEIR RECEPTION BY THE BOARD
 OF TRADE. — THE ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT, G. S.
 HAZARD. — THE PROMOTIONS IN THE REGIMENT. — AR-
 RIVAL OF RECRUITS. — EXECUTIONS OF DESERTERS. —
 OCCUPATION OF TROOPS IN WINTER QUARTERS. — GEN.
 BUTLER RELIEVED. — GEN. ORD IN COMMAND. — REBEL
 DESERTERS.

Subsequent to the advance of October 27th, Col. H. M. Plaisted, commanding brigade, issued an address under the head of General Orders No. 30, to the troops of the Third Brigade, Nov. 1st, 1864, previous to a leave of absence. It was worthy of the man and soldier, and due the brigade. In it he said: “Your name and fame are familiar as household words in the camps of the Tenth Army Corps, and among your fellow citizens at home. Your iron will and firmness have won for yourselves the proud title of the “Iron Clads.” Since this campaign opened you have participated in more than twenty actions, besides skir-

mishes without number. That coward cry, "We are flanked," has never been heard in your ranks. When other troops have given away on your right or left, you have shown to the enemy, that *you* had no flanks and no rear,—that the Third Brigade was *all front*, and that of steel. How well that front has been maintained in this campaign, the long list of casualties—one thousand three hundred and eighty-five out of two thousand six hundred and ninety-three—sadly, but gloriously attest." The Colonel commanding added other admirable words, all of which were deeply and sensibly appreciated by every man and officer of the brigade.

Col. Plaisted left for home, on a leave of absence, and Col. Dandy, the ranking officer, assumed command of the brigade, and Capt. Brunck was in command of the regiment. Preparations were perfecting for the discharge of the "old men," as previously stated; and on the return of Col. Plaisted, and the return of Col. Dandy to the regiment, the men were sent home. The manner in which they were received at home was severely criticised, and Buffalo not credited with that loyal remembrance of the services of her heroes which was justly their due.

Subsequently this imputation, whether just or not, was amply atoned in the magnificent manner in which the Buffalo Board of Trade, at their rooms, formally received the remnant of the regiment that left this city, March 7th, 1862, nine hundred and sixty strong. A number of aldermen were present, the rooms were

handsomely decorated with flags of the One Hundredth and One Hundred and Sixteenth regiments. A collation table extended the length of the room, loaded with what spoke eloquently of the liberality of the Board of Trade. The meeting was called to order by G. S. Hazard, president of the Board of Trade, who at once proceeded to welcome the members of the One Hundredth in an address replete with the historical facts made by the service of the regiment, the character of the struggles in which, as soldiers, they had been engaged, recounting their valiant deeds, and the names of the battle-fields, not forgetting the sufferers in southern prisons, nor those who "sleep their last sleep" where "they fought their last battle." With earnest wishes and congratulations of cheer for their safe return, and fitting words for their future welfare, Mr. Hazard closed his feeling and eloquent speech, following which three cheers were given for the "old flag," three for the regiment, and three for the Board of Trade. The president was requested to read the address of Col. Plaisted, the brigadé commander, of which we have spoken, whereupon three lusty cheers, were given for the loyal Plaisted, the brigade commander. The inner man was refreshed, and what seemed a neglect on the arrival of this noble band of the original One Hundredth, was fully amended, and all hearts and voices joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," closing with three cheers, heartily given, for G. S. Hazard, the president of the Board of Trade.

Save the re-enlisted veterans, some fifty in number, the One Hundredth Regiment in the field before Richmond was a new regiment, whose elements were the additions through the efforts of the Board of Trade, consisting of volunteers, drafted and substitute men, numbering in all from the first an aggregate of two full minimum regiments. Not an officer that left Buffalo March 7th, 1862, was at this date with the regiment. Privates and non-commissioned officers of the re-enlisted men had become officers, and the recruits were indebted to those veterans for drill and military knowledge. To meet the need of officers, Sergs. Charles Sheldon, Samuel Ely and Henry Heimans were commissioned second lieutenants; and Sergs. Mansfield, Cornell, Jonathan E. Head and Albert York, first lieutenants; and Second Lient. Edward L. Cook first lieutenant; First Lieuts. G. H. Stowits, Edwin Nichols and Cornelius K. Baker were commissioned captains, and George G. Barnum first lieutenant and quartermaster. Capt. James H. Dandy, who was absent on detached service, was commissioned major, vice D. D. Nash discharged, December 9th, 1864, and had joined the regiment. Capt. Geo. H. Stowits, who had been absent at Fortress Monroe in hospital since his wounding, October 27th, on the Darbytown road, returned to the front, December 15th, and at once resumed his duties as acting assistant adjutant general of the brigade, Col. Plaisted commanding.

The army was now fairly settled in winter quar-

ters. The camps assumed a home-like aspect. Some were built of logs with apartments in capacity to hold a whole company, others to accommodate from three to five occupants. Recruits were arriving daily. There were a large number of "bounty jumpers" among them. Some hardly knew the last name they had assumed. That is, they were not certain which of the names they had borne was on the roll in the hands of the officer. From this class desertions were frequent. There were from one to five executed weekly, a sad necessity of military rule, and before spring we doubted the saving or salutary influence of fear which the executions intended to subserve. There were many affecting incidents in connection with the details of these melancholy occasions. The detail of the firing party, the selection of regiments for guards, the escort, the victim, or victims, seated on their coffins; the slow tread to the dead march; the last duties, and the fatal word fire; all these formulas were oppressively solemn. But desertions continued till the day of movement on the 27th of March. The details for picket were from one hundred and fifty to one hundred men daily, from the brigade of four regiments. It became necessary to keep a certain number of *veterans* beyond the main line, who were marched out by a different route and in advance, concealed with orders to shoot any man attempting to desert. This was called the "dead line." A few were shot in this manner.

The most of January, February and March was

spent in drilling the recruits, inspecting camps, regiments singly, and often the entire brigade. The quartermasters were vigilant in supplying the troops with clothing, and the commissary with good and palatable rations. The weekly inspections of regiments were established by order, and that one which showed best in arms, accoutrements and the packing of knapsacks, was denominated "*best in order*;" and this honor was successfully earned in turn by each regiment of the brigade. In connection with this, the "*best man in order*" was sent to headquarters from each regiment, and from the four thus sent, the "*best in order*" received a furlough for twenty days.

In consequence of the illness of Col. Plaisted, the brigade commander, Col. Dandy took command, February 2d, 1865, and Capt. John McMann, the senior officer, was in command of the regiment. Edward Pratt was commissioned captain, January 26th, and Edward L. Cook, captain, January 20th. Maj. Gen. Butler had been relieved of the command of the department, and was succeeded by Gen. Ord. The farewell words of Gen. Butler were characteristic of the man, sharp and pointed, and full of praise and admiration of the brave men composing the Army of the James. The weather during the winter was various. Snow, ice, rain and pleasant weather came in turn, and with variety of effect. Desertions from both armies were frequent during the winter. Toward spring Gen. Grant offered payment for guns and equipments, and the rebels came in fully equipped.

CHAPTER XLV.

ROUTINE OF CAMP DUTIES BEFORE RICHMOND. — PROMOTIONS DURING THE WINTER. — GRANT'S MOVEMENT ON THE LEFT. — SHERIDAN'S GRAND CAVALRY RAID. — BRIGADE, DIVISION AND CORPS REVIEWS, ATTENDED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN, SECRETARY STANTON, GRANT AND MANY LADIES. — THE FINE APPEARANCE OF THE ARMY AT THIS DATE. — MOVED MARCH 27TH FOR THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE JAMES AT HATCHER'S RUN. — ADVANCED UPON THE ENEMY'S WORKS.

During winter quarters in front of Richmond, aside from the necessary details for picket, details for fatigue were daily and regular, for chopping wood, building corduroy roads, and other duties required at various headquarters. At times the mud was so deep that transportation was impossible, making road building a necessity.

We should have mentioned, that after the discharge and promotion to the office of surgeon of William D. Murray, E. Schofield was commissioned assistant surgeon, June 30th, 1865, and joined the regiment at Deep Bottom. Subsequently, on the muster out of

M. S. Kittenger, Norris M. Carter was commissioned surgeon, March 15th, 1865. In January other promotions not stated were made. Lieut. H. W. Conry as captain, and Second Lieut. Samuel Ely as first lieutenant. Early in January Capt. Nichols, who had served the full time and had never been on leave, went North, and returned at the expiration of time for duty. Enlisted men were coming and going daily. January 27th, several from the One Hundredth went their way rejoicing for Buffalo. The monotony of January was occasionally broken. The fall of Fort Fisher, the destruction of the rebel rams in the James, were facts for cheer and congratulation.

Aside from frequent alarms at the front on the picket line, Gen. Grant made an advance on the left, led by Warren, for the seizure of the south-side railway. This movement was fiercely opposed by the rebels, and for a time defeat seemed to hover over the national troops. Finally our men were rallied, and the extension of the line to Hatcher's Run was the fruit of a severe loss, though of permanent advantage for future operations.

As preparatory to a general move, Gen. Sheridan was ordered on a grand cavalry raid upon Lee's communications, and if possible seize Lynchburg, moving southward, if necessary, and join Sherman. Sheridan swept out of existence the rebel power north of Richmond. He disabled two hundred miles of railway and inflicted a loss of several millions of dollars.

The routine of February was disturbed by the intel-

ligence of the fall of Charleston and Columbia. Sherman's legions were still on the war path. Col. Plaisted, the brigade commander, had been sick most of the month of February, and Col. Dandy was in command. Capt. John McMann was in command of the One Hundredth. Col. Plaisted went home to Maine on a leave for twenty days. In the meantime he was breveted brigadier general. Inspections and reviews were the chief duties of March till a move was ordered.

March 7th. The division commanded by Gen. R. S. Foster was reviewed, and visiting generals present pronounced it the best they ever saw. Gen. Foster was a model of an appearing officer. He attracted universal attention by his faultless military bearing; and he was as brave in battle as he was imposing in appearance on review.

We have spoken of the repeated executions of deserters. We find in our diary the following, to us, at this date, a rather light expression for the performance of a solemn duty: "The execution of a deserter from the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, to-day, passed off successfully." These were sad duties for an acting assistant adjutant general to perform. The success referred to is, that the firing party were not required to fire the second time, which was frequently done.

Gen. Grant and staff reviewed the First Division, commanded by Foster, March 12th. There were a number of ladies present. Col. Plaisted returned Thursday, March 16th, and assumed command of bri-

gade the 18th. Held it till the 25th, and then was mustered out, after which the command devolved upon Col. Dandy; and Capt. Edwin Nichols, who had commanded the One Hundredth after the discharge of Capt. J. McMann, March 7th, again found himself in command of the regiment, which he retained till Maj. James H. Dandy assumed command, Monday, March 27th, as the regiment and brigade stood stripped for a move.

March 17th. A corps review was had by Gen. Grant, Secretary Stanton and a crowd of officers and civilians. The paymaster had arrived and commenced to pay the brigade. The paymaster paid all but the Tenth Connecticut before the brigade moved.

March 20th. Lieut. Ely went to Buffalo on leave.

March 24th. The Second Division was ordered to move. The Third Brigade was deployed to the left to cover the front recently held by the Second Division. Col. Hill, of the Eleventh Maine, went out on the rebel picket line as a scout to watch the movements of the enemy. He had lost an arm at Deep Bottom, August 14th, and was one of the bravest and most social officers that was to be found in the army. He had good strong common sense.

March 26th. The division was reviewed by Grant and President Lincoln, attended by a large number of ladies in carriages. The army at this date was in holiday attire. No parades or reviews in civil times could compare, in perfectness of movements, to those attained by the soldier at that period of the war.

Good new clothing, burnished arms, and well filled and neatly packed knapsacks; these, with the precision of step and accurate execution of all the movements requisite to a perfect review, made the occasion one of pleasure, wonder and surprise to all unacquainted with the duties and life of a soldier.

The tents were struck and the brigade moved at 6½ P. M., March 27th. Marched all night, crossed the James at Deep Bottom, the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, and passed in the rear of the Petersburg lines, halting at 8 A. M. for rest and lunch, then advanced and reached the place of bivouack at dark. Up at 1 o'clock, moved at 4 A. M. and took position along the front lately occupied by the Second Corps. Relieved the pickets and began to look for quarters. The weather was very warm. The men not used to marching suffered much. Grant was about to close his hand upon the power of the Southern Confederacy. His dispositions were made and his troops were taking positions for the final blow. Gen. Weitzel was in command on the north side of the James river, and Gen. Parke, with the Ninth Corps, on the south side, holding a line of intrenchments of thirty-five miles. The Second and Fifth Corps had swung clear of the works and were beyond Hatcher's Run, supported by Sheridan's cavalry, just arrived from the north side of the James and the great raid of the war. The battle of Five Forks was begun, and before night, April 1st, the shouts of victory were heard all along the lines.

In a drenching rain, on the afternoon of March 30th,

the First Division, commanded by Gen. Foster, was ordered out of the works, and the struggle of forcing in the rebel outposts was commenced. Slowly their picket line was pressed back. The ground in front of the Third Brigade was new, and few knew the position of the picket line. Col. Hill, of the Eleventh Maine, was in command of the pickets. Lieut. Bell, of Col. Dandy's staff, was sent with orders to Col. Hill and rode straight into the rebel lines with his orderly, and both were captured. Capt. Stowits followed, and was saved by the warning of a post of pickets, while his horse was floundering in the swamp. The woods echoed with the sounds of whizzing bullets. Night, dark, wet and dreary closed upon the advance, while the men were set to work intrenching before snatching a few hours sleep. In the movement the One Hundredth Regiment had the right of the brigade composed of the Tenth Connecticut, Eleventh Maine and One Hundredth New York; the Two Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania one year men having been left on the north side of the James. As the brigade penetrated the woods in front of the rebel works, a swamp separated the One Hundredth New York from the remainder of the brigade, and darkness closed upon further operations. Col. Dandy ordered Capt. Stowits to make the connection, that the brigade might form a solid front. This, in the darkness, at a late hour, was a difficult matter. On strange ground, with a swampy surface, with the lights of both armies in view, the Captain, in his efforts to pass the swamp, became

bewildered, and, lest he might share the fate of Lieut. Bell, dismounted and waited the appearance of friendly stars to guide to safety. After midnight the connection was made, and the military family of the Third Brigade was one, behind temporary works of trees, brush and dirt, awaiting the action of morn.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE STEADY ADVANCE UPON THE ENEMY'S WORKS.—THE REBELS ASSAULT ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 1st.—THEY ARE SUCCESSFULLY REPULSED.—REGIMENT CONTINUES TO INTRENCH.—THE ADVANCE APRIL 2d, AND STORMING OF FORT GRIGG IN THE REAR OF PETERSBURG.—PROMOTIONS IN THE REGIMENT MARCH 30TH.

The night of March 30th was, in many respects, a dreary one. The men were wet and forced to labor constantly without rest, in throwing up works for protection. In the morning the fight was shaprlly commenced by the pickets, and soon the main line was ordered out in support, when the music of bullets in successive volleys gave proof that the rebels were disputing our advance with stubborn tenacity. From the character of the new men received through the winter, and that they had never been in a fight, a strong guard was kept in the rear of the main line, with strict orders to shoot all stragglers. Capt. Brown, acting adjutant of the Tenth Connecticut, in passing to the rear to perfect his returns to be made to Capt. Stowits as assistant adjutant general of the brigade,

drew his pistol and threatened to fire upon a corporal of the guard, when he was shot and instantly killed, a sad fate to a brave, though rash and impetuous officer.

Steadily Gen. Foster's division forced the rebels toward their main works. There was sharpshooting and a number of casualties during the day. We had attained the edge of a wood overlooking the open space between us and the rebels. To hold the position, trees were felled and breastworks were soon rising in front of the exposed brigade. The front of the One Hundredth New York was undefended. Capt. Edwin Nichols was brigade officer of the day, and Capt. Edward L. Cook was in charge of the pickets of the One Hundredth. Troops rested. The air seemed full of danger and battle. The Eleventh Maine and Tenth Connecticut lay on the left, behind, or a little to the rear of the works. The One Hundredth on the right, without defence, save the picket line. It was near 3 A. M., April 1st. Col. Dandy lay at the foot of a large tree, Capt. Stowits stood near, and remarked to the Colonel that he feared an assault. The Colonel responded to the sentiment, and ordered the brigade in line of battle. The men had just rested from work. Many slept. They grumbled loudly when called. Before the brigade stood fairly up, on came the "Johnnies," with that yell characteristic. Capt. Stowits ordered Maj. Baldwin, of the Eleventh Maine, to move by the flank up to the work, while the Tenth Connecticut and One Hundredth New York

simply faced and moved right forward. As the Eleventh Maine reached the work, the rebels were pouring over, firing a volley, wounding Maj. Baldwin through the shoulder. Said he, "Capt. Stowits, this is too bad, so early in the fight." The Major had just returned from hospital, having been badly wounded at Deep Bottom the August before. But he had hardly fallen ere one steady volley from those veteran regiments checked the leaders in the assault, and piled their dead a few feet from the outside of the work, while those who clambered over were made prisoners, and earnestly besought that they might be directed to the rear, out of danger of the bullets of their friends. It was a timely repulse. Had the troops been allowed twelve or fifteen minutes repose longer, a large number would have slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Fortunately for the One Hundredth the assault was on the front protected by works, while their front was exposed and might have suffered loss, had not the cool presence of mind of Capt. Cook, in charge of the pickets, turned apparent disaster into a glorious success. During the day we had driven the rebels from their pits nearer their main line. The Captain, with shovels, had turned these pits, and used them in reverse for the safety of his pickets. When the rebels came boldly on, the Captain waited their near approach, when he gave the order for a well directed fire, which obliqued their advance, and sent them in a body against the works in front of the remainder of

the brigade, where many quickly found rest in death and as prisoners. Capt. Cook was breveted major for his gallantry at the close of the war, and the honor was well merited, and caused joy to the command. Capt. Nichols, as brigade officer, was on the line, and the rebels took him prisoner, stripped him of pistol, sword and rubber blanket, and had marched him half way to their works, when the Captain turned and fled. Two fired at him in the darkness and missed, while the Captain came into the ranks of the One Hundredth greeted with cheers at his deliverance. The Captain denominated the act on the part of the enemy as "a nice April fool." It might have been a sad morning to the Third Brigade, but as it turned, it was a grand check of the advancing rebels.

The Union hosts were slowly closing in on the defenders of the "lost cause." Sheridan and Warren, in the early morning of April 1st, began the disposition of the forces for the battle of Five Forks. Humphrey at the extreme left of Hatcher's Run, and Ord, Wright and Park with their corps, respectively, were waiting the last order, to leap into the works of the rebels. They had failed in the permanent capture of Fort Steadman, on the Petersburg front, and had retired sullenly and disheartened. The close of the day announced the complete triumph of Sheridan and Warren at Five Forks. The shouts of victory had hardly died away in the evening, when, by Grant's order, the Union guns, in position before Petersburg, were opened on the Confederate lines, from right to

left, from Appomattox to Hatcher's Run. All night the detonating thunders of artillery continued. At day-break the assault began. Wright with the Sixth Corps, supported by two divisions of Ord's command, assaulted the works at the same time that Parke, with the Ninth Corps, had carried the outer line on his front, though checked by the inner. Wright and Ord drove everything before them to the Boydton plank road, and captured several thousand men and many guns. Humphrey advanced westward from Hatcher's Run, holding the Union left, stormed and captured a redoubt on his front, moved up and took position on the left of the Sixth Corps. Sheridan struck the south-side railway in three points, and this important line of Lee's communication was cut, and a triumph achieved.

After the check of the rebels on the front of the Third Brigade, on the morning of the 1st April, the command continued to intrench and make strong their position. Sharpshooters were busy during the day. The bombardment during the night indicated to the men the work for Sunday, that of shortening the rebel line by doubling it with a successful assault. As stated, Ord ordered Foster to move, and on we went, going over and into the enemy's works without much opposition at that point, as the line had been broken at the right, which had communicated defeat to the left. Within the line of the rebel works the One Hundredth New York, of the Third Brigade, First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, contributed to the strength of numbers which added fear to certainty in the hearts of the

rebels, that their fate was sealed and their last hour had come.

It was a grand sight to see the moving thousands of the Union army as they enveloped with a cloud of blue the rear works of Petersburg, and prepared to assault Forts Grigg and Alexander. This desperate duty was assigned to the First Division, of which the Third Brigade and One Hundredth Regiment formed a part. Fort Grigg, the center fort, was a work with a ditch in front and a stockade in rear, and was manned by two hundred and fifty Mississippians, who had sworn not to surrender; and so gallantly did they fight, that when it surrendered only thirty effective men were left.

The charge on Fort Grigg was the last battle fought by the One Hundredth Regiment, and its record on that terrible occasion is enough to have earned for it all the honor and glory that can attach itself to any body of men in the accomplishing of so sanguinary a work, and crowning the deed with glorious victory.

The promotions of March 30th, 1865, were: Joseph Pratt to be second lieutenant; John S. Manning, Charles H. Waite, John Gordon, to be first lieutenants; and Patrick Connelly, and Jonathan E. Head, to be captains, all of whom were in active service in the regiment.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE ASSAULT OF FORT GRIGG IN THE REAR OF PETERSBURG.—THE WORK ASSIGNED TO THE FIRST DIVISION, TWENTY-FOURH ARMY CORPS.—THE LOSS OF MAJ. DANDY OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH NEW YORK.—THE FORT TAKEN, AND GARRISON NEARLY ALL KILLED AND WOUNDED.—THE PURSUIT OF GEN. LEE.—ARRIVAL AT BURKESVILLE.—PASS THROUGH FARMVILLE, AND REACH THE REBEL ARMY AT APPOMATTOX.—FIGHTING THE LAST BATTLE.—SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY.—ITS PAROLE.—NEWS OF THE PRESIDENT'S ASSASSINATION.—RETURN MARCH.—ENTERING RICHMOND.

To the First Division, as intimated, was assigned the bloody work of assaulting Fort Grigg. The order was given, and that Sabbath day witnessed one of the most stubborn assaults, and most fiercely defended forts of the war. For twenty-three minutes did those brave men encircle that fort, fill its ditches, cover its parapets, storming every vulnerable point in the effort to gain possession. It was a long time in an open field to shoot and be shot at. Soon the moving mass, pressed by those in rear, passed into the fort, and victory was gained. The forts on either flank were

evacuated immediately, and the streams of "gray backs," as they hastened on, gave evidence of haste, fear and dismay. The colors of the One Hundredth Regiment were the first on the parapet of the fort, followed by those of the Tenth Connecticut. The color-bearer of the One Hundredth was shot, and Maj. Dandy, its gallant commander, in pressing forward to raise the colors, was also killed, a loss which the regiment deeply felt, and whose brief service had endeared him to his comrades in arms.

Many officers and men had fallen. The interior of the fort was a pool of blood, a sight which can never be shut from memory. The rebels had recklessly fought to the last. Quickly the rear gun of the fort was turned upon the fugitives. The dead were buried in trenches two and a half feet in depth. The rebels in one, and our own troops in others, under the direction of each regiment of the charging column. The scene in and about the fort was beyond description. Here, as elsewhere, after many a fight, the thought would force itself upon us: Is our country worth these sacrifices of human life? Is it not savage barbarism all? These thoughts could not be repressed amid the cords of dead, the fathers, husbands and brothers of loved ones waiting words from the battle field which would only kill as the bolts of despair. Our dead buried, rations and ammunition issued, reports rendered, and about face we began the pursuit of Gen. Lee. On we marched, Monday and Tuesday, creeping into Burkesville late, with the strong men in

advance from companies, regiments, brigades and divisions. Toward morning the weak and straggling came staggering along. It was literally a forced march. Lee must be kept from going South, and Grant held the Twenty-fourth Corps to perform the duty of intercepting, and if possible capture the Confederate chief.

We were in time. The morning of Wednesday, April 5th, was wet and disagreeable. Railroad communication being secured, Grant determined to secure the whole of what remained of the Army of Northern Virginia. Though pickets had been thrown out, and preparation for camping commenced, orders came to march. The One Hundredth New York at this place were detailed to guard the wagon train, which saved them the danger of helping to fight the last battle at Appomattox, imposed upon the Third Brigade, First Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps.

As the Twenty-fourth Corps reached High Bridge, near Farmville, the rebels were leaving, and the bridge was in flames. The fire was extinguished. Col. Dandy, with the Third Brigade, was ordered five miles beyond to hold a bridge crossing the Appomattox. Having been fired, its falling timbers were carried away by the current, and with two pieces of cannon, and pickets in position, the brigade bivouacked till dawn. It was a cold, damp night. The morning sun was a great relief to the chilled and weary troops. The rear guard of the enemy had thrown up works on an opposite hill, as we advanced; and during the night

our batteries were placed in position, but at dawn the rebels had fled. Evidences all along could be seen of their hasty flight. Burning caissons, ambulances, wagons, and worn-out mules, *all* told of the extremity and demoralization of Lee's army.

Saturday evening, April 8th. Sheridan captured four trains of cars, thirty pieces of artillery, one general and one thousand prisoners, and a hospital train, thereby snatching from Lee needy supplies for his starving army. Sheridan stood across his pathway, determined to hold him until the Army of the James could reach his front, and that of the Potomac his rear.

Gen. Lee had hoped to have broken through our lines on that eventful morn held by Sheridan. The flower of what remained of the Army of Northern Virginia was ordered to the work. Sheridan opened the fight. The yells of the "Johnnies," the whistling of bullets, the flight of driven cavalry, demoralized, hatless and weaponless, told us, the infantry, that our time had come. At a double quick, the First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, advanced. Col. Dandy was in command of the Third Brigade, with only the Eleventh Maine and Tenth Connecticut Regiments. Such had been the speed of march, that the Third Brigade was half a mile in advance of its left supporting column. Col. Dandy's aid, Lieut. Mason, had been shot. Capt. Hawkins, inspector general, was sinking with exhaustion. Gen. Foster, riding up amid a shower of bullets said, "Capt. Stowits, make your connection with Col. Fairchild's brigade on your left



OSCAR F. RICHARDS.
Capt. Co. K. 74th Regt N.Y.S. Vols.

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and keep advancing." Before the Captain could explain that Col. Fairchild was far in the rear, the General was gone. Already had Col. Hill, of the Eleventh Maine, with most of his command, been made prisoners. The officer in command of the Tenth Connecticut appealed to Capt. Stowits for orders. The Captain responded, order your men to lie down; if I live I will bring you orders. Col. Dandy was sought and found. The situation was explained. The Colonel told the Captain that he was right to hold his men till Col. Fairchild closed up. Anxiously the minutes were passed. The skirmishers of Col. Fairchild's brigade appeared in view. The line of battle was closed, and forward we moved. It was our last battle, short, bloody, and the end of the war. As the white flags came in, the view on either hand was imposing and sublime. The various corps of our army unfurled their flags and the bands were ordered to play. It seemed more as a review, a gala day for a moment, than the exultation of a great army, that a long, bloody and desperate war had ended. The pitied remnants of that once bold and defiant army were sad to behold. Long and bravely had they fought us; but *now*, what a contrast to the well clothed, well fed, and high spirited thousands of the Union hosts. With an exhausted quartermasters' department, an empty commissary, the rebel army, as a power, was no more. It only remained for us to feed them in their needs, and illustrate again the maxim, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

The Confederate army was paroled. As they passed

our camps, to look upon them only excited charity and pity. There were mutual congratulations that the war had ended. Such had been the rapidity of our marching that all our supply trains were deep in the mud far in the rear. We waited their arrival. From the 9th to the 17th of April we waited orders and the return of one of the divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps. Returns, and the necessary army papers were completed, and the army commenced its backward movement. Reached Farmville Tuesday noon, April 18th. The road was one miry bed, filled with the debris of a pursued and pursuing army. The stench of dead horses and mules was almost insupportable.

At this, the height of our rejoicings, in the rain and mud waiting for orders, along the wires which followed the army in all its movements, came the thrilling and astounding intelligence that President Lincoln had been assassinated. It could not at first be believed. But, as the report settled into fact, and there seemed to be no doubt of the sad news, a cloud of gloom pervaded the entire army. Our victories paled in their glory, and for the moment all our fightings and successes were apparently of no significant value. But in the loss of the martyr President we had the inspiring thought of a saved and united nation.

That march of a victorious army for Richmond was a rest of mind to the veteran soldier. The best of discipline was observed. The people were evidently surprised at our appearance, so orderly, well clad and respectful of the rights of an enemy.

We entered the city on the morning of April 25th, after a night's bivouac at Manchester, two miles out. We were received by Gen. Devin's division with music, cheers, and the salutations of an exultant soldiery. The colored population were jubilant. The secession element was sullen, and dispirited. The grand appearance of our army in contrast with the ragged rebel soldiery, told the enemies of the nation with what a power they had dared to measure arms, and that they could not but reap what they had so recklessly sown—death, ruin and devastation.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH JOINS THE BRIGADE AT APPOMATTOX. — THE RETURN MARCH TO RICHMOND. — OUR RECEPTION BY THE RESIDENT TROOPS. — ENCAMPED OUTSIDE CITY. — RECEPTION OF SECOND, FIFTH AND SIXTH CORPS AND SHERMAN'S ARMY. — INCIDENTS AND ROUTINE OF CAMP LIFE. — INSPECTIONS AND REVIEWS.

The One Hundredth Regiment, commanded by Capt. Nichols, with Lieut. Conry acting as adjutant, was relieved of guarding the wagon train; had joined the brigade, and accompanied us on our return march to Richmond. Our camps encircled the city. The One Hundredth lay in a fine wood about two miles out, near the Brook River turnpike, or between it and Meadow Bridge road. The mental strain of alternate fears and hopes had gone, and a reaction was apparent in all the army. The soldier was thinking of the civilian, and getting ready, in thought, to assume his duties as such as soon as the grasp of the nation was surrendered. The war was ended, and gradually the national army passed to their homes. The various

corps were received with honors as they passed through Richmond on their way to Washington. The arrival of Sherman's army was an event, and well had they earned all the favors which as a stationed corps we could give them.

Col. Dandy was still in command of the brigade. May 10th he left for the North on a leave of absence for thirty days to look after the interests of his brother, Maj. James H. Dandy, who was killed at Fort Grigg.

At this time, and subsequently, several promotions had been made. Capt. Warren Granger to be lieutenant colonel from May 11th, 1865; Capt. George H. Stowits to be major, from May 31st; and Lieut. Henry W. Conry, to be captain, May 31st; Lieut. Samuel Ely to be captain, May 31st; Henry J. Jones to be first lieutenant, May 31st; Joseph Pratt to be first lieutenant; and Frank Casey and Peter Kelly to be second lieutenants, May 31st, 1865.

Col. Greely, of the Tenth Connecticut, the next senior officer in the brigade, succeeded Col. Dandy in command. Maj. Baldwin, of the Eleventh Maine, now lieutenant colonel, who had been wounded in the assault of the rebels on the morning of April 1st, returned, and was heartily welcomed by both officers and men. The Two Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania, that had been left before Richmond, March 27th, now joined the brigade, and a camping ground was assigned them. Picketing, provost duty in the city, inspections and reviews were the several duties of regiments, brigades and divisions. The city of Richmond, and its

surroundings, at this season was beautiful to behold. It is situated on the James river, at the head of navigation, with all the exhibitions of modern taste in the designs of its public and private buildings. There was no mistaking the manifested pride of "blood" and "first families." The best had suffered much for the cause. Col. Dandy ordered that the headquarters of the brigade be located in the front yard of a rebel officer, and the following dialogue ensued between Capt. Stowits and the wife of the rebel captain. "Can you mess, or cook for the officers, the Colonel and staff?" "No! I have no servants, no food, save corn meal, and no milk, as your troops killed my cows; and my husband has not yet arrived as a paroled prisoner." "Well," responded the Captain, "I will furnish you with food, servants, and whatever you may need in the way of means and material." "No! I can't consent." The tents of the various staff officers were pitched in front of the house, much to the annoyance of this loyal lady to the "lost cause." She had three little children, aged respectively, six, eight and eleven years. Said one, "Ma would not play on the piano for Union officers when pa was away in the army, for he might have been dead, sick, wounded or a prisoner; but now he is home, ma will play if they desire; *but I am a little rebel any how.*"

When our army entered Richmond many remarked that the statue, in Capitol Square, of Washington, pointed in the direction Lee had fled with his army; a significant index of the great desire of the Father of his

country that it should ever remain one country and one people, and that treason and traitors should be secured and punished. The people seemed friendly and thought the "Yanks" a fine looking people, and did not expect to see such "heaps" of them, and a "right smart lot, too."

The receptions given the various corps of the Army of the Potomac, and also Sherman's army, were what was due "the boys in blue," foot sore, weary, bronzed and soil stained with marches up from the southern shore, the gates of Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia, through North Carolina to the rear entrance of the boasted capital of a would-be Confederate government. With firm step, as on a holiday review, they marched through the principal streets with guns at a "right shoulder shift," making the Richmondites feel that they were a power, and that they had earned the cheers and salutes extended them by their comrades along the line.

To the negroes the sight was a feast of joy and gladness. In short all classes seemed to gaze upon the scene as one long to be remembered. The weather was delightful, and all nature, about the fire-scarred city, seemed to welcome the Union hosts with opening buds and expanded leaves. Said a rebel officer, as he looked upon the well clothed and well appointed and thoroughly equipped thousands of the National army, "We were fools to continue resistance to such a power as seen in this representative army."

Lieut. Col. Granger arrived and took command of

the One Hundredth, relieving Capt. Edwin Nichols. Visited Fair Oaks battle field with a party from Buffalo, Messrs. S. N. Welch and J. D. Shepard. Details were burying the dead slain in the charge and repulse of October 27th, 1864, of the Eighteenth Corps, in front of the defences of Richmond.

On Monday, May 22d, visited the suburbs of the city with George Barnum and Brown of Buffalo. Many visitors from the North were in Richmond at this time, and their appearance awakened the liveliest hopes in the minds of the soldiery to return to the scenes of civil life.

The Two Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania was ordered to Lynchburg. Wednesday, May 24th, the Sixth Corps was received as other corps had been by the Twenty-fourth Corps, as at review. At this date many of the wives of the officers of New England regiments joined their husbands, and cheerily enjoyed the rustic life and living of their patriotic husbands. This peaceful military life was not without its delights; regular duties imperative, the music of bands, parades and reviews, all gave stimulus and excitement, differing from the fears of expectant danger and battle. The little girls mentioned became quite familiar, and presented Capt. Stowits daily with bouquets of choice flowers, and insisting their disbelief that he was a Yankee, since how could he be and treat them so kindly, for had they not been taught that the Yankee was a savage, a creature of untold monster characteristics? Yes, thus even had childhood been perverted

in its notions of that large number of enterprising, industrious and loyal men that had rescued a nation and saved an element of it from self-destruction and the destruction of a government that had given them existence and untold blessings. Said the mother to Capt. Stowits: "You have won my children and their favor, such are the impressible natures of the young." The Captain responded and said: "It is not strange. My life has been spent among children, and I have learned the way through the doorways of their frank and usually unsuspecting natures."

During a parade in front of headquarters, while the national flags were unfurled and the bands were discoursing their sweetest music, the same lady remarked, "that she had thought she could never again look upon that 'old flag' with the least degree of complacency;" so deeply had they trodden out of sight, apparently, the symbols of a great and prosperous people.

CHAPTER XLIX.

GEN. FOSTER, IN COMMAND OF DIVISION, ON LEAVE. — GEN. OSBORNE IN COMMAND. — RETURN SOLDIERS FROM ANDERSONVILLE. — LEAVES OF ABSENCE AND PASSES TO THE CITY. — RESIGNATION OF CAPT. STOWITS. — LETTER OF GEN. DANDY. — APPOINTMENT OF CAPT. COOK AS ACTING ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL. — A CORPS REVIEW AND GEN. GIBBON'S FAREWELL ORDER. — ARRIVAL OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH AT ALBANY, AND MUSTER OUT. — PRESENTATION OF BATTLE FLAGS OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT TO THE BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BY LIEUT. COL. WARREN GRANGER, JR.

Gen. R. S. Foster, now of Indianapolis, Indiana, was still in command of the First Division. He was our pride as an officer, both on account of his soldierly bearing and qualities, as well as his social and courteous manners, so much more acceptable to the volunteer, than the rigid, formal and martinet formalities of the United States army officer. The General left us on leave, and Gen. Osborne succeeded him, another one of those desirable volunteer generals, who was universally liked. Inspections and rumors of "mus-

ter out" still continued almost daily. The "Board of Trade men," of 1862, began to feel that their hour of departure was drawing near. The prisoners of Andersonville were coming in from their long and terrible struggle with death in that southern charnel house, some little account of which is given in the sketch of Alfred Lyth, one of the committee in the publication of this work, and who suffered all but death, as did the one hundred and forty men of the One Hundredth Regiment, confined in that *death-pen*, a blackened stigma upon southern chivalry, and without a precedent in the annals of civilized warfare.

The temptation to visit the city of Richmond was to be expected, being so near, and the conscious knowledge that war had ceased, and the old habits of civil life coming vividly to thought, there had to be some method in the way of enjoying that coveted boon. Furloughs were granted to officers whose companies on inspection presented an almost faultless appearance in cleanliness of person and equipments. A certain number of passes were given to enlisted men to go to the city, daily, after inspection of clothing, guns and accoutrements, at brigade headquarters, by Act. Asst. Adjt. Gen., Capt. Stowits. Col. Dandy received his commission as brevet brigadier general of volunteers, for services rendered during the war. Capt. Stowits, feeling that his services as a soldier were no longer needed, sent in his resignation, May 30th, and it was accepted, and the last entry made in his military diary was in the following words: "*Here ends military rule*

and power over me." The Captain left before the arrival of Gen. Dandy, whom he had served as acting assistant adjutant general since his wounding and return from hospital at Fortress Monroe, October 27th, 1864. After the arrival of the General at Richmond, and the resumption of his command, he addressed the following letter to Capt. Stowits.

RICHMOND, Va., June 12th, 1865.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—

On my return here I was extremely sorry to learn that you had left the service. Doubtless, however, your private interests required you to take such a step. I regret that you did not remain until my return, or at least until your commission as major of the regiment had reached you. Be assured, Captain, that I shall miss the services of so efficient and gallant an officer as yourself on my staff, and shall find it difficult to replace you. With my best wishes for your future prosperity, permit me to subscribe myself,

Your sincere friend,

GEORGE B. DANDY,

Brig. Gen Comd. Third Brigade.

To Capt. GEO. H. STOWITS,
late Act. Asst. Adjt. Gen.

Previous to the departure of Capt. Stowits, he detailed Capt. Edward L. Cook, of the One Hundredth Regiment, as acting assistant adjutant general, whose known efficiency as acting adjutant of the regiment was a guarantee that the business of the brigade would not be neglected.

A few days subsequent to these events a grand review of the Twenty-fourth Corps was had, which was an event in the history of reviews, for the finest of soldierly displays. Such had been seen without the

works of Richmond, as an investing army, and it was meet that similar ones should be enacted within the concentric circles of the city defences.

At the review, Maj. Gen. Gibbon issued his parting words to the heroes of the Twenty-fourth Corps.

HEADQUARTERS, TWENTY-FOURTH ARMY CORPS, }
REVIEW GROUND, RICHMOND, Va., June 10th, 1865. }

SOLDIERS OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH CORPS :—

This, probably, is the last occasion upon which you, as a corps, will be assembled.

Many of you are about to re-enter civil life, to resume those domestic duties which, by your service in the great cause of your country, have been so long neglected.

Before we separate, I desire to thank you, in the name of a grateful country, for the service you have rendered her.

By your discipline, long marches and hard fighting, you have established for yourself a name second to none in the army.

Your badge has become an emblem of energy, valor and patriotism, and is a source of just pride to all who wear it.

Those of you who are entering civil life should still wear it, on all occasions, as an evidence to your brothers who remain in service of your pride in a badge made sacred by the blood of so many brave men, and your disposition, should your country ever again call you to arms, to again assemble under that proud emblem, and revive the glory of the Twenty-fourth Corps.

To our comrades who are leaving the service we pledge a kind farewell, and a wish that their career in civil life may be as successful and prosperous as their military life has been alike honorable to themselves and beneficial to their country.

JOHN GIBBON,
Maj. Gen. Vols. Commanding Corps.

In July the One Hundred and Forty-eighth and One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York regiments were consolidated with the One Hundredth Regiment, and, as Capt. Stowits did not muster as major, Frederick A.

Sawyer was commissioned as major, mustered, and was mustered out with the regiment at Albany on its return home.

After consolidation, and order for muster out, from some unexplained cause, the regiment was ordered to Albany for muster out, instead of Buffalo, where a majority of the regiment desired to be sent. As most of the officers were of the original regiment, and about two hundred of the men, composed of re-enlisted veterans and what were termed "Board of Trade men," it was hoped that they, at least, would come to Buffalo in a body, that the honor of a reception might be given them, as their services merited. The Board of Trade was ready, waiting any action on the part of the members of the regiment, to fulfill their obligations, and pay their respects to the remnants of a body of men aggregated under their auspices, after having done such valiant service for country, a pride to Buffalo and an honor to the nation. But it was otherwise ordered, and on the 28th of August, 1865, at Richmond, the regiment was discharged, left for Albany by the way of Baltimore and New York city, and was noticed by the New York press in terms of the most flattering character.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

The One Hundredth New York Volunteer Regiment, numbering seven hundred and forty men, under command of Brevet Brig. Gen. George B. Dandy, arrived in this city yesterday afternoon from Richmond, en route for Albany, for which place it left early in the evening. The regiment was raised in Erie County in Jan-

uary, 1862, and served in the Peninsula campaign under Gen. McClellan. In March, 1863, the regiment was sent to take possession of Cole's island, at the mouth of the Stono river, S. C., preparatory to the siege of Charleston. The One Hundredth Regiment participated in the capture of Morris island, the assault of Fort Wagner, and in the regular approaches afterward made upon that work, resulting in its capture, and in which it lost nearly one-half its men. In the spring and summer of 1864 it served with Gen. Butler's command at Bermuda Hundred, Drury's Bluff and Deep Bottom, taking part in all the engagements of that campaign. In October, 1864, the regiment was recruited for the third time, and in March, 1865, and in the closing campaign, fought at Hatcher's Run for three days: participated in the assault of Fort Grigg, near Petersburg, and in the closing battle of the war, at Appomattox Court House, at the time of the surrender of Gen. Lee.

In July last, the remnants of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth and One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York Volunteers were consolidated with this regiment.

For special gallantry in the assault on Fort Grigg, where the major commanding was killed on the parapet of the work, the colors of the regiment were presented with a splendid eagle in bronze, bearing the following inscription:

"Presented to the One Hundredth New York Volunteers by Maj. Gen. John Gibbon, commanding Twenty-fourth Corps, for gallant conduct in the assault on Fort Grigg, Petersburg, Va., April 2d, 1865."

The following are the names of the officers, and enumeration of the battles in which the regiment had taken part:

Col. and Brevet Brig. Gen. George B. Dandy; Lieut. Col. Warren Granger; Maj. Frederick Sawyer; Surg. Norris M. Carter; Asst. Surg. Edwin Schofield; First Lieut. and Regimental Quartermaster George G. Barnum. Co. "A:" First Lieut. Henry Heintz; Second Lieut. Peter Kelly. Co. "B:" Capt. Jonathan E. Head; First Lieut. Joseph Pratt. Co. "C:" Capt. Edwin Nichols; First Lieut. Wayne Vogdes. Co. "D:" Capt. Samuel Ely. Co. "E:" Capt. Edward Pratt. Co. "F:" Capt. Edward L. Cook, acting adjutant; First Lieut. Henry Jones. Co. "G:" Capt. Jacob S. Kittle; First Lieut. John S. Manning. Co. "H:" Capt. Henry W. Conry; First Lieut. John Gordon. Co. "I:" Capt. Patrick Connolly. Co. "K:" First Lieut. Charles H. Waite.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Siege of Yorktown, April, 1862; battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862; reconnoissance to Seven Pines, May 23, 1862; battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862; Bottom's Bridge, June 27, 1862; White Oak Swamp, June 30, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; Wood's Cross Roads, December 12, 1862; Cole's Island, March 31, 1863; Folly Island, June, 1863; Morris Island, July 10, 1863; assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863; siege of Fort Wagner, July, August and September, 1863; Port Walthall Junction, May 7, 1864; Drury's Bluff, May 13, 14 and 16, 1864; Bermuda Hundred, June 20th, 1864; Grover House, June 21, 1864; Deep Bottom, July 27, 1864; Deep Run, August 14, 1864; Fussill's Mills, August 16, 1864; siege of Petersburg, September 29, 1864; Newmarket Road, October 7, 1864; Charles City Road, October 27, 1864; Hatcher's Run, March 30, 31 and April 1, 1865; Fort Grigg, April 2, 1865; Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865.

The battle flags of the One Hundredth Regiment were handed over to the Buffalo Historical Society for safe keeping, as the annexed note will show:

BUFFALO, May 1st, 1867.

WM. C. BRYANT, Esq., Secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society:

SIR:—Accompanying this note, I have the honor to transmit to the Buffalo Historical Society, for safe keeping, the colors borne by the One Hundredth Regiment New York Volunteers in the campaigns before Richmond, Va., under Butler in 1864, and Grant in 1865. They are two standards: The United States colors and those of the State of New York. In their torn and mutilated draperies, they bear memorials of many a hard and well contested field. In their defense many a soldier of the One Hundredth laid down his life. The eagle which surmounted the staff of the State colors, and which I send with the latter, was shot off by a minnie ball in the assault on Fort Grigg, Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. On that occasion these colors were *foremost* in the fight, and the *first* planted on the enemy's works. They were presented to the One Hundredth Regiment by the Buffalo Board of Trade in the spring of 1864.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

WARREN GRANGER, JR.,

Late Lieut. Col. One Hundredth New York,
and Brevet Col. of Volunteers.

CHAPTER L.

CLOSING WORDS. — REFLECTIONS UPON THE WAR SO SUCCESSFULLY ENDED, AND THE BRILLIANT AND HOPEFUL FUTURE OF THIS YOUNG REPUBLIC.

The task is done. The marches, battles and sieges in which the One Hundredth took a prominent and honorable part are recorded in the preceding pages. The battles have been refought. During the past year by night and by day, have we stood by the side of dead and wounded comrades, and felt, oh! how intensely, the great sacrifice of human life for the restoration of the Union

We have stood by the side of open graves on Morris Island, and before Richmond and Petersburg, with an acute anguish, as deeply felt in imagery, as when the gloom of the hour enthralled us. *Now* we hope to push the *fact* and *thought* far into the mists of memory, and come up as cheerfully as we may to the consideration of the fruits and blessings of that great, grand and glorious struggle for the life and existence of the nation.

In the whirl of the age, this great civil war has passed into the shadow-land of history. So recent, that the grass has barely grown over the graves of thousands of the fallen. As a soldier, we were taught to love our country more. The sky, the green earth, the blue waters, *all*, are dearer to us now, than when we had not this bitter lesson of sanguinary war. We would be pleased to veil from memory most of the events that attend our thoughts; but they are ever present as the tuition for the practical lesson we have learned, to value country beyond compare, and daily teach the children under our care to love it beyond words to express.

The "*unmarked graves*" throughout all the South appeal to us; at Gettysburg, Fortress Monroe, Andersonville, Morris Island and the Southwest, speaking in tones of thrilling import:—we died that you might live. Their bones are bleaching on the isles, and along the streams, to be remembered as the sacrificed for the existence of the best and freest government the world has ever seen. Their forms are ever present, and their deeds are held in grateful remembrance. Our fates might have been reversed. They might have stood where we stand, while we would have been known only as they are known, in praise, in story and in song. Let us not think lightly, nor undervalue the martyred dead, who have been sacrificed in a war waged to save and perpetuate the Union and every star in the "Dear Old Flag." Thank God, they are all there; and those of us, who have survived the

crimsoned ordeal, will ever cherish this symbol of our national unity; knowing, that when kissed by the breezes of all lands, the nations will feel and know, that that flag is the emblem of unity and freedom, baptized in the blood of heroes, for its protection and perpetuity, while government lasts and the living millions are shadowed with its folds of stripes and stars.

As a soldiery we are not forgotten. In the bustle and strife of material life, the soldier may often feel that he is neglected, but reflection will speak to him the truth; that it cannot be, as long as memory lasts and government exists, and these waters of the lakes rest in their cradled basins, and Niagara's current moves swiftly along to the cataract's verge, where rising in mists an incense is offered to the Giver of all blessings, of a nation's gratitude for the preservation of its unity, peace and power forever.

To live the life of a soldier does not occur to the citizen but rarely in the course of a century, or in the life of a nation. It has its charms, as well as its sorrows. As soldiers we tried to do our duty; as citizens, we rejoice. Should foreign foes, or factious ones at home, seek again the life of the nation in our day, then the military culture acquired will serve us, as in the days of the rebellion.

As a people may we know war no more. May neither our children nor our children's children ever act its bloody drama; but in its growth, enterprise,

power and vitality, may this youthful republic enjoy
peace and freedom evermore.

“Hosannas for a land redeemed,
The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb;
Passed, as some horror, we have dreamed,
The fiery meteors that here streamed,
Threat’ning within our homes to come.

Again, our Banner floats abroad,
Gone the one stain, that on it fell;
And bettered by His chast’ning rod,
With streaming eyes uplift to God,
We say: ‘He doeth all things well.’”

NEW YORK



Looks like H. H. Taylor.

GEORGE H. STOWITS.

Major 100th N.Y. Vols.

APPENDIX.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

IN MEMORIAM.

COLONEL JAMES MALCOLM BROWN.

FURNISHED BY HIS WIFE, CHARLOTTE BROWN.

Colonel James Malcolm Brown, commander of the One Hundredth New York State Volunteers, was born in Dundee, Scotland, on the 24th day of November, 1825. In his early years, the family removed to Ortree, in the Isle of Skye, and in the twelfth year of his age they took up their residence in the city of Glasgow. Here he began to develop those mental capacities which so distinguished him in after life; and after attaining the highest honors in the high school of that city, he applied himself to the study of medicine, attending lectures in the medical college. Before he had attained his majority he left the paternal mansion, and came to this country, selecting as his residence the city of New Orleans, where he pursued his studies until the beginning of the war with Mexico, when he entered the army as assistant surgeon, remaining with his regiment until peace was declared, when he was mustered out of the service at Mackinac. Surg. Brown occupied for nearly eighteen months a tent with Lieutenant, now President, Grant. The young surgeon then discerned in the cool and daring Lieutenant the germs of those remarkable qualities which, in their development, were destined to achieve such momentous results in the future of our country; and that long afterward, during the first year of the rebellion, before our great commander had proved him-

self capable of accomplishing those mighty deeds which have rendered his name famous, Col. Brown had often predicted to his intimate friends, that Grant, if he lived, would be one of the greatest generals of our times! The practice of medicine does not seem to have been in accordance with the tastes and temperament of Mr. Brown, for we find him after the close of the Mexican war a student in the law office of Messrs. Harvey & McReynolds, of Detroit, Mich., who were among the leading attorneys of that city. Here he applied himself with the utmost diligence to the study of his new profession, and was admitted to the bar of that State in the year 1851. On the 15th of January, 1852, he was married to Miss Charlotte Cook, a daughter of Dr. Robert Cook, formerly a physician of Argyle, N. Y.; and in the summer of 1853 he removed to Jamestown, N. Y., where his widow with her three sons now reside. Here he became a partner of the Hon. Madison Burnell, since deceased, who was then one of the ablest lawyers of Chautauqua county, and John F. Smith, who afterward became colonel of the One Hundred and Twelfth Regiment New York Volunteers, a brave officer, who fell in the attack on Fort Fisher.

Mr. Brown practiced with good success as a member of the above firm, and also on his own responsibility, until the breaking out of the war of the rebellion in the spring of 1861. When the echoes of the guns of Sumter reverberated throughout the land, proclaiming to the loyal citizens of the North that a civil war was inevitable, the soul of our hero was eager for the strife which he knew must speedily begin. The proclamation of President Lincoln, calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers, met with no readier or more enthusiastic response throughout the length and breadth of the loyal portion of the country, than in the town where Mr. Brown resided. Before any of his townsmen had had time to consider what was the first thing to be done, Mr. Brown raised his standard and called for recruits to form a company. Many of the most respectable young men of the town enlisted under his command, and in an incredibly short space of time, one hundred and twelve men, more than the full complement, were enrolled.

The commission of James M. Brown, as Captain of Co. "B," Seventy-second Regiment, was the first one applied for, and issued in Chautauqua county, during the rebellion, and his company was the first one to depart for the seat of war. The citizens vied with each other in their efforts to promote the welfare and comfort of

the men, previous to their departure, and that there might be no delay, busied themselves in providing uniforms and subsistence; and when the day of departure came, advanced the means of transportation to New York. The ladies industriously worked to prepare food, haversacks and comfortable underclothing, and wrought with their own hands a beautiful silken flag, which they presented to the company. Upon its arrival at New York, it was attached to Gen. Sickles' brigade, and ordered to encamp at Staten island. Capt. Brown remained in command, preparing his men for the stern duties of a soldier's life, and bringing his company into a condition of high discipline, during the summer of 1861, when he was ordered home on recruiting service.

It appears that his fine soldierly bearing as an officer, and his evident military abilities, had attracted the attention of Gen. Scroggs, then recruiting at Buffalo for the Eagle Brigade, who offered Capt. Brown the colonelcy of the One Hundredth Regiment, which was attached to the brigade awaiting its full complement of men. Capt. Brown accepted the position, and his resignation as captain of Co. "B" having been accepted, on the 5th of November, 1861, he proceeded to Buffalo to assume the command of his regiment. Carrying with him the same prompt and resolute disposition, he determined on making the One Hundredth Regiment effective in the shortest possible time, and taxed their energies to the utmost, in order that his command might excel. His own indefatigable spirit became reflected in every soldier, and he won their utmost confidence in him as an able and competent leader. When his regiment entered into active service he lived as the others lived, slept on the cold, wet ground, ate soldiers' rations, and in all regards endured the hardships of the campaign like the privates. He bore all privations without murmuring for himself, but not without feeling keenly for his men. At Seven Pines he was in the saddle and his regiment under arms ere the order reached him. He led them into action with that stern joy which warriors feel when going out to battle. Through the former part of the fight he sat quietly on his horse, a conspicuous target, calmly smoking his pipe, except when giving orders or executing a movement. When the action grew hot as Hades, he raged up and down the line encouraging the men by voice and example, his lion courage aroused, the light of battle in his eyes, a soldier terrible in his splendid bravery. When came that fatal order to charge, he was

heard to denounce the order, it was his duty, with death staring them all in the face, to execute. Here came out one of the finest traits of the soldier. For one instant looking straight forward at inevitable disorder and rout, he cried out in his great lion-like voice "Charge the One Hundredth!" Officers and men saw the trap into which they were moving; but,

"Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die;
Though some one had blundered,"
On went the One Hundredth.

The history of that fight, of the noble devotion and courage of Col. Brown, and the One Hundredth Regiment, is written on the bosom of mother earth, in the mounds that are scattered over the field of Seven Pines. A braver gentleman than Col. Brown never lived. His body lies unknown in some mound on the field of that terrible fray; but his memory will live in the hearts of his countrymen, who honor bravery and worth, so long as the pen of history shall inscribe the noble deeds of chivalry.

His memory is fondly cherished in the beautiful village where he resided. Camp James M. Brown is the name of a field which was the mustering place of two noble regiments, the One Hundred and Twelfth and One Hundred and Fifty-fourth regiments of New York Volunteers, that, in 1862, went forth from Jamestown to battle for the nation's life; and Post James M. Brown, Grand Army of the Republic, is formed of the surviving heroes of the war who are residents of the town. Year after year, upon "decoration day," they repair to the cemetery, in the outskirts of the town, to participate in the touching and beautiful ceremonies of the day; and a mound is always erected in memory of the brave Colonel which fair hands tenderly decorate with flowers.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL PHINEAS STAUNTON.

Lieut. Col. Staunton was the son of Major General Phineas, and Mrs. Mary Staunton, early settlers of Wyoming county, in this

State. Gen. Staunton was a prominent officer in the war of 1812, was an intimate friend of Gen. Peter B. Porter, the author in Congress of the war measure against England, and with him was intimately identified with the early progress of New York. The parents of Col. Staunton, judged by all that is known of them, and by the revelation that he has given of them upon canvass, were persons of royal natures and of commanding characters. Col. Staunton was born September 24th, 1817, and inherited a love of country and a love of military life. His father being a prominent officer in the war of 1812, distinguished himself in several important battles by his heroism and command over men. After the declaration of peace, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the militia of Western New York, with a commission as major general. At the age of eighteen, Col. Staunton held a position as staff officer with the rank of lieutenant colonel of militia. Nature designed and fitted him for an artist, and a great and good artist he was. And yet, while it was true that all the forces within him culminated in his profession, he was not thereby disqualified, like many persons endowed with special gifts, for the practical duties of life in other directions. Completely enveloped in the holy flame of art, he could instantly drop his palette and grasp his sword, when liberty was assaulted in his native land. He could throw his whole soul into the scale of politics, if it seemed to him that the beam was likely to go down on the side of injustice and oppression. He could leave his studies and join his brethern in the church as devotedly as the best. When in command of his regiment he was both chaplain and superior officer.

During the winter of 1860 and 1861, Col. Staunton, while engaged in his profession in the city of New York, became so impressed with the conviction that a war with the South was inevitable, that, unknown to his friends, he joined a class composed of volunteers, which met three times a week to study military tactics and drill, under the instruction of Col. Tompkins. In the spring of 1861, after the capture of Fort Sumter, he felt that the time had arrived for him to enter the ranks of the defenders of the "old flag." He returned home, to LeRoy, Genesee county, and immediately commenced to recruit volunteers for a company of infantry. This company was raised by his efforts, joined with those of Capt. Walter B. Moore, and became Co. "B" of the One Hundredth New York State Volunteers.

The record of Col. Staunton and his services can be traced in the pages of this work from the entry of the regiment in the field to his resignation, October 11th, 1862, at Gloucester Point, Va. The cause of his resignation, and the loss of his services to the country at that hour, was the appointment of George B. Dandy as colonel of the One Hundredth Regiment, which was rightfully due to Lieut. Col. Staunton.

Col. Staunton subsequently joined a scientific expedition to South America, and died at Quito Ecuador, September 5th, 1867. He was Vice Chancellor of Ingham University, LeRoy, N. Y., a man revered by his friends, and honored by all favored with his acquaintance.

MAJOR JAMES H. DANDY.

Major James H. Dandy, who fell in the charge on Fort Grigg, near Petersburg, April 2d, 1865, was the brother of Gen. G. B. Dandy, colonel of the One Hundredth Regiment. Through his brother he was commissioned first lieutenant, November 24th, 1862, and introduced into the regiment at Carolina City, N. C. Being assigned to Co. "B," he remained till June, 1863, when he was detailed in the commissary department at Hilton Head, where he was commissioned a captain, September 5th, 1863, and subsequently a brevet major. December 9th, 1864, he was commissioned major, joined the regiment and assumed command, March 27th, 1865, on the eve of our departure from the *front* before Richmond, and to the left at Hatcher's Run, thence into the assault on Fort Grigg, where he was shot, near the parapet of the work, in an attempt to recover the colors as they fell from the hands of the color-bearer, who had been shot an instant before.

Before going into the charge he said to Capt. Stowits, "I feel as though I shall be killed, take my money," as he had just been paid, and this was his first fight. The Captain responded: "It is not strange that you should thus feel; but if you wish, give it to the surgeon, as I shall be in nearly as great danger in forming the line for advance as yourself." His presentiment was a fact. He was slain, a young, brave and gallant officer. The few days that he had commanded the regiment had endeared him to the hearts of all.

He was subsequently breveted lieutenant colonel, and the following action of the members of Psi Upsilon Fraternity of the Wesleyan University, of which he was an honored member, will tell of his merits and the value of his memory.

WHEREAS, We have received the sad announcement of the death of our honored brother, Major James H. Dandy, who fell at the capture of Fort Grigg, on the 2d of April, in command of his regiment, the One Hundredth New York, while planting, in person, his victorious flag upon the stronghold he had conquered; therefore,

Resolved, That, though we had fondly hoped to welcome him, safe from all perils of battle to the paths of peace again, we humbly bow in submission to this grievous dispensation of a Providence whose goodness we may not doubt.

Resolved, That in the unselfish devotion of our esteemed brother to the common cause of God and humanity—in his generous fidelity to every relation of home and of country—in his consistent morality and genial social qualities, which made so many friends and, now, so many mourners, we find much that is richly worthy of emulation.

Resolved, That we are justly proud of the enviable reputation he achieved by his manly and soldierly bearing, and the cool yet brilliant courage which marked his entire military career and met its coronation in his last brave deed; and that the goodly record of his life, always so spotless, so noble, and laureled, now at last, with the high eulogium,

“Dead on the field of honor,”

shall not be forgotten, but cherished as a precious legacy.

Resolved, That with becoming respect for the sacredness of their sorrow we sincerely tender to the bereaved relatives and friends, in this time of grief, our best and warmest sympathies.

Resolved, That we drape our badges for the period of thirty days in token of our regard for our brother, thus sadly yet nobly fallen on the bright margin of a victory, whose gates, we trust, swing open on the courts of peace.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be transmitted to the family and friends of the deceased, and to the several chapters of the fraternity.

WILLIAM V. KELLY,
WELLESLEY W. BOWDISH,
E. IRVING RACKETT.

Wesleyan University, April, 1865.

CAPTAIN MICHAEL BAILEY.

BY MAJOR D. D. NASH.

Capt. Michael Bailey, who served with the One Hundredth Regiment as captain of Co. “E,” and who died as lieutenant col-

onel of a Buffalo regiment of the army raised in the Fenian service for the liberation of Ireland, was born in the year 1822, in Queens county, Ireland, where he was reared by parents of the better class of the intelligent farmers of that highly favored portion of his native isle.

At the age of eighteen, in 1840, he left home and its endearments, having from his boyhood learned to love America, its institutions and consequent blessings. He landed first in New Brunswick, where he learned the lucrative trade of a ship-carpenter, and subsequently came to Buffalo, which has since, until the time of his death, been his home, and where by his industry he had accumulated, at the outbreak of the war, a handsome property, nearly all of which he freely gave in the service of his adopted and native countries. In 1856, Co. "E," Emmett Guards, of the Seventy-fourth Regiment, was organized, and he was elected captain. In 1861, during the month of September, he recruited Co. "E," One Hundredth Regiment New York Volunteers, at almost entirely his own expense. He served as captain until the fall of 1863, when he was unnecessarily quarrelled out of the regiment by his superiors in rank, who were determined to accomplish that heartless result. Seldom did an officer leave his charge with so much regret, nor with so creditable a war record. At Fair Oaks he was taken prisoner, struggling heroically, with a detached command, to hold a vastly superior force of the enemy in check, surrounded by his fighting Irishmen, who looked upon him as a father as well as a leader. After his release from prison he participated with cheerful alacrity in the many campaigns, battles and discomforts of the regiment up to the time of his resignation, and never will the writer forget the bravery and tact with which he assisted in encouraging and directing the decimated ranks of the One Hundredth in that fatal night assault upon Fort Wagner, as the men passed through the ditch, nor his indomitable pluck in the terrible work of driving the enemy into their bomb proofs, after the parapet had been scaled, and while the writer was prostrate by a wound, and only able to suggest, generally, such movement as seemed necessary. Capt. Bailey was one of the finest specimens of the intelligent, chivalrous, generous Irish gentlemen, to whom neither fear nor dishonor were known; and never was one mourned by a larger circle of friends than the subject of this sketch, who died in Buffalo, January 17th, 1868, indirectly from a

wound received in the chest at Fort Erie, June 2d, 1866, while engaged in capturing a detachment of British troops, landed for his defeat. May the green isle send us more such patriots as Capt. Bailey, whose memory will remain cherished as the flag he loved, and the cause for which he gave his life.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

Capt. William Richardson was a member of Co. "D," raised by Col. Payne, of Tonawanda, N. Y., and was a resident of that town when he enlisted as a volunteer. His faithfulness in the discharge of duty, his independent spirit and reliable courage soon earned his rapid promotion. He was commissioned second lieutenant December 23d, 1862, while the regiment lay at Gloucester Point, Va. A few days previous to the taking of Morris island, July 4th, 1863, he was commissioned first lieutenant, and April 14th, 1864, just before the departure of the regiment from Morris island, he was commissioned captain, as a reward for devotion to duty, and his success as an officer and soldier in the discharge of duty.

In the battle of Walthall Junction, on the Bermuda front, the perils of Drury's Bluff, the taking of Deep Bottom, where, in command of the reserves, in July, 1864, in an advance upon the rebel lines, he was shot, Capt. Richardson was always the courageous, bold and self-possessed soldier. He was shot July 27th, 1864. An attempt was made to recover his body, but failed. It was said that he did not die instantly, but lingered and died from the wound, and was buried by the enemy. His loss to the regiment, at that time, was sorely felt, and could not be repaired. This steady and dangerous service of the regiment was fatal to both officers and men, and large numbers during the summer of 1864 were lost to the service and the country.

CAPTAIN FRANK C. BRUNCK.

Capt. Brunck was the son of Doctor Brunck of this city, an able editor, an eloquent speaker, and widely honored among both

our German and American citizens. The Captain was born in the city of Buffalo, October 24th, 1841. He was educated in our public schools, and also attended the central school, at that time in its infancy, as an experiment. Subsequently he learned the trade of a printer, and was at work in the *Courier* office of this city at the commencement of the war. He decided to enlist as a volunteer, and began to solicit recruits for the One Hundredth Regiment, and was commissioned first lieutenant February 7th, 1862, while in camp at Fort Porter.

His career as a soldier is fully recorded in the body of this work. With the regiment, he passed through the ordeal of the Peninsula campaign, did nobly at the battle of Fair Oaks, as well as in the seven days' fight on the retreat to Harrison's Landing. While at Gloucester Point, Va., he was commissioned captain, November 24th, 1862, and from that date to the time of his muster out, January 9th, 1865, he was known as the steady, firm, resolute and courageous soldier. On Morris Island, at Walthall Junction, Drury's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, Deep Bottom, Deep Run, Fussill's Mills, Petersburg and on the Richmond front, Capt. Brunck fully sustained his reputation as a tried and competent soldier. His time of service having expired, he was ordered to Jamestown Island, Virginia, in command of what remained of the original One Hundredth Regiment, save the re-enlisted veterans. From thence to Buffalo the detachment was sent, paid and mustered out, their work having been well and nobly performed.

Captain Brunck remained in Buffalo until the summer of 1866, when he received an appointment as second lieutenant in the Fifteenth Regiment of United States Infantry, stationed at Fort Morgan, Alabama. He was commissioned, March 5th, 1867, with rank from July 28th, 1866. Shortly after the death of the first lieutenant, from yellow fever, the Captain received from the War Department an appointment as first lieutenant, dated October 7th, 1867, to take effect from the 27th day of August, 1867, subject to the confirmation of the Senate. In one month from the date of his appointment, November 7th, 1867, he, too, was a victim of that scourge of the South, the yellow fever, and his career, so auspiciously commenced, was ended, a sad bereavement to his parents and friends, though softened by the knowledge that he had ever served his country well.

LIEUTENANT JOHN W. WILKESON, JR.,
AND BREVET CAPTAIN NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Lieut. Wilkeson was in command of Co. "K" at the battle of "Fair Oaks," and with Col. Brown and Lieut. Kellogg, was killed in the execution of that fatal order, which decimated the ranks of the One Hundredth Regiment, and sent to prison, hospital and the grave so large a number, that the existence of what was once a large and efficient regiment, was deemed precarious and uncertain. The biographical history of this chivalric young officer has been fully and ably set forth in an article that appeared in the columns of the *Commercial Advertiser*, subsequent to the date of that tragedy, of the 31st of May:

THE LATE LIEUT. WILKESON.

"How loved, how valued once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot,—
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

"Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, dear friend,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

"Lieut. John W. Wilkeson, commanding Co. 'K,' One Hundredth Regiment New York State Volunteers, was killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, Va., while gallantly leading his company in the foremost fight. He died in the defence of his country, May 31st, 1862.

"To those who were strangers to Lieut. Wilkeson, the above simple announcement will speak more eloquently than measured eulogy. To them we have nothing to say in addition. But to those who knew and loved him, we feel that it will be grateful, we know that it will be fitting in us, to pay to his memory the passing tribute of affectionate regard. We have known him as boy and man through his whole life, and were temporarily associated with him upon the field. We came to know him well, and knowing, loved him. Hence we feel impelled to record our feeble testimony to his worth and virtues.

"Lieut. Wilkeson was born in this city in August, 1834, and was the eldest son of our fellow-townsmen, John Wilkeson, Esq. He

received his preliminary education at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and subsequently became a graduate of Union College. He afterward engaged in the study of law, in this city, and after his admission to the bar, removed to the city of New York, and entered upon the practice of his profession. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion, he raised a company of Sappers and Miners for Col. Baker's California Regiment. Upon ascertaining that the company could not be accepted, as such, it was abandoned, and Lieut. Wilkeson returned to this city and connected himself with the One Hundredth Regiment, then being organized here, as first lieutenant of Co. 'K.' He entered upon the discharge of his duties, and continued to the moment of his death thoroughly imbued with a sense of the great responsibilities of his position, and was untiring and assiduous in their performance. His labors in this regard were rendered much more arduous, and at times almost overwhelming, by the long-continued sickness and absence of the other company officers. From the time the regiment left this city, till his death, he was almost constantly in command of his company, and for a time, was the only commissioned officer with it. Though of slender frame, and apparently of feeble endurance, he yet went successfully through the terrible marches and privations which attended the advance to Richmond. Though suffering from severe sickness, at one time fainting with exhaustion, at another supported by his men at the head of his company, he managed to keep with them, sustained, according to his own language, 'by a determined will, necessity, quinine and God's grace.'

"Lieut. Wilkeson was the grandson of the late Hon. Samuel Wilkeson, one of the founders of this city, and inherited many of the remarkable mental characteristics of his grandfather. Like him he was undemonstrative, intensely earnest and persistent in everything he undertook. He acted almost entirely upon convictions of duty, and not from impulse. Quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, he was yet eminently genial, refined and affectionate. With strong likes and dislikes, he was at once a faithful friend and a generous and forgiving enemy. In the daily walks of life he was unusually exemplary without being ascetic or ostentatious.

"Lieut. Wilkeson was a patriotic and devoted soldier. He fought for his country with the purest motives, and with an unflinching trust in God, which, we do not doubt, went far toward making him a perfectly brave man. In a recent letter to his brother—also in

the army—he says, ‘God our Father sparing us, trust in him. Pray everywhere in a *colloquial* way.’ All our best friends have gone before, or are fast going, and what matters it for them or us how soon we go? It will be *right*, since it will be *God’s will*, and if I do not see you again here, we must meet in the spirit world.’ Again he said, ‘We shall have fought hard before this reaches you, and perhaps from the rolls of the ‘Hundredth’ my name will be dropped. I hope so, rather than that I should fail to show pluck and marked bravery. Pray that I may not fail.’ His dead body, now lying buried upon the field of battle, testifies mutely that he did not fail, but possessed that rare, modest courage which distrusts itself while it feels no fear.

“He has gone, and his gentle face and lion heart are turned from us forever toward the infinite. The beauty of his life and the glory of his death shall blend harmoniously, not only in making up the record of his earthly fame, but in initiating a brighter glory in a brighter world. He now walks amid the green pastures, by the banks of the river of eternal life, side by side with the loved ones who had gone before.”

“The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light through a brief darkness.”

His motives for entering the service of his country are most graphically, truthfully and tersely given in a letter to his brother, an extract of which is here given :

“I made up my mind after *cool deliberation*, that it was my *duty* to go. One fights for a god-like principle. It is the blessed American liberty which was the fruit of *all time*, painfully produced from the struggle—so long protracted—which gave birth to Protestant freedom—later so nobly preserved and re-asserted by our fathers, and which now meets its *old, old* enemy, Despotism, in its blackest and most treacherous form. It must not *perish*, for it is the only hope for poor *humanity*, whose despairing eye is on us—the only hope for the pure faith in God’s truths now threatened with a deadly eclipse. All this, and *more*, stands threatened, should the damning slave despotism conquer us, for will not the human intellect and our moral natures die without hope of resurrection? So, dear brother, we can, if needs, die for as precious truths as ever led martyrs to a burning stake, and the man who dare not seal his faith with his blood, deserves not to have enjoyed these blood-bought favors of ours. We must all die *soon*. There is no fear in death for the man who is true to his best impulses, and *never fails* his country; for God loves freedom, truth, and *freemen*; and fighting for these, you fight his battles. He himself will place the laurel chaplet on the faithful warrior’s head. Sam., ‘trust in *God*, and keep your *powder* dry.’ God bless you; we may meet on the bloody field, or perchance not till we rest from our labors; in either case, *all will be well*.”

What more need be said. The words from the pen of this early martyr on the altar of country, will live in the memory of all who read, and his *motives* for bearing arms in defence of "father land" will shine clearer and clearer upon the printed page, as the years roll away, and these truths find lodgement in the hearts of the saved youth of our blessed land.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES SEVERANCE FARNHAM.

BY MAJOR D. D. NASH.

Lieut. Farnham, the nephew and adopted son of Thomas Farnham, Esq., of Buffalo, N. Y., was born in the village of Cazenovia, Madison county, N. Y., May 29th, 1838. His father, a lawyer by profession, died a few months previous to his birth. His uncle, the Hon. Luther Severance, an editor, representative in Congress from Maine, and commissioner of the United States Government to the Sandwich Islands, died within a few years subsequent to his birth, which, added to the loss of an invaluable friend in the person of his grandfather at the age of ten years, left young Farnham wholly dependent upon his widowed mother. His grandfather, Col. Elisha Farnham, was one of the pioneers of Madison county, and served with a Madison county regiment at Sackett's Harbor, in the war of 1812. After these sad losses, he removed with his mother to Buffalo, N. Y., to reside with Thomas Farnham, by whom he was adopted, being a prominent business man of the city. His uncle with great liberality gave him the benefits of a preparatory and collegiate education, and he graduated at Union College in 1859, at the age of twenty-one years. He engaged with his foster father in business, but still devoted his leisure hours to his favorite pursuits, chemistry, geology and mineralogy. Fired with patriotism, he was ready to avenge the first insult upon our flag, and was only deterred by the opposition of his friends, who knew his delicate organization. Having finally overcome all this, he was commissioned second lieutenant of Co. "A," One Hundredth New York Volunteers, and detailed as aid to Gen. Scroggs, with whom he remained at Fort Porter, until ordered to his regiment by Col. James

M. Brown, March 22d, 1862, just as McClellan commenced his memorable Peninsula campaign. He joined his company at Washington, March 25th. Previous to his departure he was presented by the young men of Buffalo with a sword and sash, accompanied with a complimentary note, signed by the donors.

Soon after his arrival, the One Hundredth leaving, he joined the regiment, and was taken slightly ill on the 9th of April, and on the 16th of April, a very warm day, he was compelled to fall out, Co. "A" marching as advanced guard for twenty-two miles. From that time he continued to grow worse, and the symptoms of that terrible malady, the Peninsula fever, as it was called, exhibited themselves. Although he received the best care his many friends could bestow amid their oppressive duties, and under the disadvantages occasioned by the short-sighted management of the business affairs of the army at that early period, which left us nearer the point of starvation than ever after, still he continued to fail, and when, May 5th, the regiment left camp to pursue the flying enemy, it was thought his end was near, which occurred without a struggle, on the 12th day of May at Yorktown, after his removal, which could have been but illy endured by one much less afflicted, or in perfect health. His body, a few days afterward, was disinterred and brought to Buffalo, by his bereaved foster father, and his heart-stricken mother, who had strained every nerve to reach him in his sickness. Thus one martyr fell, the first sacrifice of commissioned officers of the regiment, soon to be followed by scores of men and officers. His country lost in him one of great promise. Lieut. Farnham, cultivated, liberal and genial, with great dignity of character, had endeared himself to all of our regiment, and to hosts of friends and acquaintances in Buffalo, at school, at the home of his mother in Syracuse and in his native village. The "Tigers" of this city escorted his remains to the grave, where he was followed by his relatives, to whom this loss was a most crushing blow, and by one of the largest and most saddened concourses the city beheld during the war. He was so anxious to have helped to push forward to its final glorious triumph the cause of unity and resistance to rebellion. To us, who heard of his death during that terrible struggle of pushing the enemy through the swamps of the Peninsula, the news occasioned a perfect heart chill, while we wished that he could have fallen, if fall he must, in the fight, where his tall form and brave heart would have been a tower of strength

to the men, to whom he had become attached without effort, and by whom his grave will be strewn by flowers, as long as life permits the sad and friendly office.

LIEUTENANT SAMUEL S. KELLOGG.

Lieut. Kellogg came to Buffalo from the central part of New York, and was engaged, previous to the study of the law, as a teacher with marked success. In adopting Buffalo as his home, he entered the office of L. P. Perkins, Esq., where he pursued the studies of his profession with a characteristic diligence evinced by him in whatever he undertook. Up to the time of the organization of the One Hundredth Regiment, Lieut. Kellogg had acquired a respectable law practice; but the needs of the government and that patriotic fervor which controlled all temperaments similarly organized, urged him into the service of his country. He was commissioned as first lieutenant, February 7th, 1862, and became identified with the fortunes of the One Hundredth. He encountered with his fellow officers the exposures and deprivations of the Peninsula campaign, and was able at the front to participate in that fatal fray of Fair Oaks, and there seal his patriotism with his blood with Col. Brown and Lieut. Wilkeson, the first offering of the regiment upon the altar of country.

Lieut. Kellogg, as a civilian, was regarded as a mind of more than ordinary power, and would grasp with an intuitive quickness principles which required long and severe study, often, when attempted by ordinary minds. In common with hundreds and thousands, he fell an early martyr to the cause of unity and a strong government. His death at Seven Pines commenced and ended his military career, short, brilliant and decisive.

LIEUTENANT RODNEY B. SMITH, JR.

Lieut. Rodney B. Smith, Jr., was the son of Rodney B. Smith, of Smith's Mills, Hanover, Chautauqua county, N. Y. His father

being the main business man of the place, was engaged in milling, a store, farming and whatever stood incidentally connected with any of the occupations mentioned. His son, Rodney B. Smith, Jr., was a helper, a sort of general clerk, in whatever department of his father's business his services were needed. The subject of this sketch was born November 28th, 1839. He enlisted and was commissioned as first lieutenant, February 7th, 1862, and assigned to Co. "H." He is spoken of as a young man of promising ability and had a large circle of friends and admirers as well as the many personal associates of his youth. He had endured with remarkable resistance the effects of the march along the Peninsula, had reached and passed through the perilous time of the 31st of May, but was obliged to give over to the power of the malarial fever, then prostrating so many strong and able bodies, rendering them unfit for the duties of camp and army service. Lieut. Smith, sick with fever, was sent to Savage Station, and in the retreat from Bottom's Bridge, and the execution of that order of Gen. McClellan's that all ambulances should leave empty, and that all the sick that could walk should make their way to the James river, it is supposed that he, with others, had started, lost his way, and died from exposure, or some other cause, as he was never heard of after the movement began. Like Col. Brown, his grave is unknown, which helped to add to the thousands of "*unknown and unmarked*" graves throughout the South. The memory of his youth and manhood are kept fresh and green in the hearts of his friends, with the loyal thought that he died for country, a sacrifice on its altar for unity and freedom.

ADJUTANT HERBERT H. HADDOCK.

Adj. Haddock was born in the city of Buffalo, New York, July 8th, 1839, and attended our public schools. At the age of fifteen he removed to Hudson, O., and enjoyed the advantages of the Western Reserve College, until 1857, when he returned to Buffalo. At the age of twenty he united with the North Presbyterian Church, Dr. Chester being the pastor. Before enlisting as a volunteer, he was employed as a book-keeper for C. P. Churchill, grocer of this

city. Mr. Churchill says, that he was one of the most expert and reliable clerks he has ever seen. He comprehended the details of business with an accuracy and clearness which intimated a successful future as a business man should his power be turned in that direction. He entered the field as a soldier with the same enthusiasm that characterized him as a civilian. He was commissioned second lieutenant, February 7th, 1862. He left the city with the regiment, passed through the Peninsula campaign, and while the One Hundredth Regiment lay at Gloucester Point he was commissioned first lieutenant and adjutant, November 24th, 1862. At the time of the departure of the regiment from Gloucester Point, the last of December, for North Carolina, Adj. Haddock was sick with typhoid fever and did not join the regiment till the following March, at St. Helena island, where he relieved Lieut. Leopold Evert, who had been acting as adjutant during his absence. He entered upon the discharge of his duty with his usual vigor and intelligence, accompanied the regiment to Cole's and Folly islands, then to the taking of Morris island, July 10th, and subsequently with the regiment into the charge on Wagner, July 18th, where he was killed, closing his career as an efficient, courageous and esteemed soldier. He was missed at guard mounting, dress parade and the adjutant's office. His military calls at officers' quarters, and his daily passage through the company streets, was ever hailed as an evidence of a "*move*," or some welcome or unwelcome duty which had to be performed, with which the adjutant was not associated as a cause but simply as an instrument of military authority. His loss was keenly felt by officers and men, as his rare qualifications fully capacitated him for the arduous duties entrusted to his charge.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES H. RUNCKLE.

Lieutenant Runckle was of German descent. Military with him was an enthusiasm. He was connected with the Sixty-fifth Regiment of this city, and had many acquaintances. He recruited a number of men, and with them, under promise of a commission, he joined the One Hundredth Regiment. He enlisted as a private September 15th, 1862. He was soon promoted to corporal. His

commission was delayed till December 20th, 1862, when he was assigned to Co. "H." He was at Carolina City, Hilton Head, St. Helena, Cole's and Folly islands, and accompanied the regiment in the taking of Morris island, and was killed in the assault on Battery Wagner, July 18th, 1863. Young and brave, with a limited acquaintance in the regiment, he passed away, and with hundreds will be remembered as one of the sacrificed in the attempt to take by assault a fort which proved an almost unyielding obstacle to the advance of the National Army.

LIEUTENANT AZOR HILTON HOYT.

Lieut. Azor Hilton Hoyt was born in the city of New York, October 14th, 1842, and was nearly nineteen years of age at the time of his enlistment in the One Hundredth Regiment in this city. An elaborate and amplified sketch of the life and merits of Lieut. Hoyt has been kindly furnished us, and we are very sorry that we can only find space for a few extracts, which will give our readers a limited view of his character as a man and soldier. "He enlisted as a private in Co. 'I,' One Hundredth Regiment N. Y. S. Vols., but won his way, step by step, by constant devotion to the service and by his undaunted courage. His was a mind of rare intellectual endowments, acknowledged by all who had his personal acquaintance. He was a vigorous writer and a close student. His letters published in the *Times*, *Tribune* and other New York papers, at various periods during the war, reveal a remarkable power of description, a fine imagination and a cultivated mind. He was a printer by profession, and among his comrades was regarded with honor and affection. In the regiment he won the love of his fellow soldiers, which they testified by the presentation of a sword and belt on the occasion of his promotion to a lieutenancy. This presentation was accompanied by the gift of a beautiful and costly sash by Thomas McElrath, Esq., of the *New York Tribune*. Many friends in New York proposed to present him with a sword, but their gift was pleasantly forestalled by the men of his own company. He was a prisoner at Richmond, and spoke generously of his captors, attributing their apparent cruelty rather to circum-

stances than design. He was exchanged and returned to his regiment." In a skirmish on the line in front of the works of Fort Darling, May 14th, 1864, Lieut. Hoyt was wounded, from which he died near the field of action, May 16th, and was borne by his comrades into camp and buried as described in the body of this work. This closed the career of a young, hopeful and brilliant mind, an early victim and a sacrifice upon the altar of country and glory.

LIEUTENANT CYRUS BROWN.

Of Lieut. Brown we know but little. He was commissioned December 23d, 1862, as second lieutenant. He was a positive character, and changed his ideas only when thoroughly convinced. He was a firm and consistent patriot, a lover of right and a firm advocate of suppressing rebellion by force of arms. He was wounded in the charge on Wagner, July 18th, 1863, and died at Port Schuyler, August 13th, 1863. His loss was sincerely felt by a large circle of comrades.

LIEUTENANT JAMES H. FRENCH.

Lieut. French, before enlistment as a private soldier, had long and successfully taught one of the public schools of this city. As a teacher, he was competent, able and widely known among the members of the profession. He was a disciplinarian of the first rank, and managed children with a skill born of intuition and a common-sense judgment. As a writer for the press, and as a reporter often of the deliberations of educational meetings, he was terse, vigorous and comprehensive. Lieut. French enlisted in the summer of 1862, August 4th, and joined the regiment at Gloucester Point, Va. His enlistment was under the auspices of the Buffalo Board of Trade. For one year he served as a common soldier, and did his duty nobly and manfully. At Carolina City, Hilton Head, Cole's and Morris islands, he was ever the same duti-



GUSTAVUS A. SCROGGS.
Brig General U. S. Vols.

LIST OF
OFFICERS

[illegible]

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase by 1.5 billion, from 1.2 billion in 1990 to 2.7 billion in 2015. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase by 1.2 billion, from 0.4 billion in 1990 to 1.6 billion in 2015. The number of people aged 15-64 is expected to increase by 1.3 billion, from 1.2 billion in 1990 to 2.5 billion in 2015. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase by 1.2 billion, from 0.4 billion in 1990 to 1.6 billion in 2015. The number of people aged 15-64 is expected to increase by 1.3 billion, from 1.2 billion in 1990 to 2.5 billion in 2015.

ful, estimable and intelligent soldier. October 7th, 1863, he was commissioned as second lieutenant, while the regiment was on Morris island. As an officer, he was estimated more at his true value. His literary ability as a private had no opportunity for general advantage. He was complimented by the commander of the "post" for an ably written defence of a fellow officer, who had been unjustly arrested, in consequence of which the officer was discharged. His company was sought for solid, social entertainment. Through the winter and spring on Morris island and with the transfer of the regiment to Gloucester Point and to Bermuda Hundred, and into the fight at Walthall Junction, and at Drury's Bluff, where he was wounded on the morning of the 16th of May, 1864, Lieut. French was ever the same, valuable and patriotic officer. He had fought his last battle. Being wounded in the leg, he was taken prisoner, carried to Libby Prison, Richmond, where he suffered amputation, from the effects of which he died, May 22d, 1864. He had well represented his profession as a sterling, brave and loyal soldier, and sealed his patriotism with his life.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF SURVIVING OFFICERS OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT, OF
THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE AT THE ADOPTION
OF THE REGIMENT, WITH A SHORT SKETCH OF THE BOARD OF
TRADE OF BUFFALO FROM ITS ORIGIN TO THE PRESENT.

BRIGADIER GENERAL GUSTAVUS A. SCROGGS.

Gen. Scroggs was born August 8th, 1820, in the village of Darlington, Beaver county, Penn. He is of Scotch descent. His father, Gen. John A. Scroggs, was also a native of Pennsylvania, a prominent politician, member of the legislature several times, candidate of his party for State Senator and Member of Congress, held office of commissioner and prothonotary of Beaver county, was brigadier general of militia, and by occupation a tanner and farmer.

In 1837 the subject of this sketch was an applicant for an appointment to West Point, and failed. In 1840 an appointment was forwarded, but was declined in consequence of studies preparatory to the study of law. Entered the office of the Hon. N. P. Fetterman, as a law student, at Beaver, Penn. Taught school at times, and was admitted to practice law in 1844, and had fair success. The loss of his father the same year left a mother and four sisters dependent upon the energies of young Scroggs for support. It was a hard struggle, as all young men know in like circumstances. Went to Newcastle, Mercer county, Penn., and practiced law for two years. In November, 1848, came to Buffalo, N. Y., and formed a law partnership with Hon. Benjamin H. Austin, where he has resided ever since.

Politically Gen. Scroggs was ever strong anti-slavery. Originally a democrat, he became a member of the American party, and was their candidate for lieutenant governor. In the union of the American and republican parties in 1858, Gen. Scroggs was elected sheriff of Erie county by a majority of four thousand five hundred. As a delegate of the American party, at Baltimore, in 1860, he withdrew from the convention on the ground that the nomination of Bell was in the interest of slavery, and supported Lincoln and Hamlin, and has since acted uniformly with the republican party.

His tastes were strongly military. Previous to coming to Buffalo he had raised and commanded the "Washington Artillery," a company of uniformed militia, and also a like company at Newcastle, till his leaving for Buffalo, in 1848. After his arrival in Buffalo, he was elected Captain of Co. "B," Sixty-fifth Regiment New York State Militia. In 1851 he was elected colonel of the same, and subsequently brigadier general of the Thirty-first Brigade. Remained in command of brigade till his election as sheriff of the county. At the opening of the rebellion he published a call in the newspapers of the city for a meeting to raise volunteers. As a result six companies were raised which helped to form the Twenty-first Regiment New York State Volunteers. The remaining four companies were mainly formed from the Seventy-fourth Regiment. In August, 1861, he was authorized by the Secretary of War to raise a brigade of four full regiments of volunteers, as stated in the opening of this work. In July, 1862, he was appointed brigadier general of volunteers, and was assigned, by order of the Secretary

of War, in Special Orders, No. 155, War Department, July 7th, 1862, to a command in Maj. Gen. Bank's army corps. He was not confirmed as brigadier general. April 16th, 1863, he was appointed provost marshal of the Thirtieth District of New York, comprising Erie county, with headquarters at Buffalo. Organized the office and made the first draft under great difficulties. Gen. Scroggs resigned the office of provost marshal to accept the command of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of United States colored troops, in the latter part of January, 1864. The object of the appointment is explained in the following letter:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, February 6th, 1864.

"Maj. Gen. N. P. BANKS:

"The bearer, Gen. G. A. Scroggs, of Buffalo, has been appointed colonel of a colored regiment, and is to report with it to you at New Orleans. The object of moving in this matter is to have Col. Scroggs sent by you, with his regiment, to Texas, charged to collect and organize the colored men of that State, it being believed that such a nucleus as this regiment, and such an experienced organizer of troops as Col. Scroggs has shown himself, will prove highly successful. I hope this purpose will meet with your approval, and that, by such orders as your judgment will dictate, you will put Col. S. in the way of executing his mission.

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

Col. Scroggs arrived at New Orleans on the 5th of May, 1864, and reported to Gen. Banks. About the time of his arrival at New Orleans an order was issued withdrawing all our troops from Texas, which rendered his mission impracticable. He remained in command of his regiment until July 6th, 1864, when he resigned, and was honorably discharged from the service. The withdrawal of all troops from Texas defeated the object of the President, in his expectations that Col. Scroggs would organize the colored men of that State into soldiers for the Union. Hence Col. Scroggs found his regiment divided, doing garrison and other duties, and himself detailed on a court martial, which accounts for his resignation and discharge. November 25th, 1864, he was re-appointed as provost marshal of the Thirtieth District of New York, and on the 31st of December, 1865, the war having closed, and in consequence of the suspension of recruiting and drafting, he was honorably discharged from the service of the United States. Gen. Scroggs is still a resident of Buffalo, in the practice of his profession. Having acquitted himself successfully as a servant of the government, he is now at the service of the people.

BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL CALVIN N. OTIS,
AND LIEUTENANT COLONEL ONE HUNDREDTH NEW YORK
VOLUNTEERS.

Col. Otis was born in Onondaga county, New York, June 23d, 1814. He lost his father at the early age of nine years. He emigrated to Ohio in 1822. His education was that of the common school, and he attended not more than three months in a year.

The Colonel learned the trade of a carpenter and joiner, which prepared him for the profession of an architect and designer. In 1846 he came to Buffalo and established himself, and succeeded as an architect and builder. Deeply interested and filled with a love for the beautiful in art, he applied himself, with steady study and general reading, to acquire what knowledge is requisite to make a successful and reputable designer. His work lately published illustrates the thoughtful student and his utilitarian method of searching the history of the past to gain helps for the successful prosecution of so popular a profession as an architect at the present time.

The breaking out of the great civil war found him, like many others, engaged in a successful business. He applied to Governor Morgan to raise a corps of engineers, but learned that a sufficient number of engineers were to attend each regiment, and hence a distinct body of engineers was not needed. This was in May, 1861. Then it was understood that two companies of engineers were to be attached to each brigade, and Col. Otis was to have the charge of those companies, in connection with the Eagle Brigade. This order was also revoked, and then Gen. Scroggs gave the majority of the One Hundredth to Col. Otis, which connected him with its interests till his resignation.

Col. Otis was commissioned major, February 7th, 1862, and became an active spirit, with the interests of the regiment deeply fixed in his thoughts. The record of his services is given fully in the body of the work. The Peninsula campaign constituted the larger share of the Colonel's military experience. At Fair Oaks, Bottom's Bridge, and wherever Naglee's rear guard was, there was the One Hundredth and Maj. Otis, building redoubts and defending bridges, which saved McClellan's army.

The death of Col. Brown left Lieut. Col. Staunton and Otis to perform the duties usually imposed upon a full staff of field offi-

cers. Gen. Otis was overtaxed, and felt heavily the imposition in the retreat to the James river, Harrison's Landing and Gloucester Point. The arrival of Col. Dandy as commander of the regiment, and resignation of Lieut. Col. Staunton, caused the promotion of Gen. Otis, from major to lieutenant colonel. The commission was dated October 21st, 1862, with rank from October 14th, 1862. The senior captain of the line, D. D. Nash, was promoted to the majority, date and rank of commission same as that of Col. Otis. Gen. Otis was active in the construction of camp, and in the command of working parties upon the fortifications at Yorktown. He commanded the regiment during our transfer to North Carolina, and most of the time of its stay at Carolina City. Gen. Otis continued with the regiment at St. Helena, S. C., on board transport, and the landing on Cole's island. He was in command on the night of the 5th of April, when Folly island was taken, and did regular service till his resignation and discharge, June 20th, 1863. Each soldier felt that they had lost a real friend, one whose every act was an intent for the highest good of every man in the regiment. Gen. Otis was breveted brigadier general for meritorious service. He returned to Buffalo, completed and brought out a valuable and comprehensive work on "Art," and has lately purchased a residence in Cuba, in this State, where, with an aged mother and a sister he is living, having done what he could for his country in her hour of peril, besides contributing valuable truths for the members of his profession.

MAJOR DANIEL D. NASH.

Maj. Daniel D. Nash was the son of John F. Nash, youngest son of the Rev. Daniel Nash, known as Father Nash, of Cooperstown, Otsego county, N. Y. He was born April 16th, 1839, in Cooperstown, N. Y. He lost his parents at the early age of two years, and was adopted by his uncle, Dr. Daniel Nash, then a resident of Springville, Erie county, where the Major lived till 1856. Having attended the Springville Academy for eight years, he left and continued his studies at Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, then and now under the able management of President Joseph E.

King, where he remained two years. Then the Major went to Iowa, and from there to the then territory of Nebraska. After a stay of two years, employed in teaching, surveying, farming and locating land, he returned, on account of the increasing disability of his parents, to Springville, and entered the law office of Judge Morris Fosdick, where he remained until the breaking out of the rebellion.

He recruited the first company toward the Eagle Brigade, which was afterward known as Co. "A," of the One Hundredth Regiment. His success gave the first emotions of cheer to Gen. Scroggs, after his issues of authority to recruit to Maj. Nash and others. The popularity of Maj. Nash among his friends and associates, in the town of Springville and vicinity, enabled him to fill at once his company, and report to Gen. Scroggs, in Buffalo, for orders. Hence Maj. Nash became the ranking officer of the line. Though young in years, his tall and commanding form gave evidence of strength and endurance, the essential requisites of a soldier. His experience on the Peninsula was his first tuition as a soldier. He, too, went into that terrible fight of the 31st of May, at Fair Oaks, and was wounded through the arm, sending him to the hospital and at home for many months. Col. Brown having been slain, and Lieut. Col. Staunton resigned, promotions were in order. Capt. Nash was commissioned major, October 21st, 1862, with rank from October 14th, 1862, vice Major C. N. Otis, promoted to lieutenant colonel. Maj. Nash rejoined the regiment at Gloucester Point, Va. At Carolina City, Hilton Head, St. Helena, Cole's and Folly islands, Maj. Nash was ever ready to perform his share of duty. Subsequent to the resignation of Col. Otis, in June, the duties of the Major were increased. The building of batteries at the north end of Folly, under Col. Dandy, and the preparations for the assault of Morris island, the assault and the charge on Battery Wagner, these added to the labors of Maj. Nash daily. In the charge on Wagner he was wounded through the leg, after the most determined efforts to take and hold the parapets of that fiercely defended work. With many other persistent and courageous officers he fell, but was borne away and saved from the hands of the enemy, and a life in a southern prison. After months of suffering he came to the regiment in November, while encamped on the south end of Morris island. During the absence of Col. Dandy, at Buffalo, on recruiting service, Maj. Nash was in command, the

only field officer of the regiment. The interests of the regiment were well subserved. Though Capt. L. S. Payne had been recommended as lieutenant colonel of the regiment, then a prisoner at Columbia, S. C., yet it was well known that the chivalrous Captain would not have allowed himself to supplant the next ranking officer in the field, and that Maj. Nash would have had his rightful position, due him from service and wounds.

At Gloucester Point, Va., Col. Dandy assumed command, and Maj. Nash went into the fight at Walthall Junction, for which he was again complimented by the colonel commanding. In the struggles on the Bermuda front, in that storm of iron hail at Drury's Bluff, in the taking of Deep Bottom, the battles of Deep Run, Fussill's Mills, and the month's siege before Petersburg, where Maj. Nash was in command of the regiment, as well as in the taking of the first line of works before Richmond, September 29th, and the assault of the rebels on the morning of October 7th, on the Newmarket road; in all these noted and historical places Maj. Nash was ever present, and active in the performance of duty. Full particulars of his services are noted in their order throughout this work. Wonderful it always seemed, that his large figure, so conspicuous as a target for the enemy, was not laid low in death, while so many less prominent were taken as the victims of sanguinary war.

Maj. Nash was honorably discharged, October 21st, 1864, after a service of over three years, with the record of a soldier who had served his country well, and sprinkled its altar with his blood. Subsequent to his discharge he came to Buffalo, and completed a course of study at law, was admitted to practice, and is now assistant district attorney of Erie county, which duty he is said to perform with ability and success.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL LEWIS S. PAYNE,

THE SCOUT OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT.

Col. Payne was born in the town of Riga, Monroe county, N. Y., in 1819. His home is in Tonawanda, town of Wheatland,

Niagara county, N. Y. As boy and man he was successful in business. As the highest civil officer of the town in which he resides, and as collector of tolls, and county clerk of the county, Col. Payne ever illustrated the shrewd and practical civilian.

In the fall of 1860 he raised a company of volunteers, which formed a part of the One Hundredth Regiment, known as Co. "D." With the regiment and his company he went through the Peninsula campaign, participating in all the battles and enduring all the privations incident to that noted campaign. His peculiar qualifications as *scout* began to be known, and his services were occasionally called into requisition before leaving Gloucester Point, Va., for the South, where full play was offered for his remarkable characteristic.

In the advance of the One Hundredth Regiment upon Cole's island, Col. Payne began his "outside life," as the *medium* of knowledge between the enemy and our forces. It was from this point that he made his many bold and daring expeditions, learning the whole nature of the country, the positions, situation and strength of the enemy in their various localities and stations. On the nights of the 5th and 6th of April, 1863, he led the advance, as scout, up Folly island, under Gen. Seymour, to support the attack of Admiral Dupont on Fort Sumter, made with his iron monitors on the 7th of April, 1863. On the 10th of July he piloted and conducted our forces to the point of attack, and was first in the engagement. They carried and took possession of the south end of Morris island, and soon after he, with his company, succeeded in reaching and burning the steamer *Manigault*, in Charleston harbor, engaged in supplying Sumter, Moultrie, Battery Wagner and Cummings' Point.

Previous to the disposition of the necessary forces for an assault upon Morris island, Col. Payne had given his opinion of the number of rebel troops upon the island. Gens. Gilmore, Strong and Seymour could not credit his statement. As proof, he visited the island, counted their tents, leaving the estimate to the general in command. From this, more than a thousand men were added to the assaulting force. Col. Payne's statements thereafter were taken as facts, as near as facts could be obtained. Gen. Gilmore, over his signature, gave Col. Payne power to call for all the men he needed and turned over to him the whole picket line of ten miles, extending the length of Folly and Morris islands. Officers

that outranked him were chagrined to learn that all reports were to be made to him, and not to Gen. Gilmore's headquarters. Capt. Payne and Co. "D" were the advanced guard, living in boats in the marshes, between the opposing armies.

On the night of the 3d of August, 1863, while engaged in intercepting communications of the enemy with Fort Sumter and other points, he was attacked by a superior force, and, after a most desperate engagement, he was wounded and taken prisoner. He was confined in Queen Street Hospital, Charleston, until health permitted his removal to Columbia, where he was kept in close confinement until the 14th of February, 1865, when he was, with others, moved North for exchange. On the 5th of March, 1865, he was exchanged, reaching home on the 1st of April, after an absence of three years and three months.

The annexed commendatory notices in the *New South*, printed at Hilton Head, S. C., *New York Tribune* and other sources, will convey to the reader some little idea of the valuable services rendered the army by Col. Payne previous to his capture. The *New South* said after his capture:

"The loss of Capt. Payne at any time would be a serious one, but at this juncture it is greatly to be regretted.

"He was a brave, skillful and shrewd officer, and the very best scout in the department. A narrative of all the dangerous scouts he has been on while his regiment has been in this State would fill a volume. We hope if alive he will soon be exchanged.

"It appears Capt. Payne was recommended for promotion to lieutenant colonel by Gen. Gilmore, previous to his capture, but entirely unknown to him. Lieut. Newell, his first lieutenant, was afterward promoted to captain in his place, and an effort was made to get Capt. Payne mustered in, in his absence, in order to give place to Lieut. Newell in his own company. The following is Gen. Terry's indorsement of the application:

'HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES,
'MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., November 27, 1863. }

'Respectfully forwarded, with the suggestion that an order might be obtained from the War Department to muster Capt. L. S. Payne as lieutenant colonel, notwithstanding his absence. Capt. Payne's character as an officer, and his valuable services, entitle him to the promotion which he has received, and to any indulgence which can be shown him.

'A. H. TERRY,
'Brig. Gen. Commanding.'"

"Extract from Col. G. B. Dandy's address and report before the Board of Trade, of Buffalo, published in the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, January 6th, 1864:

'From North Carolina the regiment (One Hundredth New York Volunteers, Col. G. B. Dandy) proceeded to St. Helena island, S. C., and on the 23d of

March I was to proceed with it and seize Cole's island, preliminary to the recent operations before Charleston. Here we remained eleven days without support, and in sight of the enemy's pickets, and it is appropriate at this time that I should mention the valuable services of Capt. Payne, who at great risks went out daily with a few of his men and always brought back valuable information of the nature of country and the position and force of the enemy's outposts. I was by this means enabled to add to the charts furnished by the navy, and to give valuable information to the general, who came up with re-inforcements and succeeded me in command."

"Extract from a letter of Chaplain Linn, of the One Hundredth Regiment New York Volunteers, to the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, dated Morris island, August 1st, 1863, and published:

"His (Capt. Payne's) services being so valuable, Gen. Gilmore has retained him and his company for special duty since our being on this island, and here let me say that a greater part of our success in taking Morris island was owing to the very valuable information which he was able to give the general commanding in regard to the position, force, etc., of the enemy."

"How well Capt. Payne performed his duty can be seen by an extract from a report of Gen. Vogdes, to headquarters, who was in command on Folly island previous to the arrival of Gen. Gilmore:

"During my period of command I have been greatly assisted by Capt. Payne, One Hundredth New York Volunteers, in collecting very valuable information as to the enemy's position, etc., and I take great pleasure in recommending him to the favorable consideration of the general commanding."

"In a letter to the Washington *Chronicle*, dated Morris island, August 5th, 1863, after giving an account of his capture, etc., it then says:

"Capt. Payne's loss is deeply felt. He was one of the most valuable men in the Department (of the South) as a scout."

"The following is copied from a rebel paper, the Charleston *Mercury*, while Capt. Payne was a prisoner in Queen Street Hospital, Charleston, and was the cause of his being placed in close confinement, and not exchanged:

"AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.—It seems that the Capt. Payne, who with his boat's crew was captured on Tuesday night, is a scout of some note and dash among the enemy."

"The New York *Herald's* correspondent thus notices his services:

"It is not improper now to mention the distinguished services of one of the most skillful scouts our army affords. Capt. L. S. Payne, of the One Hundredth New York Volunteers, scouted all around Morris island and landed in several places. He seems to have a faculty of knowing just where all the enemy's pickets and troops are; his life is evidently charmed, as he has been fired on many times at very short range. He has command of all our picket lines."

"Extract from a letter written to, and published in the New York *Tribune*, dated at Morris island, S. C., August 15th, 1863:

"In my last I mentioned the capture of Capt. Payne, a valuable scout, who through this campaign has been of great service to Gen. Gilmore, in obtaining accurate information of the enemy's movements. The loss of Capt. Payne at any time would have been a serious one, but at this time it is almost irreparable. He was a brave, skillful and shrewd officer, and the very best scout in this department. A narrative of all the dangerous scout she has been on in this State would fill a volume."

Did space permit, we could add largely to the favorable notices of Col. Payne, but from the matter here presented the people of

Erie county and Western New York can form some little knowledge of the One Hundredth Regiment and its extraordinary services, through its representative, the fearless and intrepid Col. Lewis S. Payne.

BREVET COLONEL WARREN GRANGER, JR.

Lieut. Col. Granger was born on the 19th of January, 1843, in the city of Buffalo, Erie county, State of New York. He received the greater part of his education at the school of the Rev. J. H. Brayton, Painesville, O. He returned to Buffalo, and at the age of seventeen commenced the study of surveying, under the instruction of Peter Emslie, then city surveyor. He remained in his office until the commencement of the organization of the One Hundredth Regiment. Col. Granger was commissioned second lieutenant, February 7th, 1862. Young, ardent and patriotic, he entered into the spirit and detail of military with a resolution to master, as far as opportunity offered, the necessary knowledge for instant and active service. He endured with remarkable success the sufferings of the Peninsula campaign, and went into the fight at Seven Pines with an enthusiasm born of devotion to the right and opposition to the wrong.

The untimely death of Lieut. Wilkeson, and the absence and subsequent resignation of Capt. Henshaw, left the company to the care of the youthful, though efficient lieutenant. He was promoted to first lieutenant, June 20th, 1862, and to captain, August 13th, 1862, being the youngest appointment to a captaincy from the State. With a largely recruited company he successfully held command to Carolina City, N. C., to St. Helena, Cole's, Folly and Morris islands, where on the eve of the 18th of July, on Morris island, with the regiment, he went into the charge on Wagner, was wounded and sent to Beaufort, thence North to Riker's island in command of recruits, their reception and transportation to different departments of the army, where he remained till the following June, leaving the company for nearly a year in the charge of Lieut. Stowits, Lieut. Sheffer having resigned. June 21st, made the charge on the Grover House, driving the rebels from the position, for which he was complimented; and subsequently, in July, made

another charge, an attempt to take and hold the Phillips house, in advance of the Grover House, both times accompanied by Lieut. Stowits, and on each occasion with but slight loss. August 14th, after the charge on the four-gun battery, near Deep Bottom, Col. Granger was detailed to haul away and secure the guns, which was done during a severe rain storm, with much labor and exposure.

August 16th, with the regiment, he went into the charge on the enemy's right at Fussill's Mills, and was taken prisoner, suffering with a varied experience the routine of southern barbarity and wickedness. He was exchanged, commissioned as lieutenant colonel, May 11th, 1865, and joined the regiment as its commander at Richmond, the last of May, and continued with it until its muster out, the last of August. When at Albany he was breveted colonel for gallantry and honorable service during the war.

At the present time he is a resident of St. Paul, Minn., engaged in trade, infused with that same spirit of enterprising zeal which ever characterized him as an officer and soldier in the service of his country.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL CHARLES E. WALBRIDGE.

Lieut. Col. Walbridge is the son of the late George B. Walbridge, a well known merchant and forwarder of this city, who died in 1852. Col. Walbridge joined the One Hundredth Regiment at its organization, in September, 1861, as second lieutenant of Co. "H." On the 17th of May, 1862, while the regiment was at New Kent Court House, on its march up the Peninsula, he was detailed as acting regimental quartermaster, and continued on this duty until taken sick at Harrison's Landing, in August, when he was sent to hospital at Point Lookout, Maryland. On his return to the regiment, in October, he assumed command of the company, Capt. Dye being absent on recruiting service at Buffalo. He was commissioned first lieutenant, December 10, 1862. While the regiment camped at Gloucester Point, and when on picket, Lieut. Walbridge had correspondence with a Union man without the lines and across Sara's creek, who desired to come within the lines and go North. Col. Davis, in command of the post, after Lieut. Walbridge, with private Bishop, had a second interview, detailed

two companies of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers to accompany and guard the man, family and effects, into the Union camp, from which he went North rejoicing. Lieut. Walbridge managed the affair with secrecy and success.

When the regiment moved to North Carolina and was encamped at Carolina City, Lieut. Walbridge was detailed as acting quartermaster of the One Hundredth, by Lieut. Col. Otis, then in command; but in a few days afterward was detailed as brigade quartermaster on the staff of W. W. H. Davis, colonel commanding brigade, and served in that capacity until the One Hundredth led off in the advance on Charleston, when he was relieved at his own request, and again assumed command of his company, having been commissioned captain with rank from February 26th, 1863. Co. "H," of which he was in command, was the advance picket on the evening of the 6th of April, and held it till after the bombardment of Sumter, on the 7th of April, 1863. In June, while the regiment was encamped on the south end of Folly island, he was detailed as chief quartermaster of the district of the Stono by Gen. Vogdes, commanding the forces on Folly island, and never after joined his company. In November, 1864, he was commissioned as assistant quartermaster of volunteers, with the rank of captain. After nearly a year's service on Folly island, during the assault on Morris island, charges and siege of Wagner, taking of both Wagner and Gregg, and occupation of Morris island, and rebuilding of the forts and construction of additional works, all of which was accomplished by the aid of material furnished by Capt. Walbridge as quartermaster in charge of transportation and supplies for the army of operation on Morris island, he joined Gen. Seymour in Florida, in February, 1865, and acted as quartermaster of that district until the movement of the Tenth Army Corps to Virginia, when he was ordered to Gloucester Point to take charge of the disembarkation, and subsequent re-embarkation of the corps in the expedition under Gen. Butler. After the movement up the James, and the landing of the troops, he was assigned to duty as depot quartermaster of the Army of the James, and in this capacity had control of the depot at Bermuda Hundred for nearly a year. January 1st, 1865, he was breveted major. In March he was ordered to report to Maj. Gen. Terry, in North Carolina, and was assigned to duty as chief quartermaster of the Tenth Army Corps, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Remained on this duty until

the corps organizations were dissolved, after the expiration of the war, and resigned October 1st, 1865. Perhaps we could not convey a clear idea to a civilian of the arduous and incessant duties of quartermaster at the various points mentioned, but to the experienced soldier there is no necessity of explanation.

MAJOR GEORGE H. STOWITS.

Major Stowits was born in Montgomery county, in the valley of the Mohawk, November 10th, 1822. He is of German and Irish descent. He is self educated, being orphaned at an early age, and a teacher by profession. During the years of 1850, '51 and '52, he pursued the elementary study of law, in the office of Arphaxed Loomis, Esq., Little Falls, N. Y. The practice of law was not in accordance with his tastes, and hence he devoted himself exclusively to the profession of teaching. In 1856, while teaching at Waterford, N. Y., he visited the schools of England, Ireland and Scotland, and became deeply interested in the free school law, *now* so heartily accepted by the people of the Empire State. Through the recommendation of the late Victor M. Rice and others, he came to Buffalo January 1st, 1861, as principal of Public School No. 10; appointed by Sandford B. Hunt, Esq., superintendent of schools. The call of Supt. Hunt was short: "*No. 10 is yours. Come and take it.*" He came and took it, and, it is said, succeeded. As the fact of a civil war seemed certain, Maj. Stowits, with Samuel Slade, N. G. Benedict, P. Edwin Dye, and other teachers of the city, joined a military company for drill, under the direction of Capt. Carlin, of the United States Army, who subsequently became a major general, and served under Sherman in his campaigns and march to the sea. The Major resolved to add one more gun to the strength of the national army. He enlisted as a private, August 29th, 1862, and joined the One Hundredth Regiment, then stationed at Gloucester Point, Va. For a few weeks previous to leaving the city he attended a number of war meetings, and helped to arouse the people to the needs of the nation. After reaching the regiment he was assigned to Co. "H," Capt. P. Edwin Dye, formerly principal of Public School No. 16 of this city, who was then absent from

his company, which was commanded by Lieut. Charles E. Walbridge.

He was appointed orderly sergeant of Co. "H," December 4th, 1862, to rank from September 6th, 1862. He was commissioned second lieutenant April 18th, 1863, which fact becoming known to the teachers of Buffalo, he was duly presented with a complete outfit, as an officer; for which he responded in terms both grateful and appreciative. October 7th, 1863, he was commissioned first lieutenant, and in December accompanied Col. Dandy to Buffalo from Morris island on recruiting service. Having been assigned to Co. "K," commanded by Capt. Granger, he had charge of the company for most of the year, during the siege of Wagner, its reduction, the building of the forts, transfer to Virginia, battle of Walthall Junction and Drury's Bluff. In June and July, 1864, he accompanied Capt. Granger in the charges on the Grover and Phillips houses in front of the works at Deep Bottom. In August he was assigned to the command of Co. "A," and went into the charge with the regiment on a four-gun battery, August 14th, and also that fearful and disastrous assault on the enemy's works at Fussill's Mills, August 16th; and was left to hold the picket line, with orders "*till overwhelmed*," and for three hours held it, while the main body of the corps was miles away. The Major served a month with the regiment in the trenches before Petersburg, and had charge of the skirmish line when assaulted by the enemy, October 7th, 1864, on the north side of the James river, near the Newmarket road. He was detailed acting assistant adjutant general, October 26th, on the staff of Col. H. M. Plaisted, commanding the brigade, and was wounded through the right arm in an advance on the rebel works, October 27th, in front of Richmond, and sent to hospital at Fortress Monroe. He was commissioned captain, Nov. 19th, 1864. He returned to duty December 16th, and continued at brigade headquarters till the close of the war. He was in the last fight of the First Division, Third Brigade, Twenty-fourth Army Corps, at Appomattox Court House, Col. G. B. Dandy commanding brigade. He was in command of the line, under the directions of Col. Dandy, in the assault of the enemy and their repulse at Hatcher's Run, on the morning of April 1st, and was in the charge of Fort Grigg, Sunday, April 2d, 1865, when the brave and chivalrous Maj. Dandy gave his life for the entity of the Republic. He returned with the army to Rich-

mond, and was commissioned major May 31st, 1865; resigned in June, and left for Buffalo and the resumption of a teacher's work. These are military facts. For himself as a civilian he is not allowed to speak.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE G. BARNUM, JR.,

QUARTERMASTER AND BREVET CAPTAIN OF ONE HUNDREDTH
NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Lieut. Barnum was born in the city of Buffalo, October 1st, 1843. His father, George G. Barnum, has long been known as a grocer and merchant of integrity, and his zeal in the cause of the unity of government and the extinguishment of rebellion needs no comment here. Lieut. Barnum was educated in the public schools of Buffalo, and, full of the spirit of patriotism, enlisted at the age of nineteen, September 1st, 1862. Under the auspices of the Board of Trade he joined the One Hundredth Regiment, and was assigned to Co. "H," Capt. P. Edwin Dye. At this time the regiment was camped at Gloucester Point, Va. For the first seven months of his career as a soldier, Lieut. Barnum gave no certain proofs of the rare business qualifications he possessed. In common with all, his duty, as one of the rank and file, was always faithfully performed. However, during these months his liberal and generous spirit was well known among his fellow soldiers. His patriotic father and loyal mother were ever sending to their absent son many things not known in the list of soldiers' rations, and Lieut. Barnum never seemed fully pleased till his friends shared his bounties. The writer has often been a thankful recipient of substantial favors at his hands. His regular mail of newspapers, supplied by his father, was eagerly sought, and enjoyed by many. As soon as the regiment was encamped on Folly island, and Capt. Brown was detailed as acting quartermaster, knowing the father of Lieut. Barnum, and the opportunities of his son for a business education, sent his name to the colonel commanding for detail as clerk and assistant. From that hour his energy was felt throughout the regiment; soon he was made quartermaster sergeant, and during the fall and winter on Morris island his duties, in consequence of the ill health of Capt. Brown, were those of quartermaster as well as

quartermaster sergeant. He comprehended all, and his celerity and success in the issues of clothing and camp equipage, became proverbial, coupled with an accuracy rarely ever questioned. He was often three in one, such was and is the power he possesses as a natural business man. April 14th, 1864, he was commissioned as second lieutenant, and subsequently assigned to Co. "G." He was in command of his company on the night of the 1st of June, on the Bermuda front, when the whole line, from dark till daylight, kept up one sheet of flame, that the rebels might not get possession of our rifle pits. But his qualifications as a natural quartermaster were known, as Col. Walbridge's became known, and hence he was called to assume its duties, as Capt. Brown had resigned and gone North. At times, he was both adjutant and quartermaster. October 3d, 1864, he was commissioned first lieutenant and quartermaster, and continued to hold and discharge the duties of that office, and that to, under the orders of a colonel whose military culture as a quartermaster in the regular army was known to be good, until the regiment was mustered out, August 28th, 1865.

Both the officers and men of the regiment felt that their interests were always safe in the hands of the young and trusty quartermaster. Whether in obtaining supplies, or expressing their money to their friends at home, in the discharge of any duty, it was known that if the duty came within the range of possibilities, it was done to the satisfaction of all interested. Cool, clear-headed, prompt, vigilant and decisive, he was ever the courteous gentleman, and the obedient soldier. He is now a citizen of Du Luth, a book-keeper and paymaster on the St. Paul and Superior Railway. Now, as he was wont to do in the army, he can and will perform the labor of three ordinary men. That the loyal and successful soldier will succeed in whatever he undertakes, is the wish of those who knew him at the front as well as those who knew him in civil life. The One Hundredth Regiment has the honor of producing two able and efficient quartermasters, Lieut. Col. Charles E. Walbridge and Brevet Capt. George G. Barnum.

CAPTAIN OSCAR F. RICHARDS.

Capt. Richards was born in Champion, Jefferson county, October 28th, 1834. Previous to the rebellion he was a resident of

Clarence, Erie county, though he had resided with his uncle, Dr. A. N. Henderson, of Buffalo, and had been in the employ of Mr. O. E. Sibley, jeweller in this city. He had learned the trade of a blacksmith, having a taste for mechanics. It was not surprising that the enthusiasm which was felt at the opening of the rebellion should have influenced Capt. Richards, and induced him to enlist as a soldier, and unite his fate with that of the One Hundredth Regiment. He was assigned to Co. "G," Capt. Hinson, and was subsequently promoted to corporal, and continued in the active discharge of his duties up to the 31st of May, when, in that bloody struggle at Fair Oaks, he was shot, the ball passing into the right eye and coming out behind the ear, carrying the eye with it. At his fall he was supposed killed, but he subsequently walked four miles and lay upon the ground all night. His recovery from such a wound, under the circumstances, was marvelous. He had done all that he could for his country, save giving his life, and was discharged the service. Though disabled in the loss of so valuable a member as the eye, Capt. Richards fails not to keep up his interest in the progress of military affairs. We must not neglect to state that succeeding the recovery of Capt. Richards his many friends of Clarence, through the Rev. Mr. Ballou, presented him with a valuable suit of clothing and other comforts, as a grateful testimonial for his patriotic services, and their hearty thankfulness for his restoration to comparative health when apparently near the shades of death. The address was full of kind and feeling sentiments, and the response of the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, of Clarence, for Capt. Richards, was equally timely, pertinent and loyal, indicating a mutual agreement of all parties that they had performed a noble and generous act. Capt. Richards is at this time in command of Co. "K," Seventy-fourth Regiment, composed of veterans of the One Hundredth Regiment. The associations of these heroes of the past are enjoyable occasions of real pleasure, and help to keep alive the real service in which they assisted to save the unity of a great nation.

LIEUTENANT ALFRED LYTHER,

ONE OF THE PRISONERS AT ANDERSONVILLE.

The subject of this sketch is of English descent, a resident of this country since 1850, then in the years of childhood, and, save his

life as a soldier, Buffalo has always been his home. His parents are of that class of steady, frugal and industrious English that are known, ever, for their reliable honesty and integrity, and the son is in all respects a true reflection of his worthy father and mother. He is in every sense an American. He enlisted at the age of nineteen, August 30th, 1862. He became a member of Co. "H," One Hundredth Regiment, joining it at Gloucester Point, Va. Lieut. Lythe is still a resident of the city, engaged in the brick and tile manufacture near Cold Spring, where his parents reside. He is at present a lieutenant of Co. "K," Seventy-fourth Regiment, composed of veterans of the One Hundredth. He was one of the prisoners at Andersonville, and is also one of the publishing committee of this work. He was an admirable soldier, faithful, patient and trusty; and but for the disaster at Drury's Bluff, May 16th, 1864, where he was wounded and taken prisoner, he would have been better known in the regiment, and would have received promotion for his many soldierly qualities. As a prisoner at Petersburg, Andersonville, Florence, and exchanged at Charleston, December 6th, 1864, we shall take him as a type, or representative, of over one hundred of the One Hundredth Regiment that suffered, and many of whom died, in the southern prisons named. We have the diary of Lieut. Lythe before us, as kept by him during his prison life, and which is more than corroborative of the cruelty and barbarous practices of Wirz and his assistants in that den of death at Andersonville. We would be pleased to make large extracts if the limits of this book would warrant. The number confined, rations issued, daily deaths and treatments, all could not be rehearsed in a volume.

Lieut. Lythe with others taken prisoners at Drury's Bluff were kept at Petersburg for nearly two weeks, when they were forced into cars so crowded, that for seven days and nights, in their passage to Andersonville, they were only out one night and in removal from one train to another. At Andersonville, while in line in front of Wirz' headquarters, in a heavy rain, Lythe stepped from front to rear rank to allow a comrade to share his piece of old oil cloth blanket, when Capt. Wirz, with a revolver pointed in his face, told him to step back instantly or he would settle his hash for him. The stockade enclosed an area of many acres, filled, at times, with more, and at others less, than thirty thousand prisoners. The daily deaths collected at the gate

for burial were from sixty to seventy. Offers of freedom by taking the oath were spurned. One unlucky fellow consented. He was caught by his comrades, his head shaved, and the letter "T," in india ink, pricked in his forehead. Rations varied. Two ounces of bacon and a pint of corn meal for twenty-four hours. Rains were frequent and the sun very warm, so that the men slept in wet clothes oftener than otherwise. Tunneling for escape was frequent, and the caught victims suffered severely. The "*dead line*" claimed its sacrifices almost daily. This line was twelve feet from the stockade. Any prisoner found near that line was shot by the sentinel on duty without warning. The daily arrival of prisoners, and rumors of parol and exchange, fed the hopes and kept the spirits of the men from ultimate despair. They did not live, they stayed and died daily. With Alfred Lythe were three other prisoners of the same company, James Pixley, Thomas Russell and Albert Tombers. Lythe had part of a rubber blanket, Pixley gave his watch for a piece of an old horse blanket, and Tombers got four sticks while out carrying a dead comrade for burial, which, with the covering named, kept the rain and rays of the sun from them and added some little to daily comfort. Wood was scarce. Ninety men were allowed what one man could carry in on his back, which must last twenty-four hours. Four prisoners were allowed to go out with one dead man. The living desired a chance to carry out the dead, and even quarreled as to their respective rights. As each dead prisoner was carried to the gate the expression, "There goes another dead man to be traded off for wood," was common, as each prisoner under guard was allowed to bring in an armful of wood. Those too weak to carry would sell their chances to the stronger for half the load brought in. The nearly naked would exchange their clothing with the dead, if better. The sick had but little or no care. Medicine at times was wholly exhausted. The day of exchange rolled round. They were sent off in detachments of one thousand each. Those not able to walk were left. Lieut. Lythe had suffered much from his wound in the leg. Gangrene set in, and the rebel physicians decided to cut it off. His friends went, leaving him behind, but an accident on the railroad sent them back again. They left next day. A pair of rough crutches was made, and Lythe made his way to the depot, reached Macon, then Augusta, and soon learned that no exchange was then in progress. The prisoners were sent to Flor-



GEORGE S. HAZARD.
Pres. Board of Trade from 1862 to 1865.

ence. The prison was three miles from the depot. Lieut. Lythe crawled there on his hands and knees. The sick and dying lined the road the whole distance. Many died trying to get there, others as soon as off the cars. Lythe was afflicted with scurvy and gangrene together. Finally a Dr. Clark said he could burn out the gangrene, which he did, and his foot improved, sleep was enjoyed and prospects of life were ahead. Rations, one and a half hard tack and four spoonfuls of molasses, with a shower of rain thrown in. Lythe could get no bandages for his wound and no medicine for scurvy. The farmers near sent a few biscuits and one gill of milk to make a poultice for his foot, but being hungry he went halves with the foot, eat one-half and made a poultice with the other. The detachment which Lythe accompanied to Charleston was half clothed and no clothes, and on their arrival, when their sight was greeted with the *Old Flag*, he says, "We could not cheer, the view was a weakening joy of soul and body." That flag was the light out of southern darkness to the prisoner's northern home.

We cannot do justice to the clear truthfulness of this diary, which should be printed entire, but the expression, oft repeated relative to Capt. Wirz, "I hope to live to see the day that this fiend will swing," was fulfilled, and the demon was hung. The prison history of Lieut. Lythe will answer as a description of the sufferings of that large number sent to southern prisons from the ranks of the One Hundredth Regiment.

GEORGE S. HAZARD.

George S. Hazard was born in New London, Connecticut, in 1810. He is a descendant of the Hazards of Newport, Rhode Island, so well and favorably known in New England. His education developed a strong tendency for the activities of a commercial life; and this desire increased with his years, till it became the leading trait of character and the basis of his life's work. The West is largely the reflection of New England. The stirring and active spirits of eastern homes were and are found all over the Great West. The subject of this sketch stopped at Toledo, O., for several years, engaged in his favorite calling. In 1847 he arrived in Buffalo, and at once identified himself with its commercial interests. A few years

previous the Board of Trade had been organized, and the next year after his identification with Buffalo interests he was made one of the directors. March 12th, 1855, Mr. Hazard was made president, and from that time to his third election as president, April 14th, 1862, he had served the organization as director and trustee. In the summer succeeding his election as president, the Board of Trade, by resolution, July 29th, 1862, adopted the One Hundredth Regiment as the Buffalo Board of Trade regiment, and with money subscribed and arrangements perfected, commenced recruiting to preserve the regiment from consolidation. The president of the Board of Trade had the appointment of all officers, and recommended the same to the Governor of the State for commission, which was faithfully adhered to by Governor Morgan, though less by Governor Seymour, till finally commissions were issued direct upon the recommendation of the commanding officer of the regiment.

Mr. Hazard continued as president during the eventful years of 1862, '63 and '64, which was a testimony of honor, confidence and esteem which the Board of Trade seemed anxious to demonstrate. The additional labor imposed by the adoption of the regiment was of no ordinary character. Private interests, the responsibilities of so influential a body as the Board of Trade had become, with the varied obligations to the One Hundredth Regiment as an organization, and to individual members, all rendered the duty as a presiding officer, onerous as well as honorable. From the adoption of the regiment to its dismemberment he gave his special care in executing the will of the Board of Trade. They had with pride and patriotism provided largely in men and pecuniary aid. The sum of \$19,046.47 had been given, which, with stands of colors, evidenced the liberality of that body of men. Hundreds of recruits were added to the oftentimes depleted companies of the regiment by the Board and its working president.

In October, 1864, Mr. Hazard and son made a visit to the regiment and the Army of the James. He partook of camp fare and spoke kindly words of cheer to the men on parade. Having visited the line of works on the north side of the James, and at City Point and in front of Petersburg, Mr. Hazard returned to Buffalo with a more appreciative knowledge of the real life and endurance of the soldier.

The return of the veterans gave Mr. Hazard an opportunity to recount the scenes through which they had passed and to tender

to them, the remnants of the original regiment, the feeling hospitality of the Board of Trade and the citizens of Buffalo.

Recently he has been abroad, and on the continent saw sights which so many Americans enjoy, in consequence of the cheapness and safety of travel, as well as of living among the denizens of the old world.

Mr. Hazard is still engaged in his favorite pursuit, and from his vigor and elasticity of constitution, bids fair to be seen on 'change, as ever, for a decade or two of years.

BUFFALO BOARD OF TRADE.

There has been no institution organized since Buffalo started in its career as a growing and enterprising city which can compare with the organization known as the Buffalo Board of Trade. Its history, condensed and intelligently brief, has just been given to the public in pamphlet form, by S. S. Guthrie, Esq., late president of the Board, and published by William Thurstone, the energetic and enterprising secretary. This paper of Mr. Guthrie's is comprehensive in its brevity, and sets forth clearly the origin and growth of the establishment of councils and boards of trade from the earliest times; their necessity and their principles, together with their needs and connection with the varied interests of a nation's growth. From the first meeting to form a Board of Trade, January 16th, 1844, to the present time, Mr. Guthrie has faithfully gathered and compiled all statistics and facts, which from this date, through his valuable labor, will become a part of the history of Buffalo and its onward progress. This Board with its briarean arms stirs up the wide-spread fields of the far west, and gathers its rich products by transportation, elevation and depression, and sends them to the needy millions of this and other lands. As an organic power it is felt in almost every institution where pecuniary aid is requisite to further benevolent operations. Its liberality and patriotism was made manifest in its munificent donations to the war fund, the adoption of the One Hundredth Regiment, its bounteous hospitality to the returned soldiers, and the active zeal manifested in all enterprises which looked toward a saved and united government.

Succeeding the adoption of the One Hundredth Regiment, the Board secured the services of Orlando Allen, Esq., as an efficient

aid in the perplexing duty of recruiting. Mr. Allen by his exact business habits, and his large acquaintance and personal interest in the success of the struggle, having given a son as a martyr to the cause, accomplished much in adding large numbers to the ranks of the One Hundredth.

ERIE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

Coöperative with the Board of Trade, and among the most useful institutions of Buffalo, is the Erie County Savings Bank. Managed by men of patriotism and intelligence, it was throughout the entire rebellion a beneficent power in favor of the government. No copperhead found lodgment in its direction. In 1861, when the first call was made by the national government for subscriptions to a stock loan, the Erie County Savings Bank offered par, while its great cotemporary offered only seventy-five cents. Whenever the Board of Supervisors of Erie county asked for money to fill our regiments, the Erie County Savings Bank ever responded, by advancing any amount required, taking the county bonds at par always.

On one occasion Majs. Lyon and Young of that Board called for \$25,000, but had to admit that no vote had passed the Board authorizing the loan. Mr. C. P. Lee, the loyal secretary of the Erie County Savings Bank, reluctantly declined to make the advance. Mr. Lyon was at his wits end. Enlisting would cease on the morrow unless money was forthcoming. In this strait he went to the house of William Wilkeson, Esq., one of the directors of the savings bank that had declined the advance, as illegal and hazardous, and obtained from Mr. Wilkeson his check for \$25,000, giving neither bond, note or acknowledgment. In the end he was paid in full. The moral effect of the position held by the Erie County Savings Bank from the beginning to the end of the rebellion was a bulwark of power. Its secretary, Mr. Cyrus P. Lee, induced hundreds of depositors to withdraw deposits and invest in U. S. Bonds. With the author of this book he was constantly engaged in moving the people, soliciting aid, relieving the needy, and doing the work of a patriotic and loyal citizen.

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COMMISSIONED OFFICERS
OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT INFANTRY NEW YORK
STATE VOLUNTEERS.

Rank.	Name.	Date of Commission.	Date of Rank.	Remarks.
Cols.	James M. Brown, Geo. F. B. Dandy, Bvt. Br. Gen. N. Y. V.	Feb. 7, '62, Aug. 27, '62,	Jan. 10, '62, Aug. 27, '62,	Killed May 31, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
Lt. Cols.	Phineas Staunton, Calvin N. Otis, Bvt. Br. Gen. U. S. V. Lewis S. Payne, War'n Granger, Jr. (Bvt. Col.)	Feb. 7, '62, Oct. 21, '62, Nov. 14, '63, Mar. 11, '65,	Jan. 10, '62, Oct. 14, '62, Jan. 20, '63, Mar. 11, '65,	Resigned Oct. 11, 1862. Discharged June 20, 1863. Not mustered as Lieut. Col. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
Majors.	Calvin N. Otis, Daniel D. Nash, James H. Dandy, Bvt. Lt. Col. N. Y. V. George H. Stowits, Fred. A. Sawyer, Bvt. Lt. Col. N. Y. V.	Feb. 7, '62, Oct. 21, '62, Dec. 9, '64, Mar. 31, '65, July 31, '65,	Jan. 10, '62, Oct. 14, '62, Dec. 9, '64, Apr. 2, '65, July 4, '65,	Promoted to Lt. Col. Oct. 21, '62. Discharged Oct. 21, 1864. Killed April 2, 1865. Not mustered as Major. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
Adjts.	P. R. Chadwick, H. H. Haddock, Edward S. Peck, S. M. Chamberlain, Edwin L. Bishop, H. N. Oliver, Geo. G. Barnum, Bvt. Capt. N. Y. V.	Feb. 7, '62, Nov. 24, '62, Mar. 18, '64, Feb. 1, '62, Apr. 9, '62, Mar. 18, '64, Oct. 3, '64,	Dec. 21, '61, Oct. 31, '62, Apr. 21, '64, Nov. 2, '61, Apr. 4, '62, Dec. 22, '63, Mar. 1, '64,	Discharged Nov. 1, 1862. Killed July 18, 1863. Discharged May 9, 1865. Discharged April 8, 1863. Discharged Dec. 22, 1863. Declined. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
Surgs.	M. S. Kittenger, Norris M. Carter, Bvt. Lt. Col. N. Y. V.	Feb. 7, '62, Mar. 15, '65,	Oct. 9, '61, Mar. 15, '65,	Mustered out Jan. 9, 1865. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
A. Surg.	Wm. D. Murray, A. Walter Tyron, E. Schofield,	Feb. 7, '62, Sep. 29, '62, Jan. 30, '64,	Nov. 4, '61, Sep. 13, '62, Jan. 13, '64,	Discharged July 6, 1864. Discharged Sep. 19, 1863. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
Chapls.	John B. Linn, David L. Pendell,	Nov. 24, '62, July 24, '65,	Oct. 24, '62, July 19, '65,	Resigned Oct. 16, 1864. Not mustered.
Cpts.	Daniel D. Nash, William L. Mayo, William Brown, George H. Stowits, Henry W. Conry, Bvt. Maj. N. Y. V.	Feb. 7, '62, Oct. 21, '62, July 4, '63, Nov. 19, '64, Mar. 31, '65,	Oct. 1, '61, Oct. 14, '62, Mar. 25, '63, July 25, '64, Apr. 2, '65,	Promoted to Maj. Oct. 21, '62. Discharged May 25, 1863. Discharged July 25, 1864. Discharged June 8, 1865. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
	Walter B. Moore, M. H. Topping, John McMann, Jonathan E. Head, John Nicholson, Leopold Evert, Edwin Nichols, Lewis S. Payne, J. A. Newell, Wm. Richardson, C. K. Baker, DeWitt C. Wilber, Michael Bailey, James H. Dandy, Bvt. Maj. U. S. V. Edward L. Cook, Bvt. Maj. N. Y. V. Charles H. Rauert,	Feb. 7, '62, Nov. 24, '62, Mar. 18, '64, Mar. 30, '65, Feb. 7, '62, Apr. 17, '63, Nov. 19, '64, Feb. 7, '62, Nov. 10, '63, Apr. 14, '64, Nov. 19, '64, July 31, '65, Feb. 7, '62, Sep. 5, '63, Jan. 20, '65, Feb. 7, '62,	Oct. 4, '61, Oct. 26, '62, Apr. 26, '64, Mar. 6, '65, Oct. 11, '61, Mar. 6, '63, Sep. 2, '64, Nov. 30, '61, Jan. 30, '63, Feb. 1, '64, Nov. 5, '64, Jan. 22, '65, Oct. 26, '61, Aug. 6, '63, Dec. 9, '64, Oct. 26, '61,	Discharged Sept. 27, 1862. Resigned April 26, 1864. Discharged March 7, 1865. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Discharged March 6, 1863. Discharged Sept. 2, 1864. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Discharged March 11, 1865. Not mustered as Captain. Died of wounds July 27, 1864. Discharged May, 25, 1865. Not mustered. Discharged Aug. 5, 1863. Promoted to Maj. Dec. 9, '64. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Resigned March 16, 1864.

Rank.	Name.	Date of Com'sion.	Date of Rank.	Remarks.
Cpts.	Chas. F. Gardner, Timothy Lynch, Edward Pratt, P. Edwin Dye, C. E. Walbridge,	Apl. 17, '63, Sep. 5, '63, Jan. 26, '65, Feb. 7, '62, Apl. 17, '63,	Jan. 13, '63, Ju. 12, '63, Nv. 6, '64, Oct. 29, '61, Feb. 26, '63,	Discharged June 11, 1863. Resigned Nov. 3, 1864. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Resigned Feb. 28, 1863. Promoted, Apr. 14, 1864, to
	Charles E. Morse, Frank C. Brunck, Patrick Connolly, Chas. H. Henshaw, War'n Granger, Jr., Samuel Ely, Jacob S. Kittle, George Hinson, William L. Mayo, E. L. Whipple, Thomas W. Small, James Kavanaugh, George H. Stowits, M. H. Topping, James H. Dandy, C. B. Adriance, Jacob S. Kittle, John Gordon, Unike C. Mackey, William Noble, Leopold Evert, John McMann, Edwin Nichols, Augustus Newell, Fred. Sandrock, Charles H. Waite, William Brown, Wm. Richardson, Benj. F. Hughson, John S. Manning, Chas. F. Gardner, Horace Baker, Michael Friday, Edward L. Cook, Henry W. Conry, Sam'l S. Kellogg, Timothy Lynch, George Furst, Edward S. Peck, James H. French, R. B. Smith, Jr., C. E. Walbridge, L. D. Howell, David M. White, Samuel Ely, Frank C. Brunck, Chas. C. Coleman, Ebenezer Spooner, Wayne Vogdes, Bt. Cp. & Mj. N. Y. V., J. Wilkeson, Jr., Bvt. Capt. N. Y. V., War'n Granger, Jr., Chas. F. Scheffer, Myron P. Pierson, Albert York, David A. Nevin, J. E. Head,	Feb. 7, '62, Nv. 24, '62, Mr. 30, '65, Feb. 7, '62, An. 13, '62, Ma. 31, '65, Mr. 30, '65, Feb. 7, '62, Feb. 7, '62, Oct. 22, '62, Feb. 11, '63, Apl. 17, '63, Oct. 7, '63, Feb. 7, '62, Nv. 24, '62, Sep. 5, '63, Dec. 9, '64, Mr. 30, '65, Feb. 7, '62, Mr. 10, '62, Dec. 23, '62, Apl. 18, '63, Ma. 18, '64, Feb. 7, '62, Nv. 10, '63, Mr. 30, '65, Feb. 7, '62, Jly. 4, '63, Apr. 14, '64, Mr. 30, '65, Feb. 7, '62, Apl. 17, '63, Sep. 5, '63, Nv. 19, '64, Jan. 20, '65, Feb. 7, '62, Dec. 23, '62, Sep. 5, '63, Oct. 7, '63, Ma. 18, '64, Feb. 7, '62, Dec. 10, '62, Apl. 18, '63, Nv. 19, '64, Jan. 20, '65, Feb. 7, '62, Dec. 23, '62, Sep. 5, '63, Feb. 27, '64, Feb. 7, '62, Ju. 20, '62, Ma. 13, '63, Feb. 27, '64, Nv. 19, '64, Jly. 31, '65, Nv. 19, '64,	Nv. 4, '61, Nv. 15, '62, Mr. 6, '65, Nv. 16, '61, Jly. 20, '62, Mr. 11, '65, Mr. 6, '65, Oct. 29, '61, Oct. 1, '61, Oct. 4, '62, Jan. 2, '63, Feb. 24, '63, Jly. 18, '63, Oct. 4, '61, Oct. 26, '62, Au. 6, '63, Nv. 5, '64, Mr. 6, '65, Oct. 11, '61, Mr. 10, '62, Nv. 15, '62, Mr. 6, '63, Apl. 21, '64, Nv. 30, '61, Ju. 20, '63, Mr. 6, '65, Oct. 26, '61, Ma. 25, '63, Feb. 1, '64, Mr. 6, '65, Jan. 7, '62, Jan. 13, '63, Jly. 8, '63, Jly. 1, '64, Dec. 9, '64, Dec. 31, '61, Ma. 31, '62, Ju. 12, '63, Ju. 12, '63, Apl. 21, '64, Oct. 29, '61, Jly. 1, '62, Feb. 26, '63, Sep. 30, '64, Dec. 3, '64, Nv. 4, '61, Nv. 16, '62, Jly. 29, '63, Nv. 3, '63, Nv. 16, '61, Ma. 31, '62, Jly. 20, '62, Jan. 1, '64, Jly. 25, '64, Jly. 15, '65, Sep. 2, '65,	Discharged Nov. 15, 1862. Mustered out Jan. 9, 1865. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Resigned July 20, 1862. Pro'ted to Lt. Col. May 11, '65. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Discharged Jan. 2, 1863. Pro'ted to Capt. Oct. 21, '62. Discharged Jan. 2, 1863. Not mustered as 1st Lieut. Missing since July 31, 1863. Pro'ted to Capt. Nov. 19, '64. Pro'ted to Capt. Nov. 24, '63. Pro'ted to Capt. Sept. 5, '63. Discharged Nov. 22, 1864. Pro'ted to Capt. Mar. 30, '65. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Missing since Apr. 30, 1862. Discharged Nov. 15, 1862. Pro'ted to Capt. Apr. 17, '63. Pro'ted to Capt. May 18, '64. Pro'ted to Capt. Nov. 19, '64. Pro'ted to Capt. Nov. 10, '63. Mustered out Jan. 9, 1865. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Pro'ted to Capt. July 4, '63. Pro'ted to Capt. Apr. 14, '64. Mustered out Jan. 28, 1865. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Pro'ted to Capt. Apr. 17, '63. Discharged July 1, 1863. Discharged April 14, 1864. Pro'ted to Capt. Jan. 20, '65. Pro'ted to Capt. May 31, '65. Killed May 31, 1862. Pro'ted to Capt. Sept. 5, '63. Declined. Pro'ted to Adj. May 18, '64. Not mustered as 1st Lieut. Missing since June 27, 1862. Pro'ted to Capt. Apr. 17, '63. Discharged Sept. 30, 1864. Declined. Pro'ted to Capt. May 31, '65. Pro'ted to Capt. Nov. 24, '62. Discharged Nov. 3, 1863. Discharged Jan. 1, 1864. Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Killed May 31, 1862. Resigned July 28, 1863. Discharged March 6, 1865. Discharged June 13, 1865. Failed to muster. Pro'ted to Capt. Mar. 30, '65.

Rank.	Name.	Date of Com'sion.	Date of Rank.	Remarks.
1st Lt.	Henry Heintz,	Mr. 30, '65,	Mr. 6, '65,	Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
	Henry J. Jones,	Ma. 31, '65,	Apr. 2, '65,	Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
	C. K. Baker,	Oct. 3, '64,	Oct. 3, '64,	Pro'ted to Capt. Nov. 19, '64.
	Mansfield Cornell,	Nv. 19, '64,	Nv. 5, '64,	Resigned June 14, 1865.
	Chas. H. Traver,	Jly. 31, '65,	Ju. 22, '65,	Failed to muster.
	Joseph Pratt,	Ma. 31, '65,	Mr. 11, '65,	Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
	William Hackett,	Ma. 31, '65,	Mr. 16, '65,	Failed to muster.
2d Lt.	Chas S. Farnham,	Feb. 7, '62,	Jan. 1, '62,	Died May 12, 1862.
	Thomas W. Small,	Ju. 20, '62,		Discharged Feb. 24, 1863.
	James Kavanaugh,	Feb. 11, '63,	Jan. 2, '63,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Apr. 17, '63.
	C. H. Richmond,	Apl. 18, '63,	Feb. 24, '63,	Discharged Nov. 3, 1863.
	Seth W. Babbitt,	Jan. 30, '64,	Jan. 28, '63,	Discharged Jan. 14, 1865.
	Martin S. Bogart,	Feb. 7, '62,	Jan. 3, '62,	Discharged Sept. 12, 1862.
	William H. Wells,	Oct. 1862,	Oct. 10, '62,	Discharged Nov. 15, 1862.
	Chas. H. Runckle,	Dec. 20, '62,	Nv. 15, '62,	Killed July 18, 1863.
	James H. French,	Oct. 7, '63,	Jly. 18, '63,	Died May 22, 1864.
	S. C. Thompson,	Ma. 18, '64,	Apl. 21, '64,	Failed to muster.
	William Noble,	Feb. 7, '62,	Dec. 19, '61,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Mar. 10, '62.
	Louis H. Todd,	Mr. 10, '62,	Mr. 10, '62,	Resigned July 25, 1862.
	Leopold Evert,	Oct. 1, '62,	Jly. 25, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Dec. 23, '62.
	John McMann,	Dec. 23, '62,	Nv. 15, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Apr. 18, '63.
	Michael Friday,	Apl. 18, '63,	Mr. 6, '63,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Sept. 5, '63.
	J. W. Simpson,	Feb. 7, '62,	Jan. 11, '62,	Resigned Aug. 5, 1862.
	Peter Greiner,	Sep. 2, '62,	Sep. 2, '62,	Resigned Nov. 17, 1862.
	L. D. Howell,	Dec. 23, '62,	Nv. 14, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Apr. 18, '63.
	George H. Stowits,	Apl. 18, '63,	Feb. 26, '63,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Oct. 7, '63.
	Edward Pratt,	Oct. 7, '63,	Jly. 18, '63,	Pro'ted to Capt. Jan. 20, '65.
	Timothy Lynch,	Feb. 7, '62,	Jan. 3, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Dec. 23, '62.
	Wm. Richardson,	Dec. 23, '62,	Ma. 31, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. July 4, '63.
	Wayne Vogdes,	Jly. 4, '63,	Jn. 12, '63,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Feb. 27, '64.
	Azor H. Hoyt,	Feb. 27, '64,	Nv. 3, '63,	Died May 16, 1864.
	Henry Hermans,	Nv. 19, '64,	Nv. 5, '64,	Resigned May 16, 1865.
	Chas. E. Claussen,	Feb. 7, '62,	Oct. 26, '61,	Resigned Sept. 9, 1862.
	William Meyer,	Oct. 14, '62,	Sep. 9, '62,	Discharged March 3, 1863.
	George Furst,	Apl. 18, '63,	Apl. 17, '63,	Not mustered.
	Jacob L. Barnes,	Feb. 7, '62,	Jan. 3, '62,	Resigned Aug. 9, 1862.
	Chas. B. Guthrie,	Sep. 8, '62,	Sep. 8, '62,	Discharged Nov. 14, 1862.
	Horace Baker,	Dec. 23, '62,	Nv. 14, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Apr. 17, '63.
	C. B. Adriance,	Apl. 17, '63,	Jan. 13, '63,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Sept. 5, '63.
	Fred. Sandrock,	Sep. 5, '63,	Au. 6, '63,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Nov. 10, '63.
	C. E. Walbridge,	Feb. 7, '62,	Jan. 3, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Dec. 10, '62.
	Cyrus Brown,	Dec. 23, '62,	Oct. 1, '62,	Died Aug. 13, 1863.
	William Evans,	Oct. 7, '63,	Au. 13, '63,	Discharged Jan. 26, 1865.
	H. H. Haddock,	Feb. 7, '62,	Jan. 7, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. and Adj't.
				Nov. 24, 1862.
	Edward S. Peck,	Nv. 24, '62,		Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Oct. 7, '63.
	Myron P. Pierson,	Oct. 7, '63,	Ju. 12, '63,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Feb. 27, '64.
	W. C. Barthauer,	Mr. 2, '64,	Jan. 1, '64,	Disch'd as private May 9, '65.
	War'n Granger, Jr.	Feb. 7, '62,	Jan. 3, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. June 20, '62.
	Charles Sheffer,	Ju. 24, '62,	Ma. 31, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. May 13, '62.
	Chas. C. Coleman,	Sep. 8, '62,	Sep. 8, '62,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Dec. 22, '62.
	William Bonsell,	Dec. 23, '62,	Nv. 15, '62,	Discharged July 31, 1863.
	Edwin Nichols,	Sep. 5, '63,	Au. 1, '63,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. May 18, '64.
	Edward L. Cook,	Ma. 18, '64,	Apl. 21, '64,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Nov. 19, '64.
	Samuel Ely,	Nv. 19, '64,	Nv. 5, '64,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Jan. 20, '65.
	Patrick Connelly,	Dec. 7, '64,	Nv. 5, '64,	Pro'ted to Capt. Mar. 30, '65.
	Benj. F. Hughson,	Oct. 7, '63,	Jly. 8, '63,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. Apr. 14, '64.
	Geo. G. Barnum,	Apl. 14, '64,	Feb. 1, '64,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. and Qr'mr.
				Oct. 3, 1864.
	Charles Skeldon,	Nv. 19, '64,	Nv. 5, '64,	Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.
	Myers T. Webb,	Jly. 31, '65,	Ju. 22, '65,	Failed to muster.
	Gilbert Gaum,	Nv. 10, '65,	Ju. 20, '63,	Mustered out Jan. 9, 1865.
	Frank Casey,	Ma. 31, '65,	Mr. 11, '65,	Failed to muster.
	Joseph Pratt,	Mr. 30, '65,	Dec. 10, '64,	Pro'ted to 1st Lt. May 31, '65.
	Peter Kelly,	Ma. 31, '65,	Mr. 11, '65,	Mustered out Aug. 28, 1865.

MUSTER IN ROLL

OF THE

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

James M. Brown, Col.	Saml. M. Chamberlain, Qr. M.
Phineas Staunton, Lieut. Col.	Martin S. Kittenger, Surg.
Calvin N. Otis, Maj.	Wm. D. Murray, Asst. Surg.
Peter Remsen Chadwick, Adjt.	Frank T. Cork, Hosp. Steward.

COMPANY "A."

OFFICERS.

Danl. D. Nash, Capt.	Byron Bristol, Serg.
Wm. L. Mayo, First Lieut.	Chas. B. Kellogg, Corp.
Chas. Farnham, Second Lieut.	Thos. M. Allen, Corp.
Horace Baker, First Serg.	Myron Pingry, Corp.
Carlos H. Richmond, Serg.	Chas. H. Flanders, Corp.
Thos. W. Small, Serg.	J. S. Bibbens, Corp.
Clark C. Dickerman, Corp.	

PRIVATES.

Arnold, Francis L.	Ballou, Herbert	Cortum, Henry
Arnold, Nathan J.	Bishop, George	Clark, Wm.
Arnold, George	Buchoult, John	Coon, Henry
Ahern, Patrick	Campbell, John M.	Day, Henry
Anderson, James	Carpenter, Wm. B.	Dillion, Thos.

Drewry, Ebenezer	Lincoln, Marion	Snider, LeGrand
Dallany, John	Lynde, Uriah S.	Snyder, Eziekiel
Evans, Matthew	Lane, Wm. H.	Streit, Nicholas
Fisk, Hiram M.	Murry, Michael	Spooner, Ebenezer
Friedman, Jacob	Merrifield, Roswell	Smith, Frank
Fagan, Francis	McGlochlin, Thos.	Sill, Wm. H.
Gibson, Ed. G.	Minton, Wm.	Steddon, Danl. H.
Goodman, Henry S.	Moore, John A.	Sweet, Thos. C.
Georgen, Nicholas	Mentz, Phillip	Simonds, Juston F.
Gates, Emerson	McMullen, Barney	Starks, John D.
Gaylord, James L.	Oatman, Jacob	Starkweather, W.
Gemmell, Sandy	Pettit, Stephen M.	Shirbel, Christopher.
Galligher, James	Parker, Jas. W.	Traver, Edwin
Grabbet, John	Patterson, Alex.	Whaley, George
Graber, Andrew	Pettit, Wm. H.	White, Theodore
Hicks, Daniel	Quackenbush, S. J.	Wiser, Sylvester
Hill, Uriah F.	Quackenbush, Clark	Wiser, Phillip
Hann, Frederick	Rasterford, John	Watson, Thos. M.
King, Chauncey	Roller, John	Waterman, Glading.
Kelley, Peter	Richard, Ferdinand	

COMPANY "B."

OFFICERS.

Walter B. Moore, Capt.	Wm. Whaler, Corp.
M. H. Topping, First Lieut.	Wm. M. Thomson, Corp.
Martin S. Bogart, Second Lieut.	Donald McPherson, Corp.
Rodney Dexter, First Serg.	Norman H. Meldrum, Corp.
Leonard D. Howell, Serg.	John C. Davis, Corp.
Edward S. Peck, Serg.	Milo L. Olmstead, Corp.
Peabody Pratt, Serg.	Josh. O. Price, Musician,
Myron B. Pierson, Serg.	Samuel Malters, Musician,
Willard Josslyn, Wagoner.	

PRIVATES.

Austin, Irvin	Benjamin, Geo. N.	Copeland, Henry C.
Brears, Robert	Clough, Charles	Daniels, Mortimer L.
Boyd, Edward E.	Crosby, Wm. N.	Dato, Fritz
Bain, Benjamin	Cooley, Edward P.	Davis, Ord M.
Bolton, Henry C.	Coon, Benjamin C.	Delamater, L. M.

Eberhart, Geo.	Meldrum, Gordon B.	Seeley, Wm.
Edgerton, Jacob	McPhail, John	Swift, Chester F.
Foles, Geo. C.	McCann, Thos.	Swift, George
Fox, James	McIntyre, Daniel	Treehouse, Peter
Foot, Charles D.	Meyrer, Chas.	Trimball, Robert
French, Wm. H.	McPherson, James	Taylor, Lyman
Growney, Barney	Moore, Mather,	Thompson, S. C.
Geer, Theodore O.	Newton, Wm.	Tracy, Peter
Golland, John	Olmsted, Wm.	Todd, Louis H.
Geize, Phillip	Ott, John B.	Walkley, Stephen
Harkins, Henry M.	Pervorce, Albert J.	Weller, Augustus P.
Howell, Albert	Pierson, Jos. P.	Wicks, John G.
Jordan, John	Presbry, John C.	Wood, Abram L.
Lynd, Andrew	Russell, Albert	Winkle, Matthias
McCall, John J.	Robinson, Hiram	Ward, Albert U.
Moore, George	Ryan, Phillip	Walker, James.
McMullen, Timothy	Swift, Wm. P.	
Maud, Joseph	Swarthout, Jas. V.	

COMPANY "C."

OFFICERS.

John Nicholson, Capt.	Ezra N. Hoag, Corp.
U. C. Mackay, First Lieut.	Wm. H. Adams, Corp.
Wm. Noble, Second Lieut.	Joseph Jenkins, Corp.
Leopold Evert, First Serg.	Benjamin F. Hughson, Corp.
Cyrus Brown, Serg.	Albert Cross, Corp.
Wm. H. Hamilton, Serg.	Edwin Nichols, Corp.
Wm. A. Moss, Serg.	Quincy A. Seibold, Corp.
Oliver Wolven, Serg.	Richard Carr, Musician,
Wm. Evans, Corp.	Sidney A. Lake, Musician.

PRIVATEES.

Allen, Geo. W.	Brock, Geo. H.	Carpenter, Walston
Austin, Charles	Buckner, David	Carr, Wm.
Barnard, Wm.	Burton, Isaac S.	Conley, Patrick
Barnhart, Jacob D.	Calahan, Lawrence	Corcoran, Patrick
Bass, Adelbert	Calahan, Michael	Coughlin, Timothy
Beherens, Henry	Campbell, Daniel	Daly, John
Berg, Carl	Carney, Volney	Derry, Nicholas

Derring, Casper	Lafontaine, Paul	Pendleton, Thos. N.
Donnelly, Charles	Lampson, Zebulon	Phillips, Patrick
Dressing, Henry	Litt, Conrad	Randall, Wilson
Dugan, John	Lown, Franklin	Reardan, Charles
Fuller, Ezekiah S.	MacBean, Charles	Scanlon, Thomas
Gage, Wm.	MacGregor, Donald	Scott, Patrick
Gordinier, Edwin	MacGuire, Michael	Starr, Charles H.
Griffin, Patrick	MacKeever, James	Swift, Hiram A.
Hawkins, N. T.	MacKenny, J. B.	Tann, Edward
Heather, Wm.	MacMann, John	Watson, John
Higgins, Thomas	Maroney, Michael H.	Wells, Chester
Hoag, Hiram N.	Miller, Rich	Whipple, E. L.
Hookway, John	Mitchel, Farl	William, George C.
Housell, Alexander	Mitchel, Philip	Williams, John H.
Hunt, Edwin	Morgan, Chas. W.	Winegard, A. I.
Johnson, Jacob	Olney, Wm. F.	
Kissock, Wm.	Ostrander, Obert G.	

COMPANY "D."

OFFICERS.

Lewis S. Payne, Capt.	John Castle, Musician,
Augustus Newell First Lieut.	Wm. Hay, Jr., Wagoner.

(Remaining officers not selected at date of filing roll.)

PRIVATES.

Ackley, Ithamer	Brown, Lewis	Gillis, James G.
Atkinson, John R.	Burgwardt, Christian	Gaum, Gilbert
Allair, Mitchell	Brooks, Richard	Gaum, Anthony
Allen, Nathan F.	Cavernno, John	Goodman, John
Allen, Lyman S.	Daniels, Louis	Galligher, Henry
Ansley, James	Dorn, Newton	Gosline, Henry
Bailey, Wm. J.	Deermers, Philip	Hagen, Charles
Batch, Charles	Dixon, Wm.	Huff, Wm.
Becker, Myron	Desselberger, John	Hidell, Henry
Brookman, John G.	Ewart, James	Jones, Robert
Bates, Walter C.	Enright, Michael	Klein, Philip
Bigsby, Andrew E.	Flannery, F. F.	Keller, Lawrence
Bates, Wheelock T.	Fip, Valentine	Keller, Henry
Berryman, James	Fay, Francis	Knobel, Frederick

Lounsbery, Wm. K.	Newman, Geo.	Schully, Thomas
Longley, John W.	Pfalegraf, Jacob	Schopp, Jacob
Leonard, Francis	Pendergrass, James	Striker, William H.
Longer, Joseph	Rundell, Daniel W.	Saco, John
Leonard, Charles	Richardson, Wm.	Shlotman, Frederick
Lightmire, Jacob	Rapleyea, David	Smith, Wm.
Luthso, Henry	Ryan, Michael	Smith, Wm. F.
Marling, Thomas	Reifstick, Frederick	Torney, Lawrence
Meitzinger, Henry	Schultz, Henry	Whitmore, Charles
Monteath, John	Simson, Jas. W.	White, John F.
Martin, Geo. H.	Scott, Winfield B.	Wilkens, Willett P.
Miller, Henrick	Stormes, George H.	Williams, David W.
McCafferty, Wesley	Snyder, Gilbert V.	Wolfe, John H.
McCafferty, John F.	Shelbeck, Casper	Wickes, Henry
Metzdorff, Charles	Sherman, Ransom	Yahr, Wm.

COMPANY "E."

OFFICERS.

Michael Bailey, Capt.	Wesley G. Sheldon, Corp.
Wm. Brown, First Lieut.	Michael Fahey, Corp.
Timothy Lynch, Second Lieut.	Daniel Brice, Corp.
Jas. Kavanagh, First Serg.	Charles Pettis, Corp.
Bernard Smith, Serg.	Patrick Carrol, Corp.
Patrick Lynch, Serg.	Willard D. Smith, Corp.
Thomas Delaney, Serg.	John Allen, Corp.
Edward Johnson, Serg.	John Lord, Musician,
Edward J. Marsh, Corp.	James Kilfry, Musician,
	Wm. Bradley, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

Anderson, Andrew	Bixby, Theodore	Dunbar, James
Armstrong, Charles	Cooney, John	Frank, C. P.
Armstrong, John	Cassady, Luke	Goodenow, Joseph
Benz, Frederick	Charlson, Jonas	Grund, Henry
Brown, John	Debrink, John H.	Grameler, John
Barns, John	Donohoe, John	Geror, Joseph
Boden, James	Dalaney, John	Hayes, Edward
Brice, Neal	Dashbro, John	Honold, George
Burges, Samuel	Davis, Jack	Henderson, Henry

Hook, John	Little, Thomas	Siebert, Jacob
Harshept, Leonard	Manion, Thomas	Smith, Sirus
Harrold, Paul	Mann, Frederick	Schunman, Philip
Hommeorlear, P. P.	Mills, Samuel	Seaton, Philip
Hurlburt, Simon B.	McDougal, James	Steel, William
Hunt, Oscar M.	Martin, Charles	Smith, Wilber S.
Halligan, John	Patrick, Robert	Weighend, Geo. H.
Jonas, Daniel	Phillips, Ernst	Wade, John
Jackson, John	Potter, Gilbert S.	Walsh, John
Killien, Peter	Post, Norman	Watkins, John
Kane, Patrick	Root, Charles	Winter, Andrus
Loman, Gerret	Rankle, Lawrence	Zimmerman, Henry.
Leversey, Lester	Slattery, Edward	

COMPANY "F."

OFFICERS.

Charles H. Rauert, Capt.	George A. Adams, Corp.
Chas. F. Gardner, First Lieut.	Henry Heintz, Corp.
C. E. Claussen, Second Lieut.	Calvin P. Janson, Corp.
Wm. Meyers, First Serg.	John L. Schlegel, Corp.
A. C. M. Wilting, Serg.	August Giebler, Corp.
Michael Friday, Serg.	John M. Edson, Corp.
Seymour F. Phelps, Serg.	John G. Heintz, Corp.
Edgar Flemming, Serg.	George Benzino, Drummer,
Daniel Herwell, Corp.	Henry Knodel, Fifer.

PRIVATES.

Albersdorfer, Joseph	Carley, David	Gamin, John D.
Alexander, Jacob	Demhuth, Ullrich	Hoag, Joseph
Aldrich, Frank	Draper, Orville O.	Hayes, Henry
Becker, Wm.	Eismann, Felix	Hartman, Friedrich
Barlow, Robert	Fischbach, B.	Huber, Martin
Bernhardt, Henry	Franke, Edward	Harrison, Andrew
Block, John George	Fox, Hartmann	Hurd, John M.
Brown, Gottlieb	Gates, John	Kemper, Friedrich
Brentner, Nicolaus	Gattie, Anthony	Kimmerling, C.
Bromler, Wm.	Gattie, Charles,	Kohler, Jacob
Barmer, John	Geurnie, Mathias	Kappler, Louis
Critz, Johann T.	Gamin, C. A.	Lindow, Fritz

Leupold, August	Rieger, John	Steigleder, Henry
Lower, Jacob H.	Rocksch, E. A. V.	Stephen, Peter
Main, Frederick F.	Reinhardt, J. G. A.	Strickland, Edgar
Marshall, John	Ructes, Louis	Schiddel, Stephan
Mangoldt, John	Ryer, Henry	Usborne, Edward
Merz, Andrew	Shank, Henry	Usher, Charles
Muenckin, Franz	Schick, Adolph	Volck, Peter
Palmitor, David	Shupp, Louis	Wahl, Charles A.
Pauly, Daniel	Schlichtmann, J. H.	Wendelip, Louis
Penth, Rudolph	Schuler, Philip	Wolfer, Lorenz
Ragin, Joseph	Staudt, Anton	Younglove, R. W.
Rebsamen, Henry	Staudter, Louis	Zahn, Henry.

COMPANY "G."

OFFICERS.

George Hinson, Capt.	Samuel C. Hixon, Serg.
Samuel S. Kellogg, First Lieut.	Edwin M. Brown, Corp.
Jacob L. Barnes, Second Lieut.	William Straight, Corp.
Timothy Linahan, First Serg.	James G. Bennett, Corp.
Sharp Adams, Serg.	Joseph Webb, Corp.
Benjamin Stafford, Serg.	Patrick Miller, Musician,
	Frank Rummel, Musician.

PRIVATES.

Auld, Robert	Birmingham, David	Freeman, Ernst H.
Brazill, Michael	Bain, William	Foreman, Frederick
Broadbent, Benj.	Brown, Charles	Funday, Charles H.
Barnum, Charles L.	Bailey, James P.	Foster, William F.
Benton, Donald	Berryman, Alex.	Gibbons, James
Bridenbecker, Geo.	Camp, William	Goodrich, Augustus
Betts, James H.	Carco, Frederick	Gordon, John
Baker, Nichols	Clark, Luther	Guidel, Herman
Brown, Wm. E.	Caffrey, Francis	Halster, Barney
Baldwin, Hiram G.	Currie, Archibald	Hawley, John
Bennett, Ira	Devoe, James H.	Hilland, John
Briscoe, Edward	Dishel, Michael	Hunt, George
Barton, William	Evans, Frank	Haines, Erastus
Becker, Henry	Enright, George	Herr, Edmund B.
Burgheggar, Henry	Eddy, John, Jr.	Hull, George

Jones, John	Peligrin, Eugene N.	Saxoier, John
Jones, W. Griffith	Portwood, Chas. J.	Thuringer, John M.
Kirk, Robert	Palmer, Alfred H.	Taylor, William
Kramer, Louis	Powley, Joseph	Thompson, Sandford
Kane, Thomas	Quackenbush, S.	Taff, Merrit
Kroffman, John J.	Riley, John	Turner, Ira O.
Leonard, George	Ray, Alexander	Van Hatton, Martin
Laverly, John	Root, Calvin	Whitebread, Leonard
Morgan, George	Richards, Oscar F.	Willis, William
McDermott, Barney	Ryan, John, Jr.	Weatherwax, S.
Milhan, James	Simmer, Joseph	Wick, Levi
McGregor, William	Skinner, Nelson	Weaver, Charles E.
Mathew, Solomon	Shults, Wm. H.	Whitney, Lewis A.
Miller, Sampson L.	Smith, David C.	Williams, John
McClintic, Charles	Snediker, John	Williams, David
Noonan, James	Salisbury, E. A.	Yenin, John W.
O'Halloran, Patrick	Strickland, Wm.	

COMPANY "H."

OFFICERS.

P. Edwin Dye, Capt.	Albert Smith, Corp.
R. B. Smith, Jr., First Lieut.	Reuben Saxton, Corp.
C. E. Walbridge, Second Lieut.	Charles H. Dye, Corp.
Charles Dye, First Serg.	Earl Dye, Corp.
Albert C. Fuller, Serg.	Merton L. Brown, Corp.
Horace Smith, Serg.	Peter E. LaFort, Corp.
Fred. A. Thatcher, Serg.	Jefferson P. Weter, Musician,
S. L. Thatcher, Corp.	John Moissinac, Musician,
George A. S. Kent, Corp.	Frederick Harnes, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

Austin, John	Cole, Asa	Coyle, Erastus
Bishop, Gardner C.	Coleman, John C.	De Forest, Daniel
Blain, John	Carr, William	Daugharthy, O. B.
Briggs, Ransom	Crowell, Charles	Dailey, Jacob
Booth, George	Cook, John	Dean, William
Briton, Alonzo	Cushman, A. P.	Drake, Johiel
Brockway, Alex. N.	Cole, Thomas	Dye, Lewis
Bishop, William	Crowell, William S.	Daugharthy, B. G.

Dugan, Michael	Kimball, Job	Stone, Harry
Dugan, Barney	King, Noah	Skinkler, Wm. H.
Emery, Curtis J.	Lamphere, James	Sohm, George
Evertso, Paul	Manney, Michael	Sharp, John
Fone, William	Mitchell, Robert	Stiver Manuel
Fone, Charles	Manley, William	Sharp, Albert
Germain, Charles	Murray, Hugh	Tanner, Edward O.
Germain, George F.	McGuire, Owen	Thompson, Joseph
Gerring, Frederick	Pomeroy, Titus	Wilcox, Charles T.
Hills, Hoel	Putnam, Hartley	Wilcox, Daniel
Harder, Jacob	Patterson, S., Jr.	Wharton, Thomas
Hull, Elias M.	Rose, Sylvester W.	Wright, William
Hiles, William	Saxton, James	Weller, Benj. T.
Harker, John	Sotle, Izzard	Whaples, John W.

COMPANY "I."

OFFICERS.

Charles E. Morse, Capt.	Chas. F. Taylor, Corp.
Frank C. Brunck, First Lieut.	Patrick Farrell, Corp.
H. H. Haddock, Second Lieut.	John S. Schnuberger, Corp.
Fred. Sandrock, First Serg.	James F. Hale, Corp.
Robert L. Hurst, Serg.	Hilton A. Hoyt, Corp.
Cornelius B. Adriance, Serg.	David Schoonmaker, Corp.
Joseph B. Mason, Serg.	Thomas R. Boon, Corp.
Walter Keller, Serg.	Charles Bartell, Musician,
Lester P. Stickney, Corp.	Charles Ottenot, Musician,
William Merrisfield, Wagoner.	

PRIVATES.

Adolph, George	Cronyn, Cornelius	Duncan, Myron N.
Abraham, Robert	Cope, Edward	Dickson, Joseph
Bruckner, Gustav	Cannon, John	Dix, Joseph
Bengel, John	Capple, Wallace	Fitzpatrick, Michael
Blake, George	Charlesworth, John	Fairbanks, James
Byrnes, Thomas	Cartwright, W.	Grossman, Frederick
Bradley, Merritt E.	Deurringer, Appolus	Green, James
Bennett, James	De Molitor, John	Geyou, Patrick
Cavanagh, William	De Greeney, Charles	Gibbons, Thomas
Coogan, John	Dreschel, Agustus	Guimen, John

Gilbert, Lewis	Morgan, Philip	Philipp, Lorenz
Harriman, John	Mawhiney, Joseph	Riter, Philip J.
Hounsomni, James	McLaine, Anthony	Riker, George N.
Henderson, John	Minzer, Frederick	Sullivan, Jerry
Hegeman, Thomas	McTavish, Robert	Sharrick, Millard M.
Hannah, John	Magee, Benjamin	Shea, Andrew
Ittel, John	Moriety, Daniel	Strong, Martin
Julie, Pierre	Miller, Henry	Smith, Alexander
Jones, William C.	Naylon, Thomas	Skinner, Frederick
Kean, John	Nealon, Dennis	Scrafford, Charles N.
Ladds, Henry P.	Orth, Felix	Tompkins, William
Linderman, Edward	O'Brien, Edward	Thomas, Augustus
Livingston, Charles	Parr, Thomas	Trist, Edward
Lawrence, James	Parker, George	Wood, Marcus
McGriggin, James	Poppenberg, F.	Wagner, Adam.

COMPANY "K."

OFFICERS.

Charles H. Henshaw, Capt.	Oliver B. Bond, Corp.
John Wilkeson, Jr., First Lieut.	John Crane, Corp.
W. Granger, Jr., Second Lieut.	John Gibson, Corp.
Charles F. Sheffer, First Serg.	John Pearson, Corp.
William H. Baker, Serg.	James Shepherd, Corp.
Edward Pratt, Serg.	William H. Stacy, Corp.
Lewis Buffom, Serg.	Martin G. Langgath, Corp.
Pius Schumaker, Serg.	George W. Cooley, Musician,
George Proeger, Corp.	Fayette Baker, Musician,
	Charles E. Barrow, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Peter	Boyd, John	Eddy, Stephen C.
Abrahams, Robert J.	Bohmert, George	Eaton, Melvin
Allen, James	Clouse, George	Frymiller, Phillip
Baker, Madison C.	Carroll, William C.	Flint, William S.
Barkell, Anthony	Cheney, Walter	Gobar, John
Buffom, Thomas J.	Coons, Henry	Hoye, William
Brown, John	Dreres, Frederick	Hitchcock, P. H.
Brown, Bernard	Davy, Frank	Holmes, Herrick
Brower, William	Eddy, Charles D.	Henshaw, Henry C.

Hewitt, Cyrus J.	Maloy, Thomas	Sheldon, Joshua
Jacoy, Charles	Newland, George	Tingus, Albert H.
Jones, George	Phelps, Rual	Tanner, Lanson G.
Kelley, Daniel J.	Phelps, Josiah	Trevathan, John
Lamb, John	Rus, George	Van Horn, George
Moore, Reuben	Reid, James	Wichsel, Michael
Miller, Nelson	Ryan, Patrick	Wrangle, Nelson
Miller, Edward W.	Rounsfall, James	Werner, Michael
Moneghan, Peter	Smith, Asa B.	Wilhelm, Jacob
Moore, Orlando L.	Shepherd, Charles	Ward, James
Myers, Marks H.	Shultenburgh, John	Wightman, Benjamin
Matthews, William	Sloan, Peter	Whitman, Joseph
McAlpen, Michael	Schliphoger, Henry	Westfield, Cornelius.

LIST OF NAMES

RECRUITED BY

THE BOARD OF TRADE

FROM AUGUST 1, 1862, TO OCTOBER 1, 1862.

Anderson, Andrew	Bartram, George	Cook, James
Anderson, Charles	Barthauer, Wm. C.	Carnish, Daniel
Allen, James	Baumler, Henry	Chamberlain, Asell R.
Bale, John G.	Betz, Mathew	Crothers, Edward E.
Barker, Peter	Billington, John S.	Coppell, Frederick
Barker, John	Birch, Thomas	Chasselett, Alex.
Berle, Caspare	Blauvelt, Wm. E.	Conry, Henry W.
Bos, William	Bowen, Benjamin	Cook, Edward L.
Bennett, Elijah	Brenchley, H. S.	Clark, George N.
Blanco, George	Britting, George	Cannon, Thomas C.
Blanchard, Luther	Broker, Joseph	Cornell, Mansfield
Barnum, George G.	Brown, William P.	Carly, Thomas
Burtice, Richard	Burback, Jacob	Chase, William
Bilhofer, Lewis	Burger, Frank	Cunningham, Wm.
Bahrins, Christian	Burke, Michael	Con, William
Bagley, James	Bluck, Frederick	Clennut, Francis
Baker, John	Bull, Alonzo	Clark, Willard
Ball, George H.	Chiles, Henry	Driggs, Anson T.
Ball, Andrew	Casey, Frank	Davies, Philo
Bamenan, C.	Coster, Fred. L.	Dick, James A.
Barnum, James G.	Coleman, Daniel	Donahue, John

Dill, John	Hofmann, Philip	Jones, Henry J.
Davis, Henry	Hunt, Charles	Johnson, Mathew
Dreyer, August	Hunt, Martin N.	Jensen, Christian
Daniels, Peter	Hubbell, Dennis A.	Judson, Billa M.
DeGraff, Harvey F.	Hunt, Henry	Karn, Adam, Jr.
Downing, F. A.	Hieman, Joseph	Kratz, Joseph
Davy, James	Heamans, Joseph A.	Karney, Alexander
Deleon, Charles M.	Hiemans, Henry	Kneller, Frank C.
Daylton, Charles	Hoetzeleiss, J. G.	Kress, George
Dodsworth, James	Hanley, John	Kirsch, David
Ellis, Hiram	Handfist, John B.	Kirsch, Adam
Eggert, William	Hall, Albert A.	Kleeberg, John L.
Ellsworth, Henry C.	Hoffelt, Michael	Kane, John
Ely, Jr., Samuel	Hillburner, C.	Kelley, Lafayette
Ebben, Ellis	Hoover, Joseph	Koiff, George
Eggleston, C. H.	Hayden, William P.	Kilhofer, John
Eighme, George H.	Harrar, Paul	Kauferman, George
Flint, George	Hushold, Jacob	Knoller, Lawrence
French, James H.	Holtslander, E. B.	Krauss, Henry
Farke, August	Hurd, John	Latten, Anson
Fagen, Matheas	Husted, Frank H.	Lewis, James
Furthmiller, Wm.	Hughes, Richard	Lindsey, Charles
Feger, John G.	Henry, William	Lanenberger, John
Farley, Bernard	Heinbrunn, Philip	Lotz, Charles
Gilroy, Francis	Hicks, William H.	Larkin, Major C.
Gilmor, James	Hinderir, Frederick	Lapoint, Clofar
Gleeson, John	Heston, Charles T.	Lansing, Henry G.
Gotz, Andrew	Hascall, Jasper	Lang, George
Gost, Frederick	Hoffman, George	Leonard, Peter
Gester, Charles	Hauchanhin, Max	Langmyer, John
Gooden, George	Herlan, John J.	Leonard, John
Gauchat, Ami	Herrin, William	Lattelberg, William
Galach, Philip	Hart, William J.	Lythe, Alfred
Goff, William	Hartley, William	Lawrence, Wm.
Grant, John	Healey, Michael	Linder, Andrew
Godfrey, Rodman T.	Henderson, Robert	Manhar, Thomas
Gardiner, James H.	Head, Jonathan E.	Mossop, Isaac T.
Gascorgne, F. R.	Isdell, George W.	McGregor, Wm. J.
Goodfellow, John	Jastin, Hamblet	McCatchrine, John
Haas, Charles	Jangraw, Nicholas	McGrauch, Peter

Mattarn, George	Pickering, William	Sheehan, Michael
Mason, George	Page, Thomas	Sibley, Richard
McDonald, John	Pangburn, E. S.	Seymour, Frank
Miller, Christian	Philips, Wm. M.	Staring, Stephen
Mensch, William	Parker, Warren J.	Schaup, Henry
Menner, Christian	Pixley, Gustavus J.	Stowell, Wm.
Mason, William H.	Payne, William	Schlencker, George
Mason, George	Peters, Carl	Schafer, Karl
Mitchell, William	Quigley, Thomas	Schwartz, John G.
Montgomery, J. S.	Quill, Simon	Stams, John D.
Miller, Joseph	Riley, John	Staley, Christopher
Mathews, William	Roth, Peter	Sabert, Pauline
Manning, John S.	Runkle, Chas. H.	Stowits, George H.
Morey, Andrew	Rice, James	Sinsheimer, Joseph
Miller, John W.	Russell, Thomas	Stowell, Ralph P.
Meier, Christain	Ragan, John	Stintman, John
Mowat, Daniel	Redshaw, James	Skeldon, Charles
McKay, Donald D.	Robins, Francis E.	Skinner, Julius F.
McGraw, Patrick	Roats, Henry	Smallshaw, T. W.
Montague, George	Rider, George	Smith, Nicholas
Matthew, Henry	Rayner, Thomas	Sticking, Jerome J.
Miller, Robert	Ritzert, Philip	Stofield, Frederick
Molter, Jacob	Rollo, William	Stewart, Sheldon
McBride, Thomas	Rose, Raynham	Swab, John
Newberry, William	Rose, Spencer	Sweeney, Owen
Newell, George W.	Rowe, George	Summers, William
Neabergle, Jacob	Ruth, Anthony	True, Ransum B.
Norgel Michael,	Schrenk, Jacob	Townsend, Edward
Newland, Austin	Schafer, Frederick	Thompson, Henry
Noeller, Fred. A.	Schanzlin, Jacob F.	Teabrier, Michael
O'Connor, Roderick	Schnellar, Frederick	Trink, George
Ostrander, P. V. L.	Shaner, Nicholas	Thompson, David
Otto, Charles L.	Sheldon, William	Tombers, Albert
Olmes, Frederick	Shoop, Edward	Teterling, William
Pelo, Robert H.	Sizer, Merit A.	Towns, Oscar
Putnam, Henry W.	Skeldon, John E.	Turner, Clemens
Putnam, John	Schagime, Peter	Taylor, William
Partridge, E. E.	Shlar, Harmon	Till, Edward
Partridge, Fred. S.	Stoddard, Geo. N.	Trautman, Fred.
Piper, Newton	Sawmitzer, John	Ulrich, Philip

Urban, Jacob	Whiting, John J.	Weaver, Valentine
Underhill, Delos	Williams, Samuel	Weaver, Toney
Voon, John A.	Waite, C. H. Jr.	Wood, Hiram T.
Valentine, Spissinge	Waldron, E. C.	Warham, John B.
Van Buren, A. J.	Wurl, Ernst	White, David
Webb, George J.	Washington, George	Wiggins, Robert
Welsh, Richard	Williams, William	Wulf, John
Williamson, James	Wilder, Ebenezer	Williams, Edwin V.
Weeks, Merrit	Walcott, John C.	Weber, Jacob
Weise, John T.	Walls, William L.	Wilson, Wellington
Wyner, John P.	Woods, James	Walltein George
Welch, Michael	Whitbuck, J. P.	Yerger, John
Waring, W. B.	Wyndham, D. H.	York, Albert
Winters, Henry	Wagerle, Charles	Young, Philip.



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